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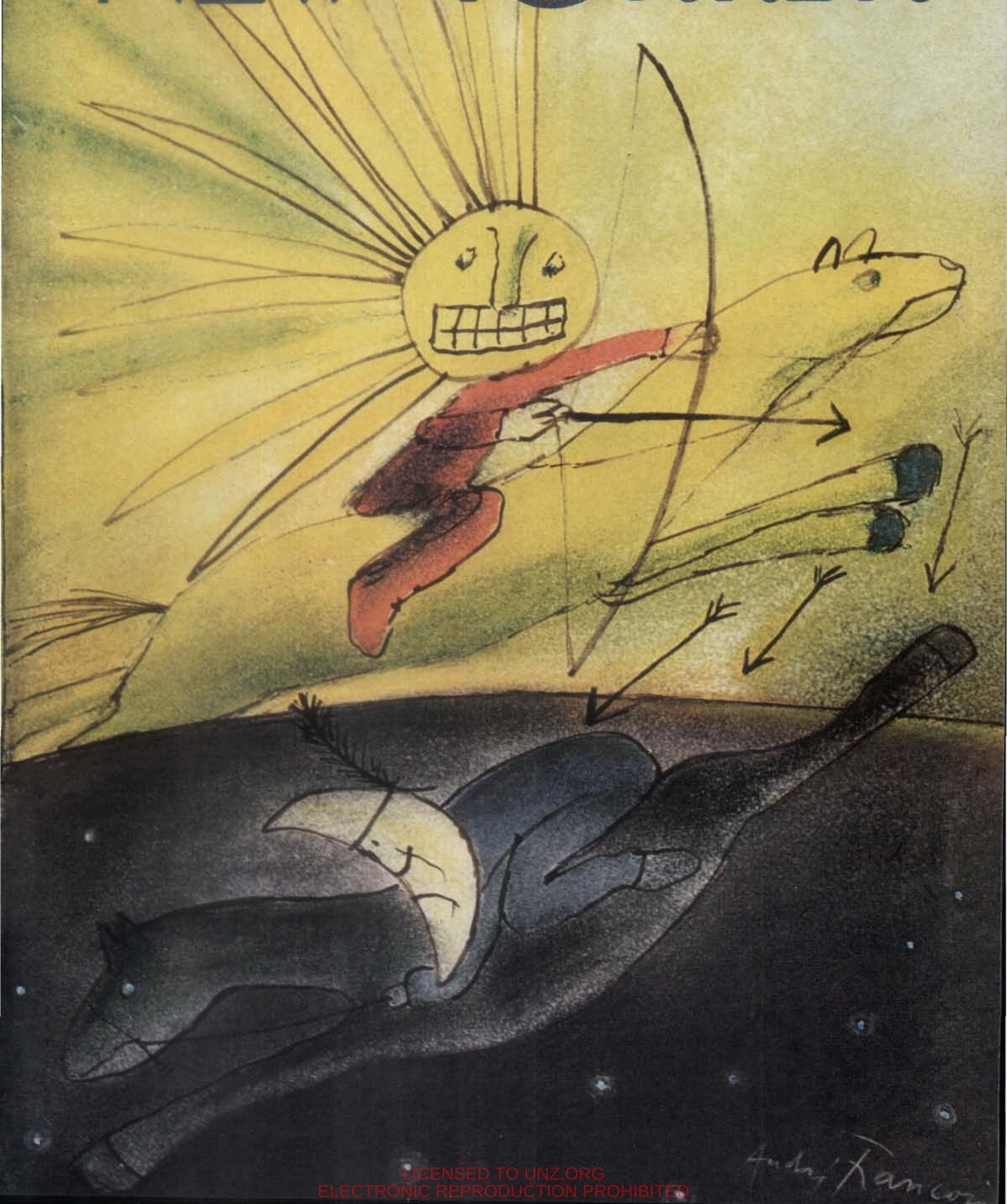

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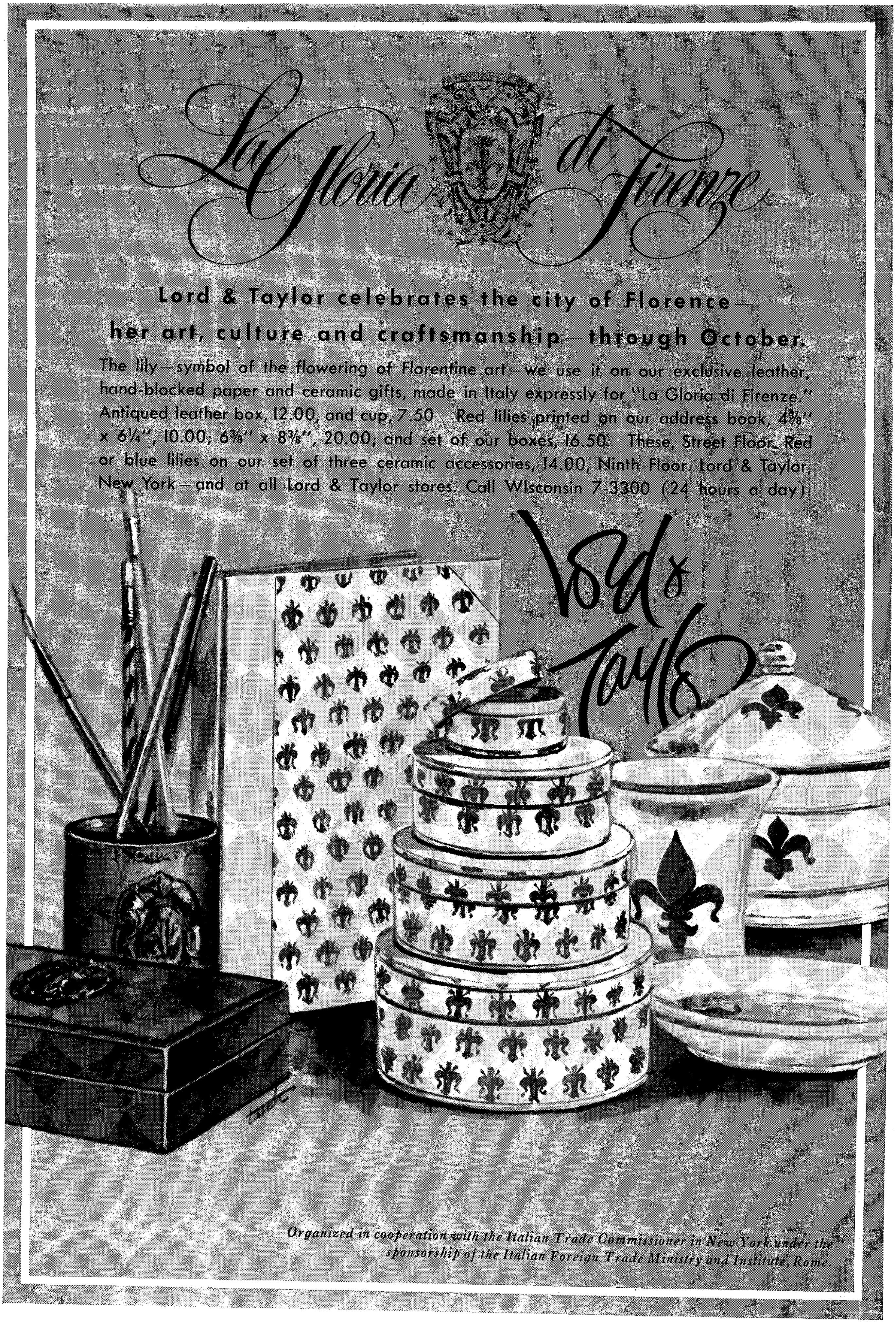

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

As Long As You're Happy, Barbara—A play by Gary Lasdun. Opens Thursday, Oct. 17, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice in a return engagement of his one-man show, imported from London and adapted by Patrick Garland from the works of John Aubrey. Directed by Mr. Garland. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 16. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A splendid revival of the Tennessee Williams Deep South melodrama about sex, money, and family life. With Elizabeth Ashley and Fred Gwynne. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dreyfus in Rehearsal—A play derived from the French of Jean-Claude Grumberg by Garson Kanin. With Ruth Gordon, Sam Levene, and Avery Schreiber. Mr. Kanin directed. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shaw's comedy **Arms and the Man** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 17, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—A psychological thriller by Peter Shaffer, imported from London and starring Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth. Directed by John Dexter. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 24. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Flowers—Dance and mime by a company that evokes the homosexual transvestite fantasies of Jean Genet. Now scary, now funny, and sometimes touching. The star is Lindsay Kemp. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—Angela Lansbury does her best to humanize the bitchiest stage mother that ever lived, or perhaps never lived. The musical is fifteen years old but is still worth going to. Music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by Arthur Laurents. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hosanna—A two-character Canadian play by Michel Tremblay, with Richard Monette and Richard Donat. Staged by Bill Glassco. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-3194. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Mack & Mabel—A musical that purports to tell about the blighted romance between Mack Sennett and his great star, Mabel Normand. Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters play the principal roles in this cheery, rather simpleminded show. Music by Jerry Herman, direction by Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose hap-

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DRAWINGS: *Sidney Harris, Dana Fradon, George Booth, Charles E. Martin, William Hamilton, Nurit Karlin, Jack Ziegler, Edward Koren, J. B. Handelsman, Ed Arno, Thomas B. Allen, Mischa Richter, Barney Tobey, Charles Addams, Charles Sauers, James Stevenson, Richard McCallister, William Steig, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Arnie Levin*

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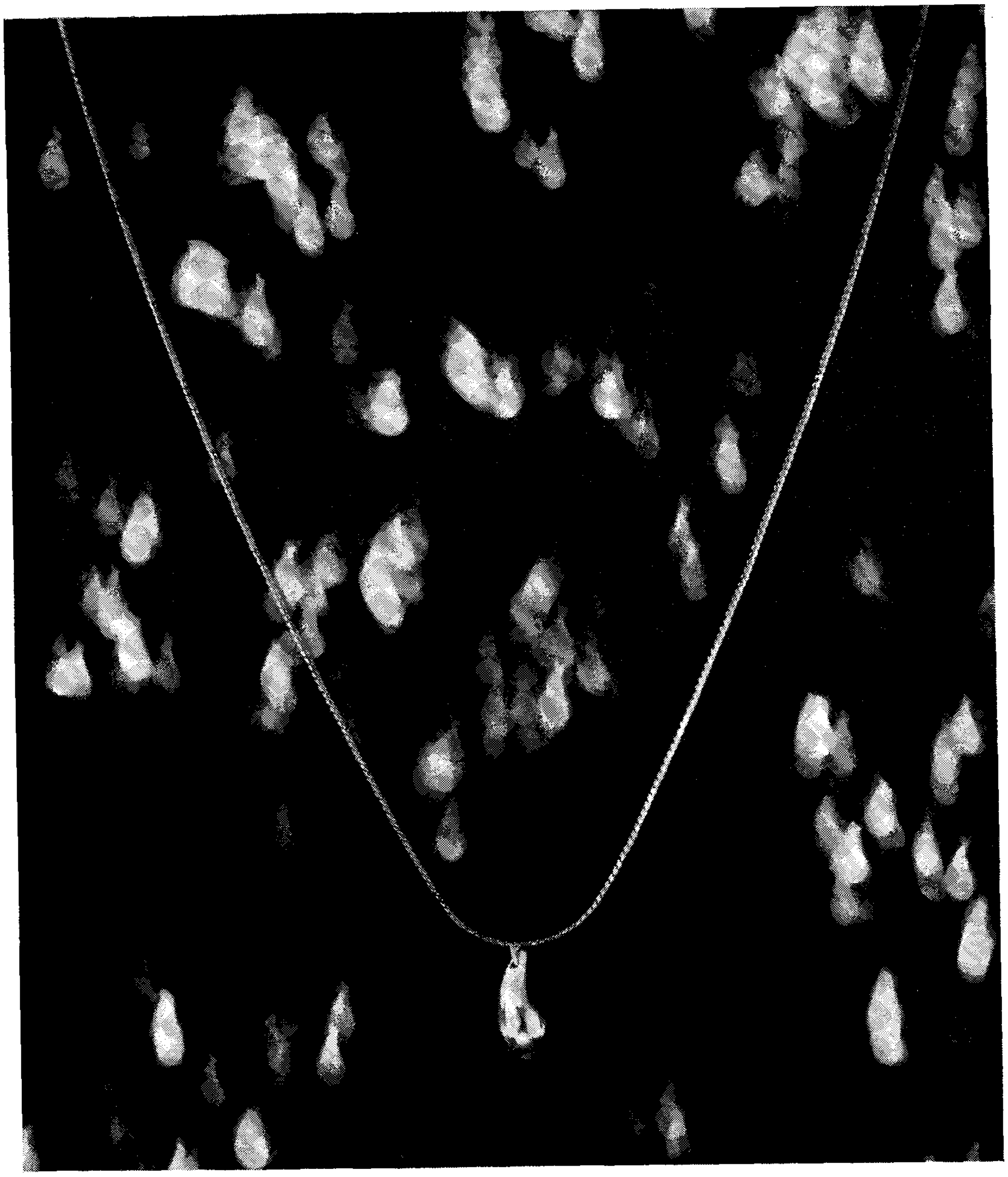

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The National Health—A superb play by Peter Nichols, about life and death in the men's ward of an English hospital. Contrary to what you might expect, the grim subject is made to yield much humor, and the large cast is exemplary. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,025 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 9; Saturday at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET AND DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Relativity of Icarus" (New York City première), and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Moves," "Monotones," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Moves," "William Tell Variations," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Interplay." ... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2: "Parade," "Monotones," "Valentine," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7:30: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Trinity."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Evening Dialogues" (New York première), and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Evening Dialogues," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "The Dream," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Petrouchka," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Kettentanz."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Pulcinella," "William Tell Variations," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances—Wednesday, Oct. 16, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Sports and Follies," "Post Meridian," "Churchyard," and "Aureole."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "American Genesis." (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio, from ten, through Sunday, Oct. 20.

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Saxophone, leading a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 23.

Stan Getz—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, nightly at ten, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 22.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, from nine-thirty to three.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Taj Mahal—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Eclectic blues singer. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-26, from ten until three.

New Lost City Ramblers—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Fiddle, banjo, and guitar, played by Mike Seeger, Tracy Schwartz, and John Cohen, respectively. Starting Friday, Oct. 25, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

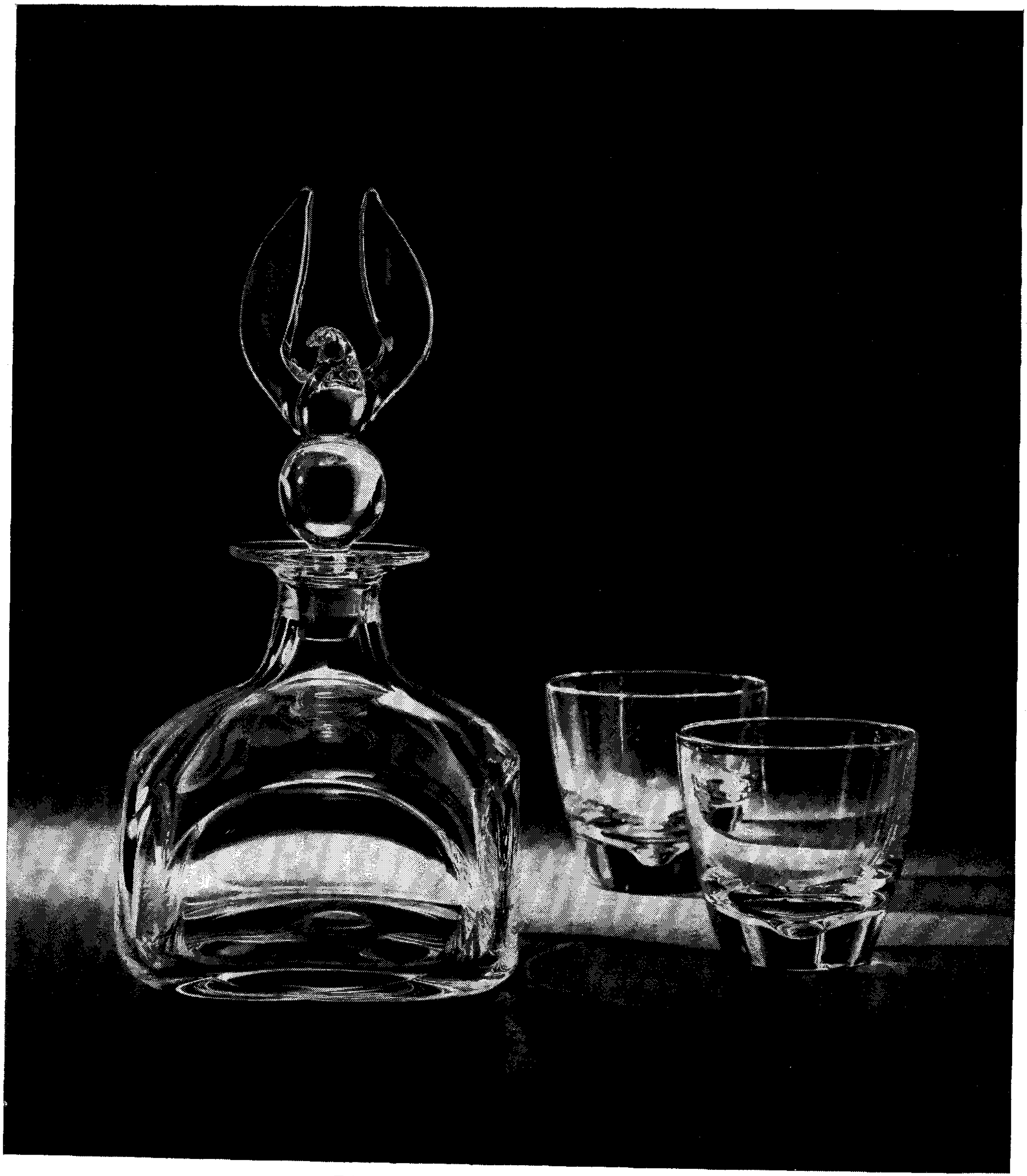
Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock. Beginning Monday, Oct. 21, from eight-thirty (Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty).

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Zoot Sims and Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Tenor sax and piano, respectively, with drummer Ray Mosca and bassist Major Holley. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Sylvia Syms—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave.,



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at 64th St. (752-5855). Vocals, backed by a trio, beginning Monday, Oct. 21.

Billy Taylor—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). *Piano, leading a trio, from eight-thirty* (Friday and Saturday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. The Cedar Walton trio is aboard Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, and the John Lewis Sound, another jazz threesome, performs Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26. Music from *nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.*

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features reliable, straight-ahead jazz. Guitarist Ted Dunbar plays with David Lee on drums, tenor saxophonist David Schnitter, and bassist Victor Gaskin through Saturday, Oct. 19. On Wednesday, Oct. 23, Sonny Fortune, an earthy alto saxophonist and lyrical flutist, brings in his quartet. The action commences at nine-forty-five.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A goodly portion of the seating here—sometimes as much as fifty per cent and more—is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house or sell out the shows and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. Having lately exhibited its knowledgeable taste in contemporary jazz, this small-scale rock palace now focusses on folk and blues. Taj Mahal, a practitioner of basic country—and, sometimes, souped-up—blues, sings and plays guitar, banjo, and cowbell with his band. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23-24, the stage is claimed by two long-established, low-keyed folksters—Carolyn Hester and Kenny Rankin. The New Lost City Ramblers, one of the most influential fast-fiddle folk groups to gain notice during the folk-music revival of the late fifties and early sixties, hardly ever play New York. The trio—Mike Seeger on fiddle, Tracy Schwartz on banjo, and guitarist John Cohen—comes in on Friday, Oct. 25, opposite Martin, Bogan & Armstrong, a folk-rock band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musical collaborations of pianist Jimmy Rowles, who plays with a singular harmonic sense and a near-Tatum-light touch, and bassist Bill Takas. Through Saturday, Oct. 19, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. While Rich and his band play other parts of the world—they are on tour in Europe and Japan—the drummer has left his club in most capable hands. Stan Getz and his quartet wind up two weeks here on Saturday, Oct. 19. On Monday, Oct. 21, singer Sylvia Syms (see p. 47, this issue) arrives to make one of her rare club appearances. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. *Snacks. Closed Sundays.*

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—What might easily pass for a peaceable room of aging dignity, were it not for its spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and a line of banquettes flanking pastel muralled walls. Singer and pianist Bobby Short and his loyal sidemen, drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer, are here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools ornament this often highly animated establishment. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Benny Moten, play together from eight to one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirably presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, Russell Procope on alto saxophone and clarinet, and stride pianist Brooks Kerr. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. Gene Roland, on muted trumpet and tenor saxophone, leads a quartet Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty on, and Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to nine. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters and a gowned-and-jewelled hostess, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. Billy Taylor, a personable performer and an engaging pianist, heads up his trio opposite Andy Bey, a striking jazz singer who seems equally comfortable scatting Charlie Parker, yodelling with Pharoah Sanders, or doing straight standards. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. Crooner Arthur Prysock has retained much of the finesse that once caused women to swoon when he played the Apollo and numerous ballrooms twenty or so years ago. He will be backed by his brother Red, on tenor sax and leading a trio, beginning Monday, Oct. 21. Pianist Lance Hayward will alternate with the Prysocks. On Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing sextet led by clarinettist Art Miller, has the place to itself. Music from eight-thirty to two Sundays through Thursdays, and nine-thirty to three-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward, whose fastidious piano musings pour out into the street through an open doorway (weather permitting), is present *Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 17-20.* Bassist Lyn Christie participates Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday, Jane Valentine drops in to sing. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Eddie Locke, Ted Sturgis, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Chuck Folds fills in for Dick Katz Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Gene Roland's five-part combo takes over from eight until two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The ownership of this rock, folk, and blues café has recently changed, and so has the nature of some of the entertainment. Comedian Dick Shawn, for example, remains on hand through Saturday, Oct. 19. Shawn's song-and-dance routines are a bit sentimental, and his trying-to-be-hip patter is occasionally repellent and downright embarrassing. Alternating with him is the Star Spangled Washboard Band. A cluster of rock and jazz-rock groups are scheduled to follow, starting on Sunday, Oct. 20. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks, lobsters, and lasagne downstairs.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century with music that comes from much later eras. Pianist Dave McKenna collaborates with tenorman Zoot Sims, bassist Major Holley, and Ray Mosca Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Freddie Waits, an accomplished young drummer, leads his quartet here through Saturday, Oct. 19. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-26, Junior Mance, a heavily swinging and appealing pianist, romps with his trio. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Joan Hackett, primarily a film actress, is singing opposite Michael Greer, who mostly does impersonations of famous film actresses of the past. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and ten-thirty, Mirabai, a young, engaging singer, takes the stage. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Chet Baker, still a fifties cool (but really hot) trumpeter and singer, works with a trio Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, Lee Konitz and his bassist, Wilbur Little, take the stand. Guitarist Rudy Stevenson's trio supports singer Bobby Hill on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19. On Wednesday, Oct. 23, vibraharpist David Friedman will drop by with a bassist; on Thursday, Oct. 24, Friedman will return with a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, the music will be provided by guitarist Attila Zoller and his trio. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, free-form music in a modest, spartan ground-floor Soho loft. Flags and posters adorn the walls, and a quantity of orange-and-white parachute nylon billows from the ceiling. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Sonelius Smith on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Jazz has lately been revived at this downtown landmark. Harpist Daphne Hellman is joined by guitarist Mike Gari and bassist Lyn Christie on Thursdays from nine to midnight. Organist Charles Earland is here Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, with his robust, advanced quintet. They begin at ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Pianist Bill Evans plays heady games with his trio through Sunday, Oct. 20. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, thunderbolt-drummer Elvin Jones descends into the murk with his quartet. Mondays are, as always, given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, pianist Brooks Kerr, and trumpeter Franc Williams get together for swing sessions. Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with his trio Wednesdays and Thursdays. Sammy Price, who last week turned sixty-six and simultaneously celebrated his fiftieth year in jazz, heads up a boogie-woogie quartet on Fridays and Saturdays. Price, whose abilities as a raconteur equal his pianistic ones, is a walking history of the jazz of the Southwest in the twenties and thirties. He knew Pinetop Smith, the legendary boogie-woogie pioneer, well enough to call him by his name, Clarence, and he worked the TOBA (Theatre Owners Booking Association) circuit, as did Buck and Bubbles, Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, and Butterbeans and Susie, to name just a few. Price was a dancer with Alphonso Trent's band in Dallas in the early twenties: he recalls without false—or, in fact, any—modesty that he was the king of the Charleston in the Southwest. Later, he appropriated the boogie-woogie-piano kingship as well, and, fortunately for his listeners, came out of retirement to reclaim that title. When recently questioned about prospects for future recording dates, Price told Phil Schaap, on Schaap's jazz program on WKCR-FM, "I think the record companies realize, and the world at large realizes, that they should have asked me to come out of retirement before now. And, you know, I love music and I came out of retirement to play music, and I want it understood that I'm playing at the West End for money." Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the CAFÉ, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Steven Weltner prevails Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the PERSIAN ROOM, there is Manuel, launching into song at will—well, anyway, at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The rest of the time, the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the PLAZA RESTAURANT, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the PALM COURT Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Comedian Jack Carter and singer Tony Darrow are onstage at dinner and supper. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the MAISONETTE affords the songs of Julie Budd. The dance music issues from the Anthony Terini quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Singer-pianists Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson are paired in the ST. REGIS ROOM Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and midnight.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer Dax Xenos is doing two turns an evening in the EMPIRE ROOM. Dance tunes by Bob Rosengarden's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Thelma Appel—Paintings of fields and moors. Through Nov. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shusaku Arakawa—One large canvas and several related pastels. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

William Bailey—Still-lifes and figures. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Samuel Bak—Skillfully executed Surrealist works concentrating on the horrors of war, by a Polish-born Israeli artist. Through Nov. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Large, commanding abstract paintings, reminiscent of the Vorticists, and smaller, quieter collages with an Italian flavor. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays).

Siri Berg—The circle is the theme of this group of paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joachim Berthold—Bronze and marble figures by this German sculptor. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

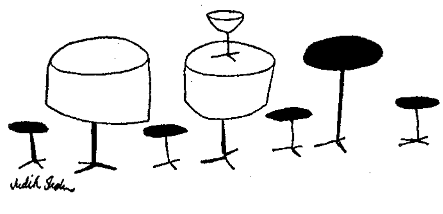
Ainslie Burke—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Burt / Ruth Lerman—Metal sculptures. / Sculptures in alabaster and something called African wonder stone, which is black with blue highlights. Through Nov. 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Standing mobiles and life-size figures, all done this summer in France. Through Nov. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Vistas of small country towns, done in acrylics, in which menacing shapes crop up in otherwise innocent foliage. Through Nov. 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—A collection of cartoons and drawings, from 1936 to the present. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)



Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Finkelstein—Paintings of bridges, rivers, and roadways of New York, and landscapes of the South of France. Through Nov. 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—A crowded show of wood, stone, and bronze sculptures by this seventy-year-old artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hayes—Three large ceramic wall panels, plus some other ceramic pieces. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Hoie—Abstract acrylic paintings; first solo show here. Through Oct. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masuo Ikeda—Watercolors with figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Lithographs hand-colored with pastels, watercolors, and gouache. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics that show how the artist's work changed during various periods. Through Nov. 9. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Lobdell—Abstract paintings and drawings by a Californian prominent since the fifties. Starts Thursday, Oct. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—Four large colored-pencil drawings, plus a group of smaller ones. Through Nov. 9. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Merkin—Semi-abstract glimpses of the recent past. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Moran (1837-1926)—Drawings and watercolors of the West, from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Shozo Nagano—Three-dimensional and illusory canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Don Nice / Wayne Nowak / Franz Kline (1910-62)—Outsize paintings, in acrylic or watercolor, of a rattlesnake, a squirrel, a pheasant, a bunch of carrots, a pair of sneakers, and so on. / Constructions—small boxes stuffed with curios. / Barroom drawings that in no way foreshadow this artist's later Abstract Expressionist masterpieces. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Marble sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract paintings with a curiously stippled surface. Through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative drawings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allen Saalburg—Wall constructions involving Lucite discs decorated with silk-screened patterns and superimposed, one over the other, in such a way that they can be spun, like wheels of fortune, with a kaleidoscopic variety of effects resulting. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Segalman—Watercolors, mostly of single figures clad in denim or flowing white dresses lolling on sun-dappled meadows. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Shapiro—Misty-looking abstract paint-

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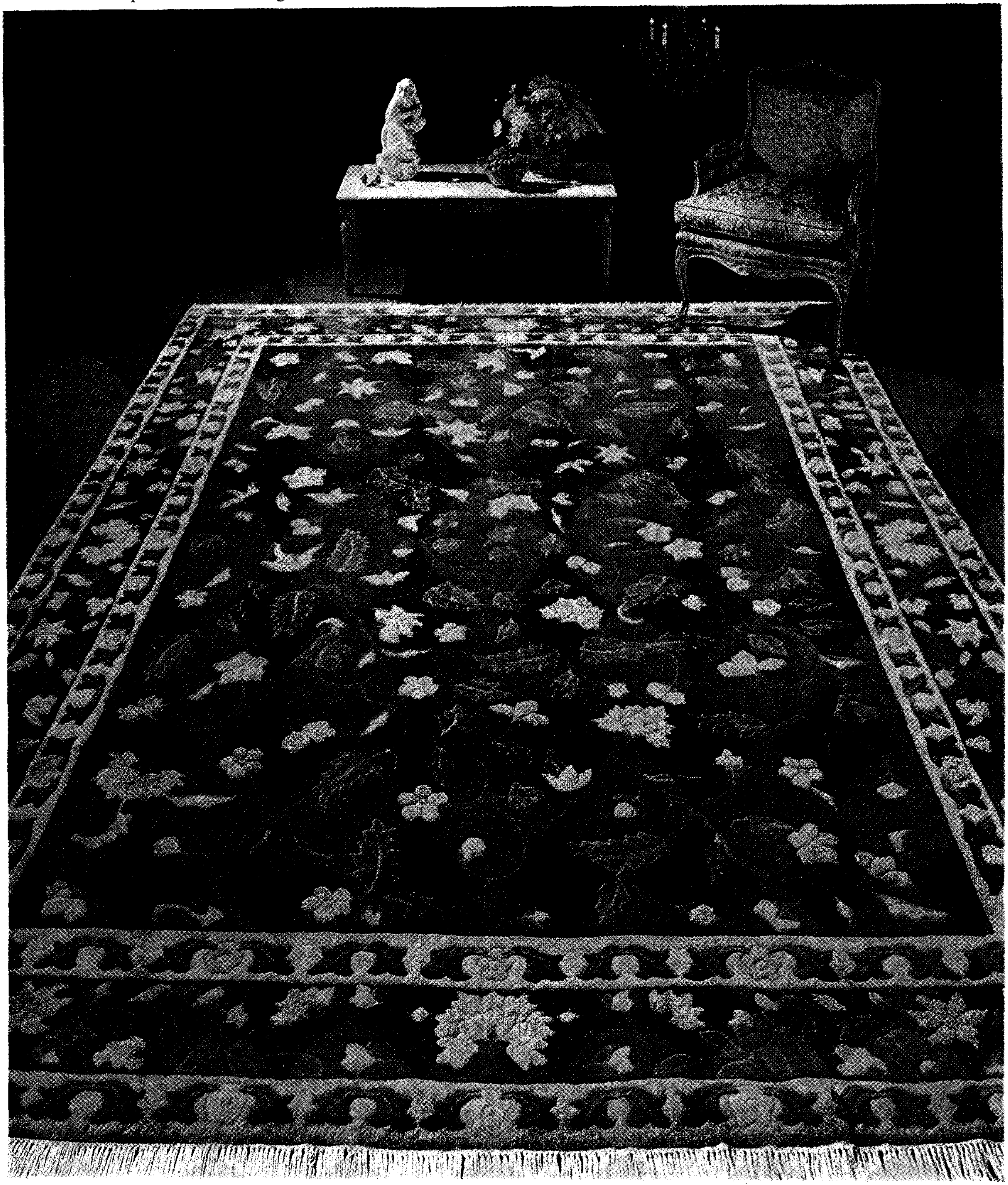

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Three large paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Flowery abstracts not far removed from peach- and cherry-blossom reality. Through Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carroll S. Tyson (1878-1956)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors, many of them of Maine. Through Nov. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jarvis Wilcox—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures done in oil. Through Oct. 29. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by, among others, Dubuffet, Reinhardt, and Agnes Martin. Through Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Included are such artists as Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Oct. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Aguilar Alcuaz—Tapestries, oils, and watercolors by a Filipino artist who lives in Spain make up this exhibit at the Runyon-Winchell Gallery (33 W. 56th St.), which operates under the auspices of the Runyon-Winchell Cancer Fund. Through Oct. 31. (Sundays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Check Boterf—Bulky, painted wood constructions that hang on the wall and have an ideographic quality. Through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Brown—Recent works that continue the "Dancers Series" this California artist has been working on for some time. Through Nov. 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

José Guerrero—Large, distinctive, confidently painted abstracts. Through Oct. 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Earl Hubbard—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Mark Lancaster—Abstract paintings, most of them following a checkerboard pattern. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jack Lenor Larsen—Woven murals, quilted wall hangings, and other pieces based on textiles. Through Nov. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—This artist has been studying the circle for a quarter of a century, and some of the findings he made between 1954 and 1964 are shown here. Through Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Meyer—Small terra-cotta and bronze figures—almost caricatures—of fashionable-looking people at play, and a couple of sculptured still-lifes. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Murch (1907-67)—Drawings by an artist who focussed his graphic skill on odd bits of machinery, shown in a new gallery devoted to works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of immense flowers—roses, tulips, jonquils, orchids—shown against a black-and-white-striped background. Through Nov. 2. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings and drawings by this abstractionist. Through Oct. 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

George Segal—Spectral figures cast in plaster direct from living models, some of them in so-called environmental settings, and others—a new departure for the artist—done as hanging wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Landscapes on a large scale. Through Thursday, Oct. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Nov. 2. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by William Fares, Jim Juszczyk, Mary Miss, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Prendergast, O'Keeffe, and Marin (downstairs), and marine paintings by such nineteenth-century artists as Robert Salmon, Samuel Walters, and T. E. Buttersworth (upstairs). Through Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Realist drawings, mostly in pencil and all of top quality, by ten Spanish artists. Through Nov. 2.

Sculpture—At the **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Among the sculptors represented are James Rosati, David Smith, and Beverly Pepper. Through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Over a hundred and fifty African pieces, including examples from private and museum collections. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mary Joan Bono—Acrylics, watercolors, and pastels. Through Nov. 3. (Aames, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays.)

Jim Dine—Incisive, life-size drawings of familiar tools—hammers, saws, clippers—and a spirited full-length portrayal, in oil, of a crosscut saw. Through Nov. 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Fekner / Robin Van Arsdol—Off-white canvases, with hairline flecks of color, which resolve themselves into dim portraits if stared at long enough. / Abstracts, made with bright crayons, thumbtacks, nails, and so on, which sometimes escape their frames and infect the wall around them. Through Nov. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Gordon—Installations. Through Nov. 7. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Tom Halsall/Paul Zelevansky—Large abstracts with a Persian-rug richness of colors./Antic constructions in a joking vein. Through Oct. 31. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William L. Haney—This accomplished painter makes free with the work of his heroes (Matisse, Ingres, Botticelli, for instance) in assembling large compositions of his own. Through Nov. 1. (Yu, in a new location, at 393 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kazuko Inoue / Rick Salzman—Paintings. / Photographs. Through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Brian Kazlov—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 2. (Benedek, in a new location, at 145 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Kuehn—Realistic figure paintings of a competence not frequently encountered in this part of town. Through Nov. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Diana Kurz—Paintings of figures. Through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Terence La Noue / Jim Starrett—Paintings and drawings. / Drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cork Marcheschi / J. Nebraska Gifford—Kinetic pieces. Through Oct. 31. / Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Miller—Wood and rope pieces. Through Oct. 30. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Passlof—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Robert Ryman—Experiments in pure white—enamelled on panels of copper, aluminum, or steel, or painted in many coats of oil on wood. Through Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Tomiyo Sasaki / Paul Tschinkel—Paintings done in metallic pigments, plus glass and mirrored pieces. / Metal floor and wall pieces. Through Oct. 30. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Shields—Paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Stephens and Sandy Galleher—Paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 23. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jorge Stever / Patrick Caulfield / R. J. Kreznar—Large paintings of interiors, mostly, done in acrylics with a stencilled effect./Canvases, some of them shaped, that resemble heavy slabs of black metal. / Sculptures done in geometrically ordered assemblages of small glass panels. Through Nov. 2. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Swain—Geometric abstractions. Through Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

David True—What might be called a True story is an environment consisting mainly of a fifteen-foot lookout tower lying on its side; an axe that may have been used to cut it down; some pottery fragments and painted stones; a large, sagging painting that depicts an angel, the stump of the fallen tower, and a man dressed up as a bear and holding an axe; and a printed legend on one wall that tells of a vigilante group, known as the Bear Men, who discovered a religious sect that built the tower (the cultists kept one of their members on top of it) in the wilds of Ohio seventy years ago, chased them away, burned their cabins, and cut down the tower. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Williams—Abstract sculptures. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William Zehngut—Paintings. Through Oct. 30. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings by Alan Cote, Harvey Quaytman, David Diao, and John Walker. Through Nov. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

José de Creeft—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings to mark this artist's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 9. (New School Graduate Faculty Center, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thurs-

DRUGS-SODA
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Peter Hayward—Street scenes of New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Ralph Iwamoto—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Oto Logo—Bronzes by a Yugoslavian sculptor; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 9. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Richard Serra—Drawings by an artist better known for his sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **WALKER STREET GALLERY**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Fischer, Howard Conant, Galeyn Remington, John Fudge, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alan Dennis / Nathan Farb—Dye-transfer photographs. / Photographs of his family. Through Nov. 3. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

P. H. Emerson (1856-1936)—Platinum prints and gravures. Through Nov. 9. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Duane Michals / James Newberry—Images in sequence, with handwritten captions. / Nudes and landscapes. Through Nov. 9. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Steiner—A retrospective of the work of this seventy-five-year-old photographer. Through Nov. 9. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassai, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Vintage photographs, plus scenes of Kansas by Brian Lanker. Through Oct. 27. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of Indians of North America. Examples by Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Edward S. Curtis, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Examples by Charles Harbutt, Eugène Atget, and others. Through Oct. 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre, with examples by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Starts Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A few paintings by contemporary Russian artists, two of whom were represented in the Moscow exhibition that was dispersed by bulldozers. Through Sunday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Shusaku Arakawa. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Six newly acquired works by Jean Dubuffet, plus some from the permanent collection. Through Sunday, Oct. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The small room to the left of the ground-floor elevators is given over to an environmental arrangement, mostly artificial, by Jim Roche—a sort of Hieronymus Bosch garden path down which one is led past pastel-colored, snake-infested trees, flotillas of horseshoe crabs, an assembly of bleached shark jaws, each clamped onto a bird, an army of tiny alligators, and so on, while eagles wing by overhead, each clutching a snake in its talons. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Fantasy paintings apparently inspired by comic strips and done in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Through Wednesday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ A new gallery is showing a survey of the entire history of Japanese art, including pottery, ceramics, and prints, plus a small selection of Korean objects. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Half a million army ants (*Eciton burchelli*) are housed here in a big Plexiglas case filled with white sand and tropical plants, where every day around noon they are fed crickets and meal worms. . . . ¶ Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—An educationally designed show of etchings, aquatints, and other graphics produced at Studio 2RC, in Rome, by Afro, Nevelson, Man Ray, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, as well as Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Approximately two thousand photographic postcards from the turn of the century to the present. Through Oct. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints focussing on New York in the post-Revolutionary period when the society was founded by John Pintard. Starts Friday, Oct. 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a small display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas, with some photographs by Carl Van Vechten. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Young peoples' art work from I.S. 201, including paintings, drawings, wood carvings, and masks. Through Oct. 27. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 16: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 17: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18: The American première of Benjamin Britten's "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, Andrea Velis, Vicki Fisera, and Bryan Pitts; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 19: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 19: "Tosca," with Lucine Amara, Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 21: "Don Giovanni," with Rachel Mathes, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 22: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 23: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin,

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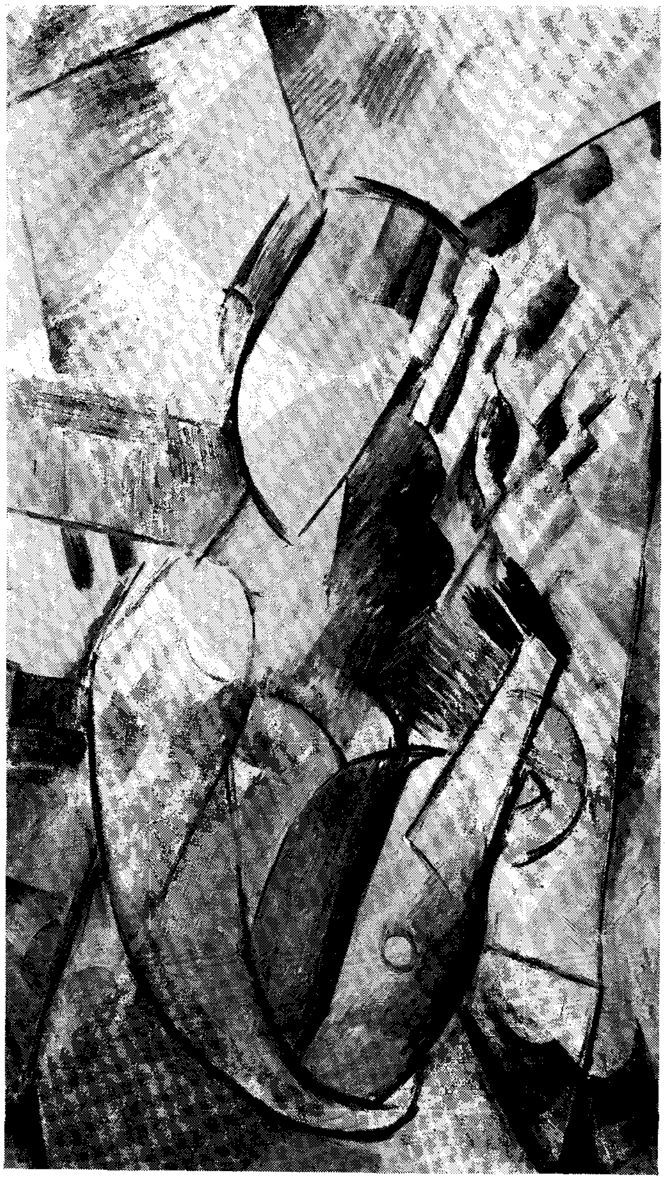

"Woman with a Mandolin" by Pablo Picasso. Sold at Christie's in London on behalf of an American collector on April 2nd, for $627,900.

Los Angeles: New York: Buenos Aires: Montreal: Madrid: Paris: Amsterdam: Dusseldorf: Geneva: Salzburg: Rome: London: Stockholm: Tokyo: Sydney: Melbourne.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 24: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, Andrea Velis, Vicki Fisera, and Bryan Pitts; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 25: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 26: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 26: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1:30, and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Glenys Fowles, Placido Domingo, and John Darrenkamp; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, John Stewart, David Holloway, and Thomas Jamerson; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Arlene Randazzo, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Carol Bayard, Elizabeth Haley, Gary Glaze, and Alan Titus; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Patricia Wise, Olivia Stapp, and Richard Kness; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Melvin Poll, and Adib Fazah; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Kathleen Hegierski, William McDonald, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Emily Derr, Diane Curry, and Richard V. Taylor; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Johanna Meier, Esther Hinds, Robert Hale, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Patenaude, Kathleen Hegierski, Richard V. Taylor, and Pablo Elvira; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Richard Stilwell, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Puli Toro, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday. Oct. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Manfred Scherzer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Claudio Abbado directing a program of Russian music, with Birgit Finnila, contralto, and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8:15.)

New Japan Philharmonic—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the opening performances of the season here—An all-Ravel program, with, among others, Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 23, and Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.). . . ¶ A varied program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis conducting, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Janáček's opera "Jenufa" in concert form, with Nadezhda Kniplova and Alexandra Hunt, sopranos, and Ivo Zídek, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Performing the cycle of Bach's Brandenburg concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:15.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Natalie Hinderas, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

Light Fantastic Players—Daniel Shulman conducting a chamber orchestra. (Horace Mann Auditorium, Teachers College, Broadway at 120th St. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 865-6793.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano, and Zara Nelsova, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Concentus Musicus of Vienna—Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducting his baroque chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

National Band of New Zealand—M. J. Waters conducting, with the Aotearoa Maori Group of singers and dancers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 23-25, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

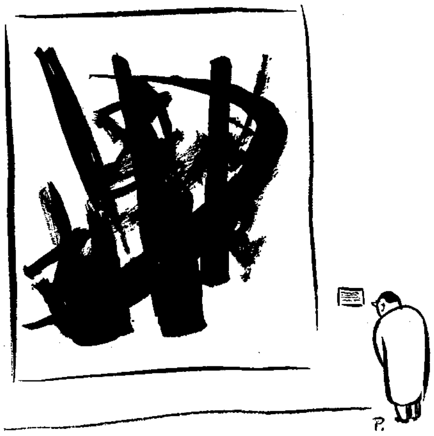
RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Cleveland Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Leon Kirchner and Lorin Hollander—A program of music for piano, four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)



James Mathis—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Michael May—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Bella Rudenko—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Stanley Silverman, guitar; Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30.)

Lydia Artymiw—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in a program of French music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Pierre Cochereau—Organ. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Early Music Quartet—A program of medieval music by this vocal and instrumental group from Munich. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Robert Smith—Harpsichord, in the first of two all-Couperin recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Helen Boatwright—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Keyboard, in the first of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Note—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Oct. 21, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 5:45: **HILDEGARDE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 5:45: **PATRICE MUNSEL.**

Charles Aznavour—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27.

Grace Slick, Paul Kantner & Jefferson Starship—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.

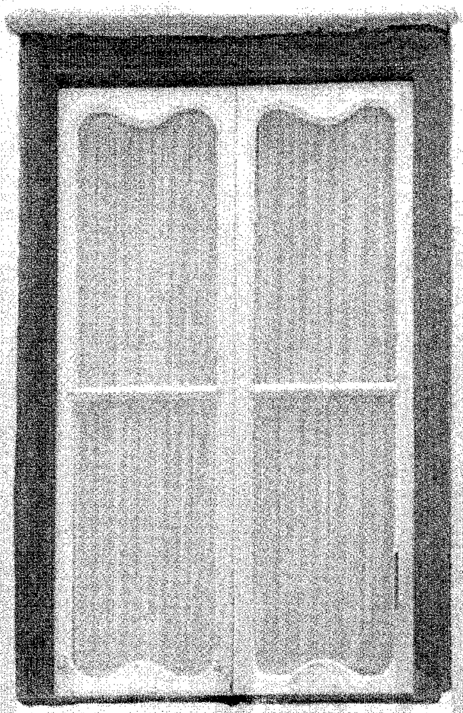
Andy Williams and Michel Legrand—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Oct. 16, through Sunday, Oct. 27. Nightly, except Monday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.

Black Oak Arkansas—With Roy Wood's Wizzard. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

Captain Beefheart—Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.

Randy Newman—With a forty-piece orchestra.

The beaches in Portugal haven't been overrun by tourists. You can find on them what European beaches have long since run out of. Privacy.



Portugal hasn't been plundered and pillaged by hordes of American treasure hunters. You can still find fine antiques, excellent silver, lovely crafts and shopkeepers who aren't lying in wait.

PORTUGAL
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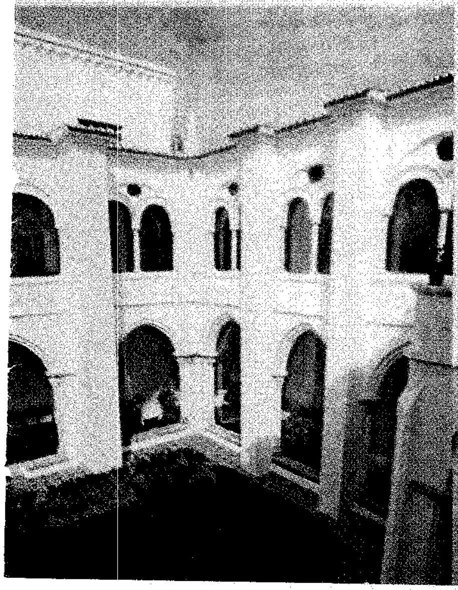

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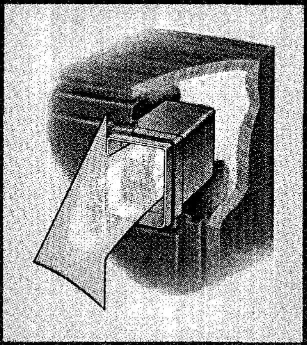
Here's how:



You're looking at the Zenith Allegro tuned port.* It's part of a sound system with a difference.

You see, a lot of speakers (even air-suspension types) trap deep, rich bass inside the speaker cabinet, so you never hear it. But this tuned port channels out more of that sound, so you do hear it. (In fact, if you put your hand over the port, you can even feel it.)

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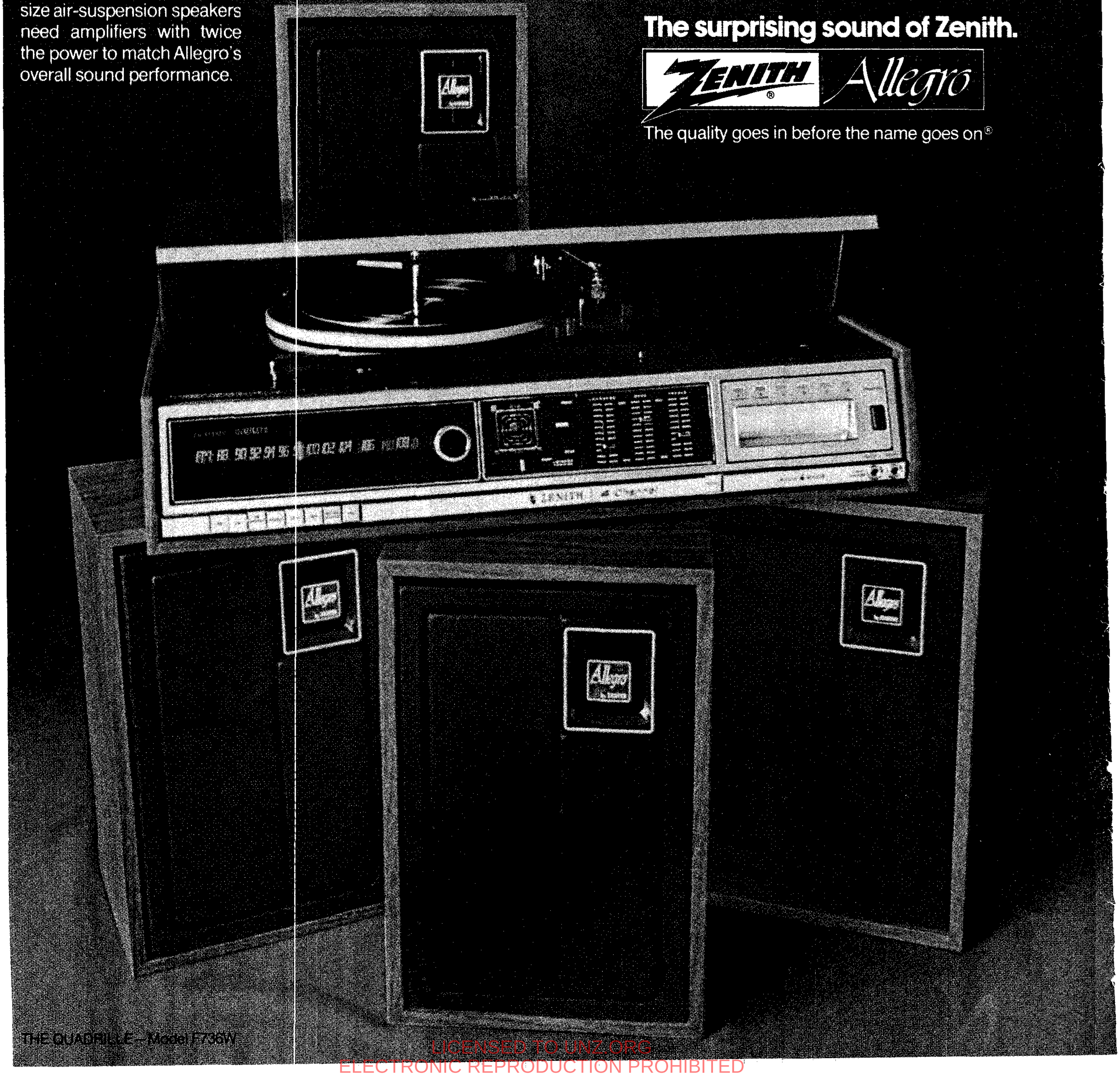

THE QUADRILLE—Model F736W

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Deodato—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.

Souther, Hillman & Furay—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.

Big Mama Thornton—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.

Warren Chiasson Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3. No tickets necessary.

The Stylistics and Eddie Kendricks—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7:30 and 11.

Dory Previn—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Todd Rundgren's Utopia—Radio City Music Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Marilyn and Alan Bergman) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Jackson Browne—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Fairport Convention—With Sandy Denny and John Fahey. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Dave Mason—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Golden Earring—A benefit concert. (Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. New Orleans, Thursday, Oct. 17, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Oct. 25.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 19** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Marist, at Gaelic Park. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, oct. 26:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Bucknell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Siena, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Air Force, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 20: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, D.C.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Oct. 26.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 19; the Great American, Wednesday, Oct. 23; and the Long Island Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The World's Playground, Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Oct. 21, through Saturday, Nov. 23. The Jersey, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Oct. 21, through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 19-20, at 4. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Oct. 26, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Milky Way." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Thomas Kinsella and Richard Murphy reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Discussions—Françoise Giroud and Janet Flanner discussing Mme. Giroud's new book, "I Give You My Word," and other topics. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

The Crystal Palace on 42nd Street, 1853-54—Enlarged drawings and prints showing both the exterior and interior of the building, as well as many of the industrial and art exhibits which made up the "Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations," when it graced the site now known as Bryant Park. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the items displayed will be Oriental occult figures, Victorian jewelry, and a collection of children's classical books. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, through Sunday, Oct. 27. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Frederic Remington, Winslow Homer, Thomas Moran, and Charles M. Russell; from the Kimball Art Foundation of Fort Worth and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 2, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from many collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: French furniture, decorations, and rugs; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 2: European ceramics, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by Utrillo, Picasso, Mondrian, and others; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: Impressionist and other modern paintings and sculptures, including a Monet landscape, a still-life by Braque, and a Surrealist composition by Max Ernst; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Rodin, Vlaminck, Pissarro, and Pascin; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8, and Friday, Oct. 25, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by Barnett Newman, Morris Louis, Kline, Noguchi, and others; from various sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 18.

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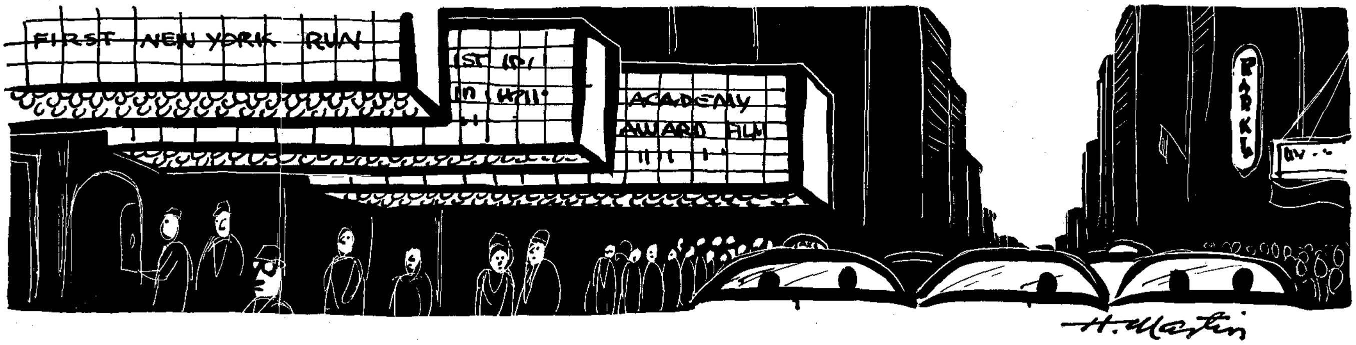
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 22: "California Split."
From Oct. 23: "Chinatown."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 19: "Anthony Adverse" and "Little Caesar."
Oct. 20-22: "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" and "Young Mr. Lincoln."
From Oct. 23: "Red-Headed Woman" and "Niagara."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 22: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From Oct. 23: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"That's Entertainment!"

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 17: "California Split."
From Oct. 18: "Airport 1975."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gold."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alvin Purple."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Abdication."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"11 Harrowhouse."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Gold."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Law and Disorder."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Juggernaut."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Juggernaut."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 17: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Oct. 18: "The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"Dodes'ka-den."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Great Battle."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"California Split."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Shanks."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 22: "The Tamarind Seed."
From Oct. 23: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"For Pete's Sake" and "40 Carats."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Groove Tube."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 17: "The Longest Yard."
From Oct. 18: "The Odessa File."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 17: "Death Wish."
From Oct. 18: "Airport 1975."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 22: "Foxy Brown" and "Truck Turner."
From Oct. 23: "The Dragon Dies Hard."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Juggernaut."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 22: "The Groove Tube."
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 23: "Love and Anarchy" and "Le Sex Shop."
Oct. 24: "The Year of the Pig" and "Patton."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 22: "That's Entertainment!"
From Oct. 23 (tentative): "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 22 at one or another of the theatres: "Animal Crackers" and "A Hard Day's Night"/"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Catch-22"/"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly"/"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Fellini's Roma."
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 16: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Tristana."
Oct. 17-19: "The Damned" and "Ludwig."
Oct. 20-21: "Death in Venice" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
Oct. 22-23: "Day for Night" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
From Oct. 24: "Burn!" and "Last Tango in Paris."
Note: Sunday, Oct. 20, one performance, at noon: "The Navigator."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 17: "11 Harrowhouse."
From Oct. 18: "The Longest Yard."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 22: "The Widow Couderc."
From Oct. 23: "Journey Through the Past."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Law and Disorder."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 16: "Forbidden Games" and "Purple Noon."
Oct. 17: "Blonde Venus" and "The Blue Angel."
Oct. 18: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Decameron."
Oct. 19: "King Kong" and "The Most Dangerous Game."
Oct. 20: "Captain Blood" and "The Sea Hawk."
Oct. 21: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" and "Alexander Nevsky."
Oct. 22: "Deep End" and "Barrier."
Oct. 23: "The Ladykillers" and "Whiskey Galore."
Oct. 24: "Twentieth Century" and "My Man Godfrey."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 22: "Cabaret."
From Oct. 23: "Chinatown" and "Don't Look Now."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 16: "Promised Lands" and "Dreams and Nightmares."
Oct. 17: "Portrait of Jason."
Oct. 18: "Le Retour d'Afrique" and "La Chinoise."
Oct. 19: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
Oct. 20-21: "Early Spring" and "Pickpocket."
Oct. 22-24: "Black Holiday."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 22: "The Tamarind Seed" and "The Hero."
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"California Split."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 22: "The Groove Tube."
From Oct. 23: "Chinatown" and Gumshoe."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 22 (tentative): "The Seduction of Mimi" and "The Clowns."
From Oct. 23: "The Black Windmill" and "Winning."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 22: "Harold and Maude" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Oct. 23: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 16 at noon: M-G-M cartoons. . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5:30: "They Were Expendable" (1945), directed by John Ford, with Robert Montgomery and Donna Reed. . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2: "The Cherry-Blossom Fire Gang of Kanto" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Makino, with Junko Fuji.

. . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30: "Presidential Gambling" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kosaku Yamashita, with Junko Fuji. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8: "The Hanafuda Game" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Tai Kato, with Ken Takakura. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 5:30: "My Man and I" (1952), directed by William Wellman, with Shelley Winters and Ricardo Montalban. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at noon: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a documentary film, directed by Robert J. Flaherty. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 3: "Show Boat" (1951), directed by George Sidney, with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 5:30: "The Pirate" (1948), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 12:30 and 3: "Treasure Island" (1934), directed by Victor Fleming, with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5:30: "Invitation to the Dance" (1957), directed by Gene Kelly, with Mr. Kelly and Tamara Toumanova. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2: "Devil's Doorway" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5:30: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner and John Garfield. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: "The Great Caruso" (1951), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5:30: "Adam 2: the strange, fantastic, monstrous, entirely incredible and yet true story of his life" (1970), directed by Jan Lenica. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: "Devil's Doorway." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5:30: "Moonfleet" (1955), directed by Fritz Lang, with Stewart Granger and George Sanders. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2: "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Audie Murphy. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 16-17: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Jayne Mansfield and Tony Randall. . . . ¶ Oct. 18: "Ride in the Whirlwind" (1969), directed by Monte Hellman, with Cameron Mitchell and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ Oct. 19: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. . . . ¶ Oct. 20: "Give a Girl a Break" (1953), directed by Stanley Donen, with Marge and Gower Champion. . . . ¶ Oct. 23: "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 24: "Miss Tatlock's Millions" (1948), directed by Richard Haydn, with Wanda Hendrix and John Lund. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 3:15 and 5:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 22: "America's Pop Collector: Robert C. Scull—Contemporary Art at Auction," conceptualized and coördinated by John Schott and E. J. Vaughn. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 23: "Luminous Zone," a program of six short films by Barry Gerson, Richard Serra, and Robert Morris. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton.)

Airport 1975—With Charlton Heston, Karen Black, and George Kennedy, directed by Jack Smight. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné; starting Oct. 18.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Alvin Purple—With Graeme Blundell, directed by Tim Burstall. (Eastside Cinema.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. People who blamed him for taking a false route in one or two of the last films that struck them as epicene frescoes might have trusted him to get onto his own track again. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Greenwich; starting Oct. 23, tentative.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Anthony Adverse (1936)—Not Fredric March's finest two hours and twenty minutes: he wasn't cut out to be a dashing swashbuckler. This turgid story involves a lot of crowds and plenty of travel. March finds himself in the Napoleonic Wars, as well as in the slave trade, and along the way misplaces his wife, Olivia De Havilland. When he finds her, it turns out that she has been even busier than he; she's managed to become both a great opera star and a famous shady lady. Which might have been an entertaining plot development if the director hadn't been humorless Mervyn LeRoy, drudging away. Claude Rains plays a haughty, gout-ridden marquis, and Gale Sondergaard, whose leer was her fortune, is the superwicked villainess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 19.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Symphony. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Barrier (1966)—A wisp of a picture—but politically very interesting and technically accomplished—about young lovers in Poland in the early sixties. Directed by Skolimowski, who co-scripted "Innocent Sorcerers" for Wajda and wrote "Knife in the Water" for Polanski. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Black Holiday—Directed by Marco Leto. In Italian. (Regency; Oct. 22-24.)

The Black Windmill—An English gunrunning story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. Good small-boy stuff. (6/3/74) (Thalia; starting Oct. 23.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as the detective and Cecil Cunningham as the night-club hostess. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (Elgin; starting Oct. 24.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Paramount; through Oct. 22.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has en-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Art; through Oct. 22.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Art, Paramount, and New Yorker; starting Oct. 23.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Regency; Oct. 18.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Thalia; through Oct. 22, tentative.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Elgin; Oct. 17-19.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Elgin; Oct. 22-23.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Elgin; Oct. 20-21.)

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Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné; through Oct. 17.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 18.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, makes a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). The film is supposed to be set in London. It looks like Munich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Elgin; Oct. 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Dodes'ka-den (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Paramount; starting Oct. 23.)

The Dragon Dies Hard—The story of the life of Bruce Lee. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 23.)

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Dreams and Nightmares—A documentary by Abe Osheroff and Larry Klingman. (Regency; Oct. 16.)

Early Spring (1956)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Regency; Oct. 20-21.)

11 Harrowhouse—With Charles Grodin and Candice Bergen, directed by Aram Avakian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Forum; through Oct. 17.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 18.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (10/21/72) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

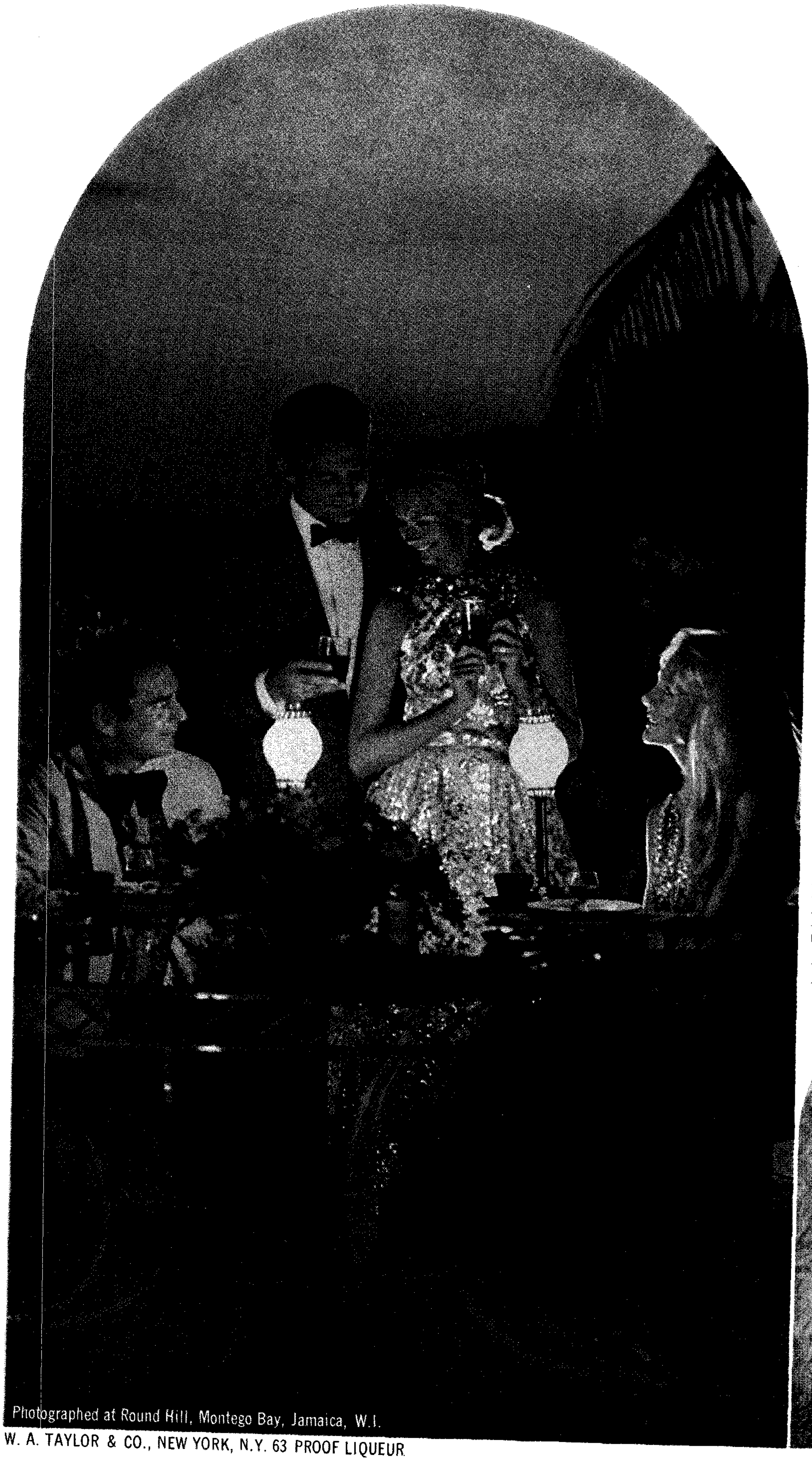
40 Carats (1973)—Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes in the sort of Broadway-hit material that simply doesn't work on the screen any longer—not on any level. It's meant to be romantic and clever, but a miscast Ullmann and the wet-lipped young Albert are a dismaying pair. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Regency; Oct. 19.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 22.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karl Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic



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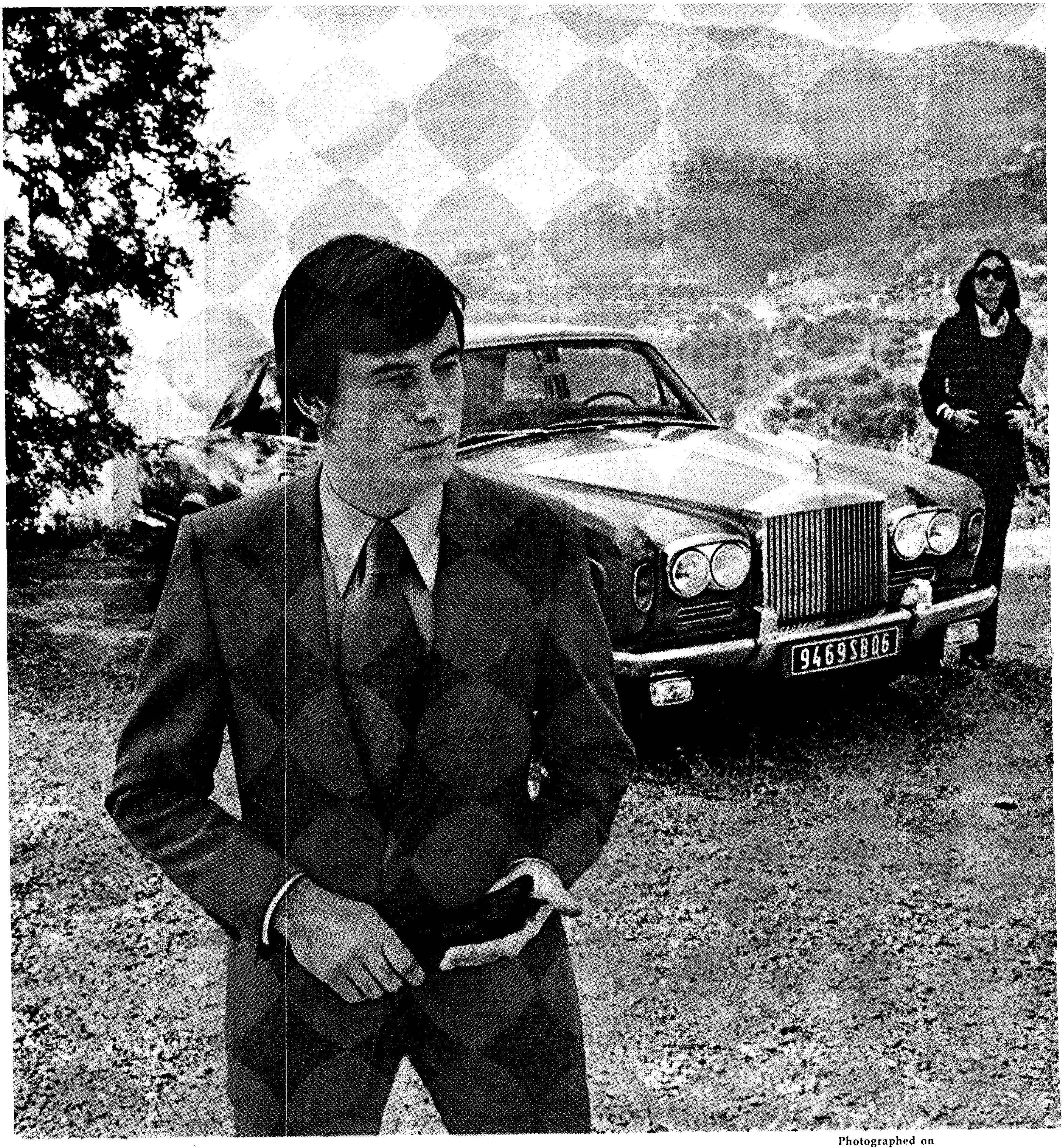

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Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Elgin; Oct. 20-21.)

GOLD—With Roger Moore and Susannah York, directed by Peter Hunt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Fine Arts.)

THE GREAT BATTLE (1971)—A Russian film. (Columbia I.)

THE GROOVE TUBE—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker; through Oct. 22.)

GUMSHOE (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 23.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Olympia; through Oct. 22.)

HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

THE HERO (1973)—Directed by, and with, Richard Harris. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 22.)

I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22.)

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART I (1944)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In this part, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 21.)

JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAST—A documentary about singer-musician Neil Young, directed by Mr. Young. (Playboy; starting Oct. 23.)

JUGGERNAUT—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

KING KONG (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

LACOMBE, LUCIEN—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctive are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE LADYKILLERS (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Oct. 24.)

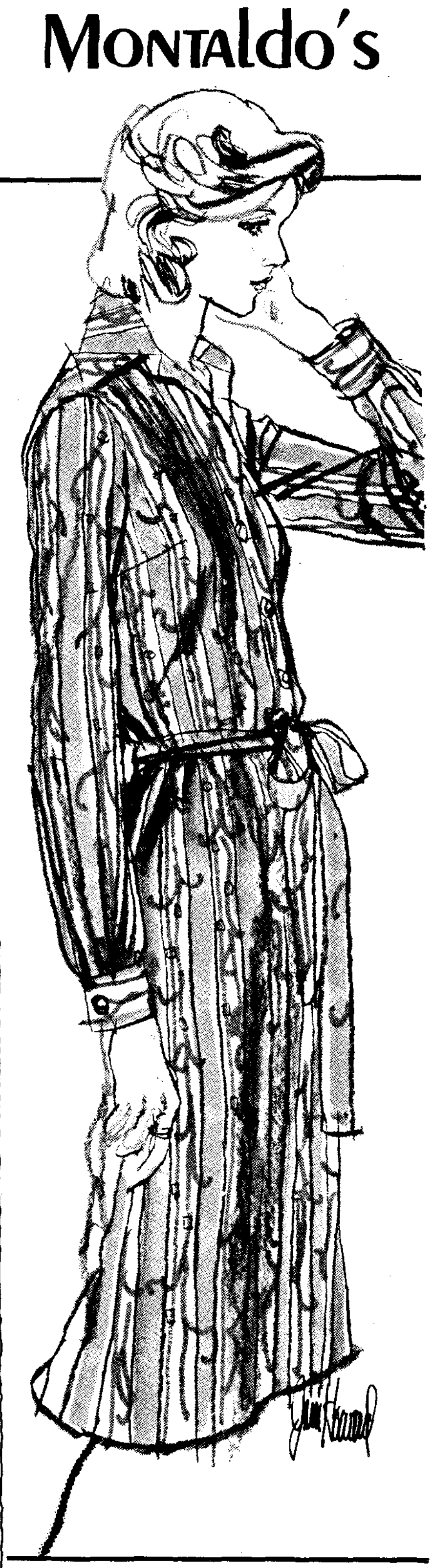
LAW AND DISORDER—With Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Ivan Passer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

LITTLE CAESAR (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 19.)

THE LONGEST YARD—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Forum; starting Oct. 18.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 23.)

LUDWIG (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the



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relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (3/24/73) (Elgin; Oct. 17-19.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Guild. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 23.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Regency; Oct. 19.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—An amusing classic suspense melodrama; the plot was used several times, but this version, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack, is the most entertaining. Leslie Banks (with his schizoid face—one half suave Englishman, the other half twisted and with suggestions of exotic evil) is the mad hunter who stalks human prey, and Joel McCrea is his target. Fay Wray does her usual charming terrified heroine. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears in a portrait at a porthole that petrifies the hero. (Elgin; Sunday, Oct. 20, one performance, at noon.)

Niagara (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 23.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliava Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just like men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum; starting Oct. 18.)

Patton (1970)—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 24.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Regency; Oct. 20-21.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A monologue film, in which a black homosexual hustler and sometime entertainer (Jason Holliday) talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew. The idea is that, faced with the camera, his defenses will be stripped away and the "inner" man revealed—an idea both sadistic and naïve. (Regency; Oct. 17.)

Promised Lands—Susan Sontag's cool, detached documentary, put together with her usual modesty and brain, about the Yom Kippur war of 1973. The sandy scenes—dry, bright, sheared by the sun—are the counterparts of the minds that clarify the film. Like Ulster, but even more so, Israel is a land promised to too many people. We're being shown, in a film rendered tranquil by sanity, a country in a state of advanced neurological disease, uncontrolled in its movements, yelling and jerking in its dreams. (7/15/74) (Regency; Oct. 16.)

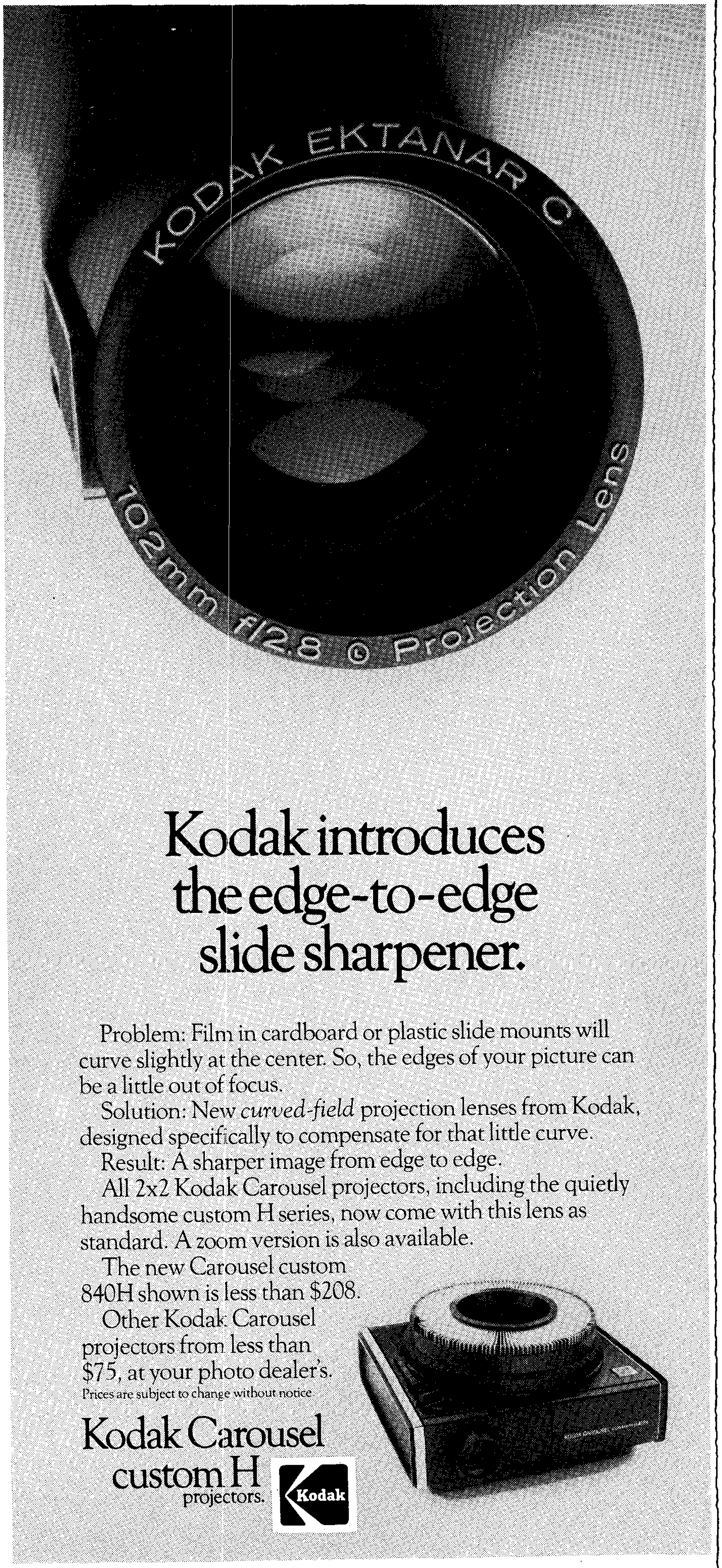
Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 23.)

Le Retour d'Afrique (1973)—A gaunt, droll story, set in Geneva, about a couple starting out on a journey to Algeria that is never actually taken, though it changes the two of them politically. The picture has a subdued gaiety and a firm intellect rare in films. Produced, directed, and written by Alain Tanner, who directed "Charles Dead or Alive" and "La Salamandre." In French. (9/17/73) (Regency; Oct. 18.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Oct. 17.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie, and the cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hale, Una O'Connor, and Donald Crisp. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Oct. 22, tentative.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Oct. 23.)

Shanks—With Marcel Marceau, directed by William Castle. (Beekman.)

Steamboat 'Round the Bend (1935)—There's a romantic story in this pleasant John Ford comedy, but the picture is carried by Will Rogers (just before his death), as a patent-medicine peddler along the Mississippi; Irvin S. Cobb, as a steamboat captain; Eugene Pallette, as a sheriff; and Berton Churchill, as a stray evangelist. These four character actors get an assist now and then from Stepin Fetchit. With Anne Shirley as the girl who loves John McGuire, who has to be saved from hanging, and Raymond Hatton, Francis Ford, and Hobart Bosworth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20-22.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Elgin; Oct. 22-23.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—With Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw, directed by Joseph Sargent. (86th St. East.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Olympia; starting Oct. 23.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 22.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the com-

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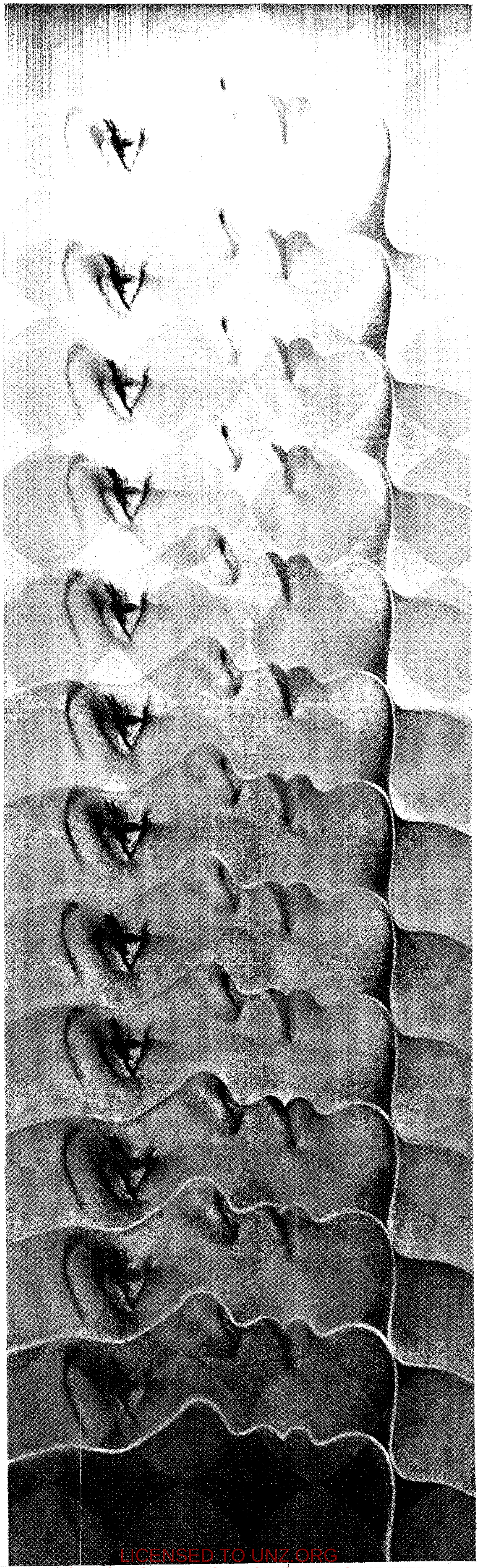

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peres include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Gramercy, and Festival. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Oct. 22.)

TRISTANA (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Elgin; Oct. 16.)

TRUCK TURNER—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 22.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; through Oct. 22.)

WHISKEY GALORE (1949)—The only amusing famine in movie history is the whiskey famine on the mythical Scottish island of Todday. A ship bound for the United States with fifty thousand cases of Scotch is wrecked on the shore and the parched islanders take on the sweet task of salvage. Alexander Mackendrick directed. With Joan Greenwood. Also known as "Tight Little Island." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

THE WIDOW COUDERC—With Alain Delon and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-DeFerre. In French. (Playboy; through Oct. 22.)

WINNING (1969)—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (Thalia; starting Oct. 23.)

THE YEAR OF THE PIG (1969)—An Emile de Antonio film. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 24.)

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN (1939)—One of John Ford's most memorable films, and not at all the tedious bummer that the title might suggest. The film is an embroidery (by the scenarist Lamar Trotti) on an actual murder case in which Lincoln was the defense lawyer. Henry Fonda, in one of his best early performances, is funny and poignant as the drawling, awkward young hero, and Alice Brady plays the mother of the two defendants, Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. With Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge, Marjorie Weaver as Mary Todd, and Arleen Whelan, Ward Bond, Donald Meek, Robert Lowery, and assorted members of the Ford stock company. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20-22.)

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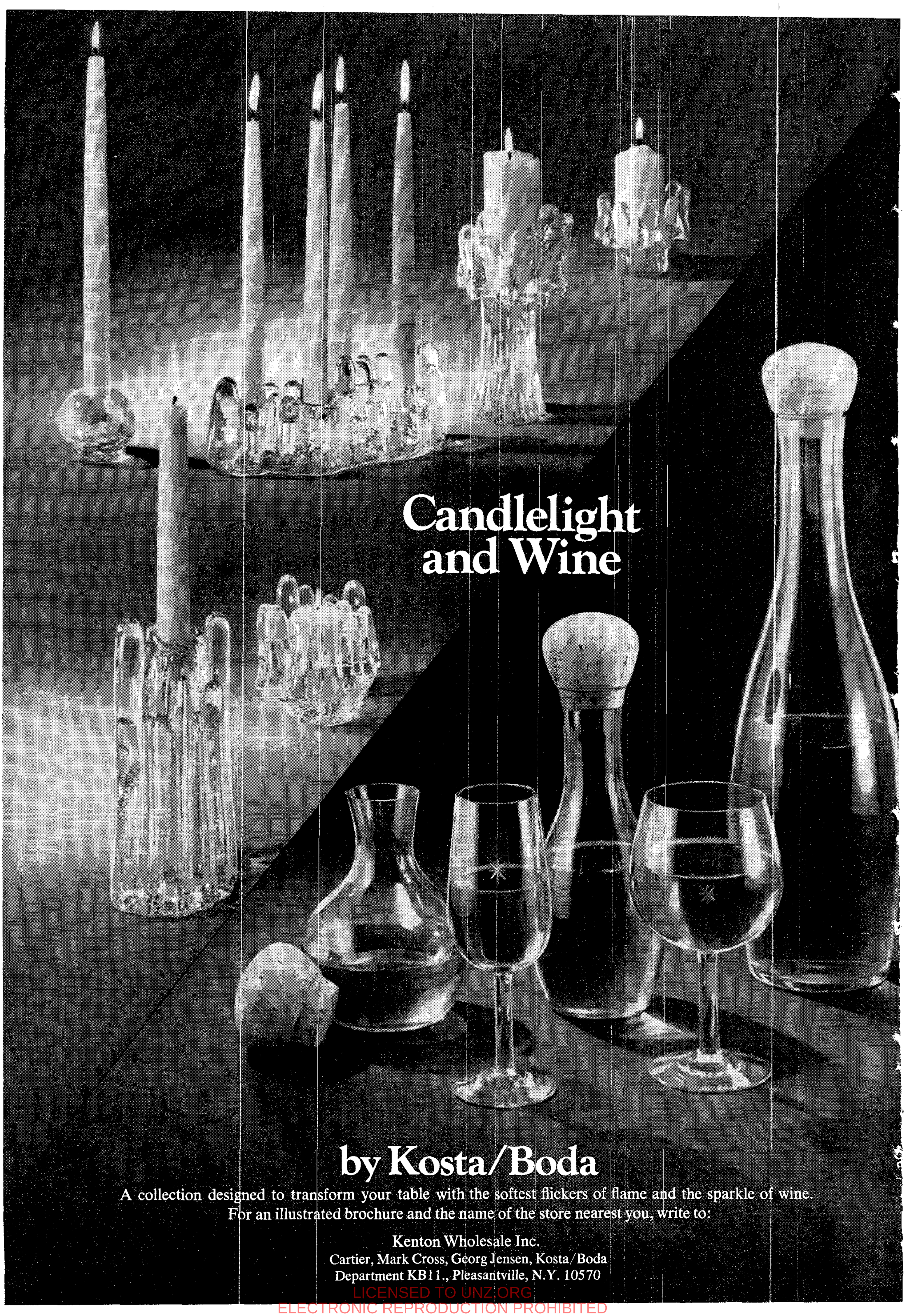

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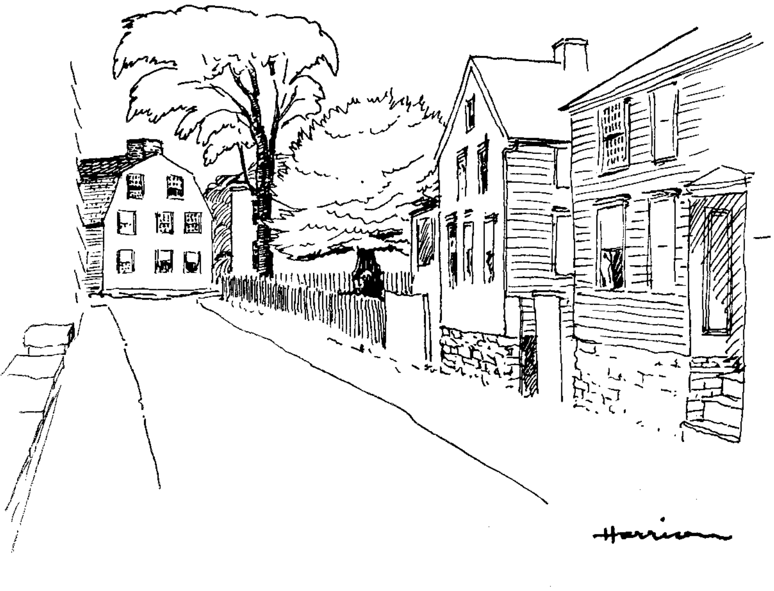
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

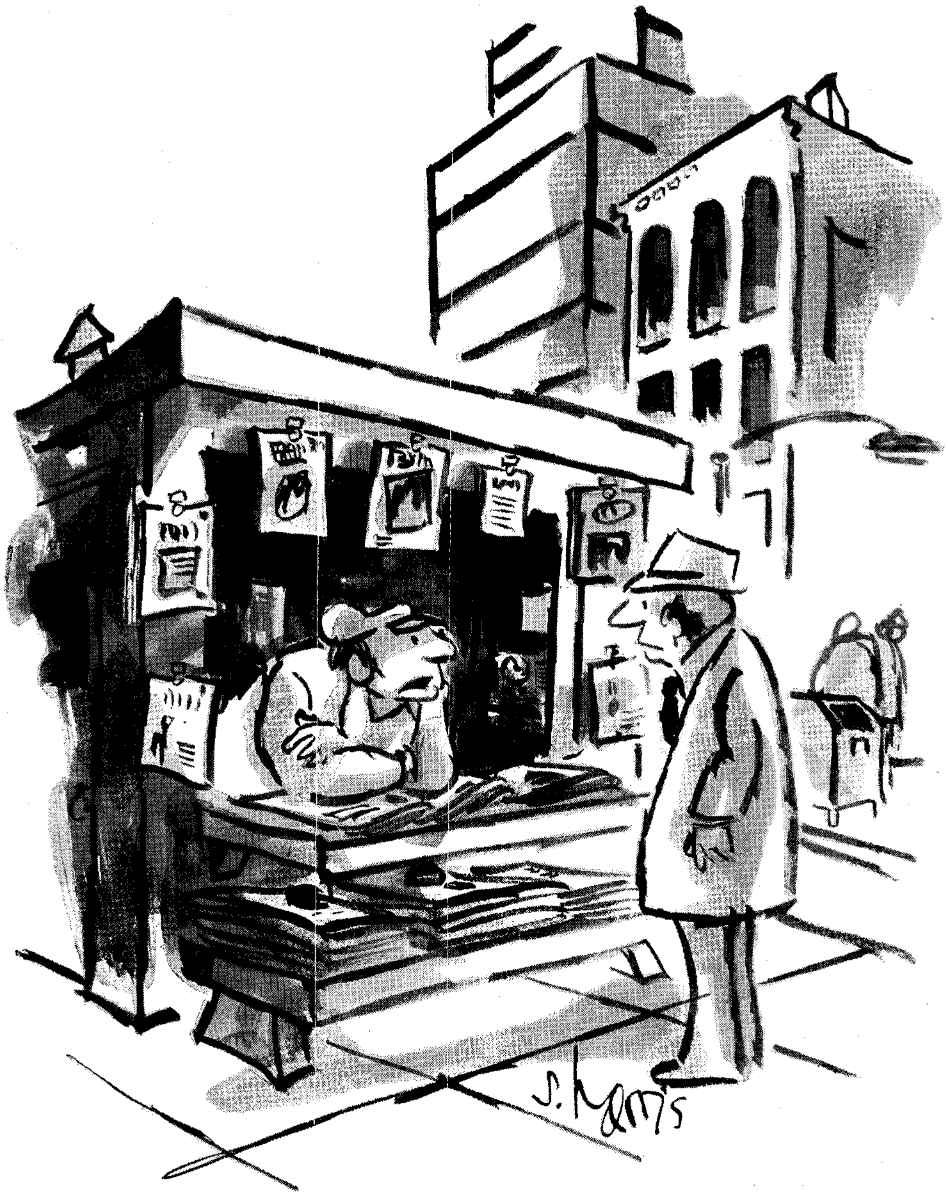
A FEW weeks ago, at that bewildered, oddly sleepy-seeming university-of-the-air the “economic summit conference,” Senator John Tower, Republican of Texas, who ordinarily radiates confidence in the future of our country, was heard to say that if we fail to bring down the present rate of inflation “we may lose our entire system of government and our free society as we know it.” The ominous-sounding phrase “society as we know it” is one that you hear on every side these days, and the tone of Senator Tower’s remarks was not at all out of keeping with the prevailing mood. Even President Ford, who has made something of a career of upbraiding “the doomsayers,” has now resorted, in his recent address to the World Energy Conference in Detroit, to what he admits is “doomsday language,” and has warned of “worldwide depression” and “the breakdown of world order and safety.” A few days later, Robert McNamara, who is now the president of the World Bank, described what that might mean for something like one billion of the earth’s poorest inhabitants. They would face “utter degradation” and “the risk of death,” he said. As if all this weren’t enough, there was talk of war over Middle Eastern oil, and the President, who disavowed any intention of starting such a war, nevertheless pointed out that “throughout history nations have gone to war over natural advantages such as water or food or convenient passage on land or sea.”



At least as striking as the volume of dire warnings in the last few weeks has been the dearth of ideas about what to do. In fact, a pattern of stalemate is so pervasive that our inability to find solutions to our predicament has to be regarded as one more of the predicament’s unusual characteristics. The pattern of stalemate shows up, for instance, in our attempts to frame domestic economic policy: we find that the cure for inflation promotes economic recession and that the cure for recession aggravates inflation. Blocked from moving forcefully in either direction, we can only wear buttons that say “WIN.” The pattern recurs on a larger scale in our many attempts to cope with the fuel shortage. The simplest solution—to find more oil and get it out of the ground fast—is self-defeating over the long run, because it merely hastens the day of final reckoning when the oil gives out for good. According to one estimate, that could happen in about twenty-five years. The futility of projects like the Alaska pipeline is demonstrable even before the construction begins: the Alaska fields will be dry within not many years after they are opened up. Moreover, these emergency, interim solutions may place a severe strain on the environment, so as we rush to deplete the earth’s resources we may do irreversible damage to the oceans, land, and air. And the same schemes will also place a strain on the already overburdened financial markets. “Project Independence,” which is supposed to make the nation self-sufficient in energy—it is now sometimes confusingly referred to as “Project Interdependence”—will cost by 1985, according to one estimate, some seven hundred billion dollars, but at the moment we can’t be sure that we are going to have seven hundred billion dollars on hand to spend. What’s more, this particular solution to the fuel shortage could, one writer has claimed, require the use of so much steel that we would end up merely exchanging an oil crisis for a steel crisis. Some observers have suggested that a solution might be found in drastic political action—which is to say, war. But here, too, the way turns out to be blocked. The obstacle, of course, is the one that has tended to restrain great powers from provoking each other for the last quarter century: the hydrogen bomb. No doubt President Ford was right in remarking that nations have gone to war with far less provocation than what we have endured at the hands of the oil-producing cartel; and probably the world would be at war now if it were not for people’s very sensible fear of nuclear extinction. In any event, we do live in the nuclear age, as President Ford quickly went on to point out. In the circumstances, his mention of war, like the suggestions of those economists who recommend “the old-time religion” as the answer to problems that are nothing if they are not new, had a wistful sound. He seemed to be telling us what we *would* do if only we lived in another age.

Everywhere we turn, it appears, we find ourselves hedged in. And what hedges us in is not principally economic limits but earthly limits: the finiteness of the earth's resources, the frailty of the natural environment, the earth's limited capacity for supporting human population, and the collective mortality of man in the face of nuclear weapons. Encompassing the world's economic predicament is a wider predicament, which grows out of our having breached the limits on how much human enterprise the natural order can endure. This wider predicament gives the narrower, more purely economic predicament its unprecedented character. For, as might be expected in a crisis that was caused by an excess of human dynamism, each bold new action we come up with by way of a solution only worsens the predicament. When too much bold action is what has got you into trouble, it is hardly surprising that more bold action proves to be self-defeating.

Were it not for a final tragic circumstance, one might recommend a solution that seems, at a glance, to solve most of our difficulties: that the human race beat a quick retreat from material progress of all kinds and get back to a less extravagant way of life. Drastic measures of conservation across the board would, at a single stroke, save resources, cut down on pollution, and probably remove any cause for war with the Arab nations. The circumstance that rules this course out for the immediate future is that we have grown to depend on the abundance of the modern economic machine almost as much as we depend on the God-given provenance of the natural world. We depend on this machine not just for luxuries but for survival. The truth is that we wouldn't have a clue to how to live without it. Even as the economic machine presses the upper limits of production which are consistent with collective survival, the old lower limits of individual survival are closing in on McNamara's destitute billion. The road backward from our day to some earlier, "simpler" time, when everyone grew his own vegetables and rode a bicycle to work, is as uncharted and as filled with incalculable suffering as any of the ways forward. In fact, such a regression, attractive as it might seem to a "nostalgic" generation, is nothing more than a dream. Of course, there may yet prove to be some sidewise route of escape from the tightening vise of our condition by means of new technological invention, but so far no such plans have gone beyond the stage of wishful thinking. One more condition of survival, then, is that we keep the world economic machine in good working order. It is this immediate task that now preoccupies the leaders of the world. In these efforts, the pattern of stalemate emerges on its largest scale. Their paradoxical task is to try to sustain, and even to step up, the growth that got us into our trouble in the first place. They must continue to serve the voracious beast that feeds and protects us even as it lays waste our home, the earth.



"The January issue comes out in October, the April issue comes out in January, the July issue comes out in April, and the October issue comes out in July, but I don't have any of them."

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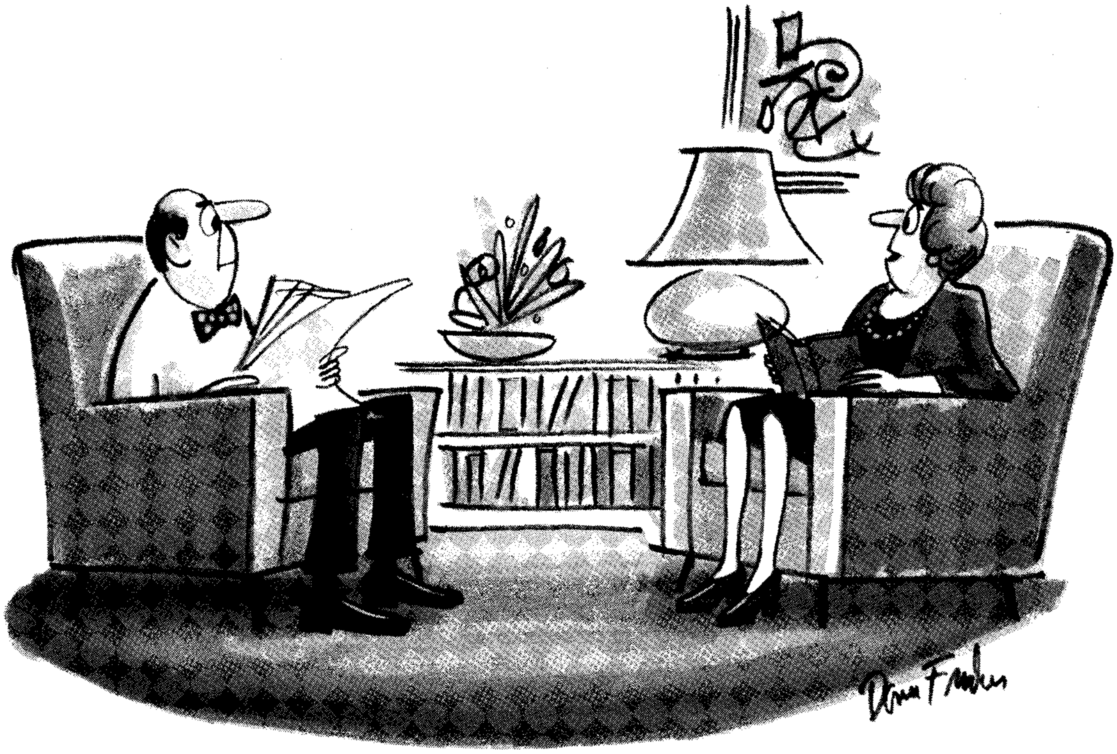
Button, Button

> To help me organize an all-out nationwide volunteer mobilization . . . a very simple enlistment form will appear in many of tomorrow's newspapers, along with a symbol of this new mobilization which I am wearing on my lapel. It bears the single word "WIN." I think that tells it all.—*From President Ford's anti-inflation address to Congress on October 8th.*

NOT quite all. The story behind the red-and-white, one-and-a-half-inch WIN button sported by the President has now been pieced together here in *The New Yorker* newsroom.

First, we hear from Russell W. Freeburg, brought into the White House the week before the speech as co-ordinator of the new volunteer Citizens' Action Committee to Fight Inflation. A former Washington bureau chief for the Chicago *Tribune*, Mr. Freeburg went into the public-relations business two and a half years ago with an old friend he had met while covering the Goldwater campaign. "The people of Second World War age here thought that a spirit had to be created in the country. What was the best way to mobilize this? We turned to the Advertising Council."

Now Mrs. Charlotte Thompson, vice-president and director of public relations at Benton & Bowles, the New York advertising agency: "The Advertising Council turned to us on extremely short notice. We had to create a theme and produce designs. We had five days to work on it. Benton & Bowles responded quickly and put together a core group that included Al Hampel. The actual idea for the button and the slogan came from Al. Here's the nitty-gritty on him. He's executive vice-president and director of creative services for Benton & Bowles, and a director of the firm. Nothing goes out of here without his creative stamp."



"Do the liberals have a darling this year?"

We switch you now to Alvin Hampel: "I decided to work on the button myself, and enter my two cents. The boss has the privilege of picking his projects, so he can take credit for them if they work, and, of course, it's not his fault if they don't. I'd already decided we needed a button. That's a good way to kick off a campaign, and it makes for a good presentation. For instance, I and John LaPick came up with the 'We Really Move Our Tail for You' button for Continental Airlines. It's good discipline writing a slogan for a button. You can't get too much on it. It crystallizes your thinking. I walk the streets a lot—Third Avenue particularly. Often get my ideas that way. You get up above Bloomie's and you can really start to go. I took a walk on Thursday, five days before the speech. I was looking for an acronym that's a word. I knew it had to have an 'I' in it—for 'inflation.' That was sort of a given. I was playing around in my head with 'Beat Inflation.' But that would be 'BI.' It was up around Oscar's Salt of the Sea—that's where it hit me. One of my favorite restaurants. 'Whip Inflation Now.' 'WIN.' I liked it. But I wasn't sure. You never are when you get one of these ideas. So I wrote it down, and a gal working here read it and her eyes lit up. Other people liked it, too. So we phoned it in to Washington. Saturday, I got a call: 'I've got good news for you. The President likes your idea.' The colors for the button came from Washington."

Back to Mr. Freeburg: "We decided a two-color button was more anti-inflationary than a three-color button. And red-and-white—well, it would look patriotic if you wore it with a blue suit."

Another White House source: "They had four hand-painted buttons made up. Two with 'Whip Inflation Now,' two with 'WIN.' Sent them down to Washington Monday night."

Mr. Freeburg: "The President chose a 'WIN' button. He used the slogan in his speech several times, but he didn't specifically connect it up to the word 'WIN' on the button. We decided to let the Citizens' Committee choose its own slogan when it gets started. One of the 'WIN' buttons arrived in a damaged condition. So the President wore the only undamaged 'WIN' button in the country when he went before Congress. On the President's way out after the speech, Fish Bait Miller, the doorkeeper of the House, asked if he could have the button, and the President gave it to him. Fifteen minutes later, Senator Percy called up and wanted a button to wear on the 'Today' show Wednesday morning. So we borrowed back the 'WIN' button from Fish Bait, and it's now at the White House, pinned to a memo that says, 'This is Fish Bait's.' "

Mr. Hampel: "There was another 'WIN' button, a reject. I had it. The lettering was a little off center. I wore it to lunch at '21' the day after the speech, and I must say I stopped traffic. Then Walter Cronkite's producer called up and wanted a button for the 'CBS Evening News' that night, so I loaned it to him. It was sent back by courier the next morning, because Bob Keim, president of the Advertising Council, wanted to wear a button at a luncheon he was addressing, the Advertising Council's Annual Awards Luncheon for Private Organizations, Government Agencies, and Advertising Agencies Who Conduct Public Service Advertising Campaigns. That button is now on display on Keim's desk."

Button update: As we were going to press, the Hampel-Cronkite-Keim button was on its way to John Chancellor at NBC News. It is expected to remain with him.

The Secretary

THE Smithsonian Institution's Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, long in gestation, celebrated its birth early this month with three "formal openings"—one attended by Washington bigwigs, one for the "international art community," and one for the Smithsonian Associates. (On

"I want more staccato from the clarinet, more pizzicato from the strings, and less booze from the trombones."

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the fourth day, the public was admitted.) We went the second night, and, at a prefatory buffet, served under the suspended, early, storied airplanes of the Arts and Industries Building, conversed with such international art figures as David M. Solinger, chairman of the board of the Whitney Museum; William S. Lieberman, director of the Department of Drawings of the Museum of Modern Art; and Nadine Haim, of the Galerie Claude Bernard, Paris. Hard on some Virginia Tipsy Cream Cake, we circled the neighboring circular galleries of the Hirshhorn, in which eight hundred and fifty of the collection's four thousand paintings and two thousand sculptures had been installed. The interior of this much criticized structure struck us as being successfully functional and well lit, and having plenty of room for easy viewing. "*Les gens regardent*," said Mme. Haim, from whose gallery Mr. Hirshhorn has bought many things, "*ce qui est rare*."

We presently sought out the man responsible for the museum's existence—to wit, S. Dillon Ripley, the Smithsonian's secretary, who favored us with a footnote to history. "For years, the press has been calling Joe Hirshhorn controversial, his collection controversial, and Gordon Bunshaft's building controversial," he said. "I think the adjective is complimentary. Inevitably, if a collection is contemporary it's got to be controversial. A Smithsonian museum for contemporary art on the Mall was authorized by the Congress in 1938, as a foil to the new National Gallery of Art of stated masterpieces—the Mellon collection—but there was no followup in the Institution, and nothing happened, except that in 1939 a contest for such a building was won by Eero Saarinen, whereupon there was so much opposition to the project that it was quietly shelved. Or dropped in the wastebasket. Well, I read up on this in 1963, just before I came here, and it occurred to me that if the Smithsonian had had the foresight, it could have had a museum of modern art in the nineteen-forties. The problem was now much greater, because prices in this field had escalated. So the one thing to do was to look for someone who had been collecting modern art all along. I'd read about Joseph H. Hirshhorn in Aline Saarinen's 'The Proud Possessors;' he was precisely such a collector. I wanted his collection for the Smithsonian. Roger Stevens was then special assistant to President Johnson on the arts. I took him into my confidence. He had a great friend in Greenwich, Mrs. Joseph Verner Reed; she was a neighbor of Mr. Hirshhorn, who had bought a French *petit manoir* there—a place with marvellous spaces around it for sculpture. She took me to see him in the fall of 1964. He'd been buying contemporary art in great quantities since the nineteen-twenties; he'd buy ten things at a clip. I felt that his collection, housed here, would bring Washington into the twentieth century as a cultural capital. I talked to him and wrote to him to this effect. He didn't know that the Smithsonian had any particular connection with art, but I told him. In May of 1965, I arranged for him and his wife to have lunch with the Lyndon Johnsons at the White House. The Johnsons expressed their interest in the collection; in their somewhat rough-hewn way, they were surprisingly alert to contemporary—even avant-garde—art. Mrs. Johnson, unlike Jackie Kennedy, had never gone to Miss Porter's School, but she was receptive to modern art in an open, naïve, and innocent way, and I'd told the President that the collection was worth a great many million dollars." The Secretary smiled a St. Paul's School-Yale College smile.

"In September, I took Mrs. Johnson and Lynda Bird to Greenwich for a two-hour inspection trip," he said. "Hirshhorn had been approached for his collection by government officials and museum groups in Israel, Italy, Switzerland, England, and Canada as well as in Baltimore and Beverly Hills; and also by Nelson Rockefeller, who, as governor of New York, had offered to build a state museum for the collection on the old Hugh Chisholm property in Purchase, in Westchester County. Hirshhorn was tempted by this. 'Nelson is going to give me a museum right here, a fifteen-minute drive from my place,' he told me one day in Greenwich. 'Why should I move it to Washington?'

"I told him to do exactly what he wanted," the Secretary continued, "but I pointed out that New York already had the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim, and the Whitney, and that the number of people who would get out to Purchase would be absolutely minuscule—around one hundred and fifty thousand a year—whereas in Washington several million a year would visit his collection. It would do wonders for members of the Congress, culturally speaking; it would rub off on people who would otherwise not see it. By the fall of 1965, he agreed, and we began to go ahead with the building. Now he's absolutely thrilled. He's coming to all of our openings. We've become good friends. 'I'm not like the Mellons,' he once said to me. 'I haven't a lot of lettuce.'" The Secretary smiled a Dow-Jones smile. Then he said, "It was like finding someone who had invested in I.B.M. in 1932 and had given it to you as a bequest."

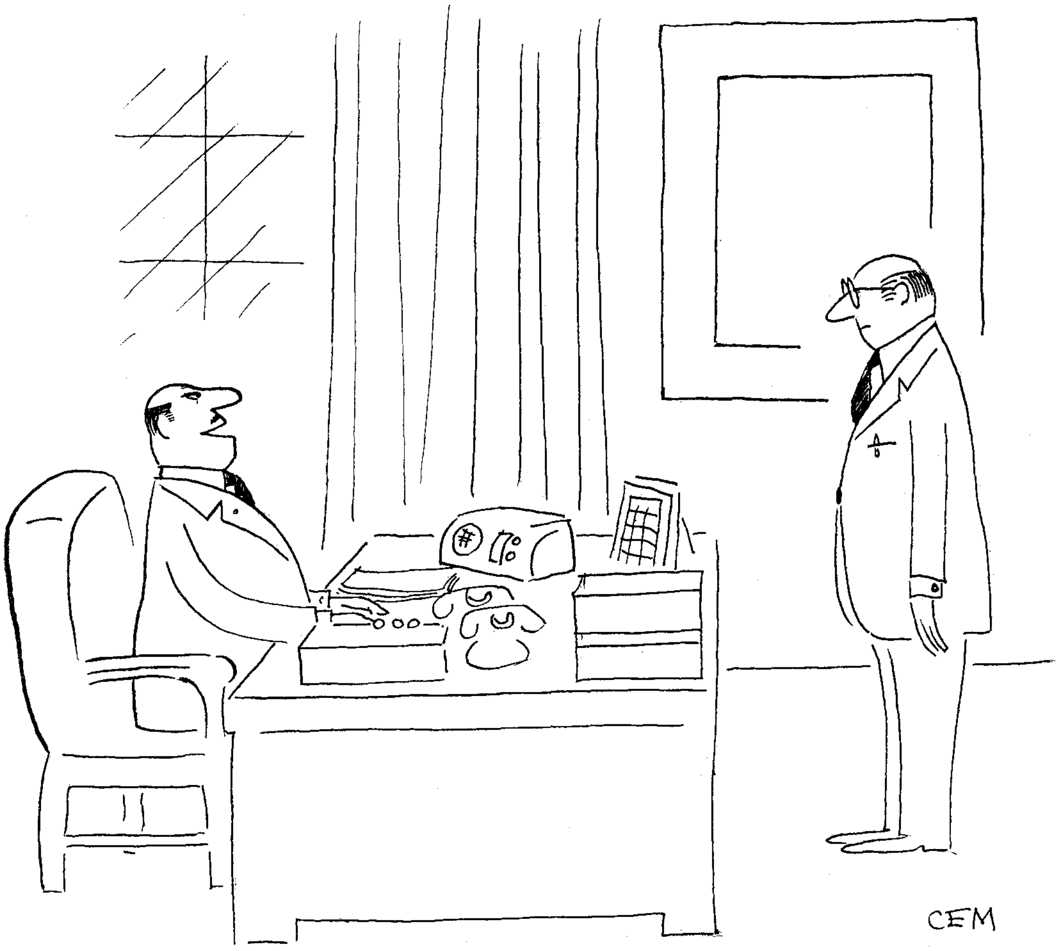
T.K.O.

THE Queen of England may have put that old Irishman Jack Dempsey out of business last week. H. M. is widely rumored to own a lot of land on Forty-second Street, and the plot on Broadway on which stands the Brill Building, where the great prizefighter had had his restaurant since 1937. The Brill is best known as the Tin Pan Alley Building. In the days when there was a Tin Pan Alley—when the most important people in the music business were the music publishers, not the record companies—that's where it was. Seems the current Brill Bldg. management, a London-based outfit name of Inch Corp., which repeatedly denies ties to the British Crown, has for some months, under pressure from the landlord, whoever he or she may be, been trying to raise Dempsey's rent beyond the point where he thought he could make a go of it. The Colony Record & Radio Center, the big store that is the chophouse's neighbor in the Brill, had some thoughts about taking an equity in the restaurant just to keep it going, but then water pipes in the place collapsed, and the restaurant had to carry all its water in from outside. It would have cost too much to repipe the building, so that was that.

For years, Dempsey's Restaurant was a favorite of the fight crowd, theatre folk, local notables, and what used to be called "sportsmen," meaning men who like to bet on the ponies—all of whom prized the eatery for its general air of festivity and prosperity. Recently, times being what they are, Dempsey's began putting signs in the front window saying things like "Business Girls' Luncheons—$1.25—Soup & Sandwiches."

Our Broadway man caught up with a couple of Dempsey regulars last week for their reaction.

Monsignor Thomas O'Brien—pastor of St. Malachy's, the famous theatre-district church; good friend of the former heavyweight champ; and a native of Yorkville—told us, "In the course of a week or ten days at Jack's, you'd run into every fighter in the busi-



"Hutchinson, our association over the past twenty-three years has been for me, as I hope it has for you, a rare and rewarding experience. In that time, I have grown to think of you as not merely an adviser but as a wise and trusted friend. Although I say goodbye reluctantly, I cannot in good conscience ask you to forgo this opportunity to further your career. As a token of my continuing good wishes, a check in the amount of one million dollars is waiting for you on Miss Kendrick's desk. Good luck and farewell."

ness. Old fighters could always come into the place and sit over a cup of coffee all afternoon and nurse it. I got to know so many, so many of these guys they made me a member of Ring Eight, the New York chapter of the Veteran Boxers Association. They call each chapter a Ring, Boston being Ring One, and so forth. Just last night, I ran into an old Jewish fighter out on Broadway—I don't remember his name, but he was always most respectful—crying his head off. 'I got no home,' he said. Most of these fellows are living in a flophouse, or even if they're living with their families they can't get away from Broadway. The latest rumor along the Stem—I hear it from fighters, policemen, at the newsstand—is that the Queen is going to write Jack a letter apologizing and offering him the building for free. Everybody's hoping."

Henny Youngman, the great comedian, who switched his trade to Dempsey's after Lindy's turned into a Steak & Brew: "It's just a shame. There's nowhere to hang out anymore. I go to the Friars for lunch, and I luckily travel and do one-nighters out of town. It was a great headquarters, and I always used to sit with Jack and kibbitz while he sat in the window and signed those autograph cards for visitors. I worked up a whole fight routine for him once. I told him I was going to be a fighter once myself. Had one bout. The other guy only came up to my knees. He was a midget. I was on the floor so much I thought I was on the Stock Exchange. And don't remind me about the Stock Exchange. The other guy was covered in blood. Mine. He hit me amongst my nose. Then I saw a guy I knew in the fourth row. Me. Can you get this? I usually have an interpreter. My wife. My wife asked me to take her to a place she'd never been. I took her to the kitchen."

The Queen was unavailable for comment.

Booing at the Opera

HAVING heard that the Metropolitan Opera, of all genteel institutions, has lately been the scene of considerable booing, we went, as is our wont, straight to the top, and invited its general manager, Schuyler Chapin, to join us for lunch and discuss the grisly subject. Mr. Chapin looked fit enough on arrival, but he sat down gingerly and declined a drink. "My back's been bothering me ever since I helped put on the Bernstein 'Mass' when the Kennedy Center opened," he said. "And now my ulcer's acting up again. I'm afraid I had a fight this morning and lost my temper."

"With a singer?" we asked.

"Good Lord, no—with a trustee," he said. "One *expects* to fight with singers."

Mr. Chapin forwent some recommended scampi, ordered poached eggs, and plunged into the matter at hand.

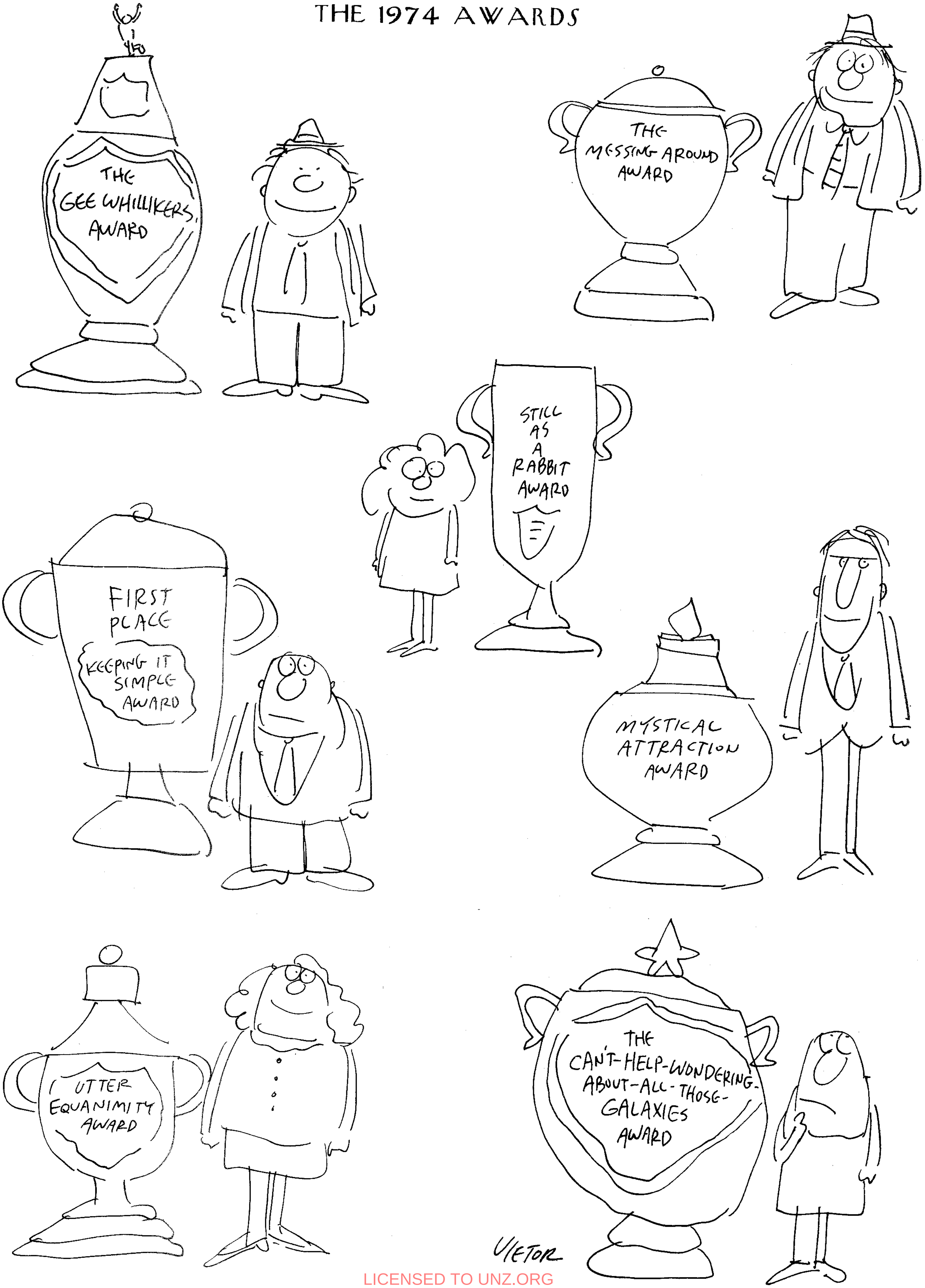
"I first became aware of the booing two years ago," he said. "It didn't worry me too much then, because it was usually aimed at conductors, who were, although perhaps I shouldn't say it, not always at their finest that season. But then, one night, after a practically flawless, absolutely gorgeous 'Otello,' out came James Levine for his bow, and he got booed, and I couldn't figure out why. Next, Jimmy McCracken appeared, and there were boos mixed in with his applause. He was furious. He was a wild man when he returned backstage, and he said, 'I don't care if they don't like it, but you simply don't boo somebody who's just sung "Otello." ' "

Mr. Chapin paused for a sip of iced tea. "Last year, there was so much booing of artists that I didn't let one of them take a solo bow at all. I prefer not to mention his name, because, honestly, he hadn't been well, and he took a chance and went on anyway, and he failed. But conductors still got it, and get it, the worst. There is one booer around now who always boos James Levine. That I know. My ears tell me. It's the same sound every time. We've tried to zero in on him, with ushers moving down the aisles and across the front, but we haven't identified him yet, even though now, when Levine comes out, all our performers are searching the audience for him. He seems to have had a ripple effect. Last winter, Levine conducted our first performance of John Dexter's production of 'Les Vêpres Siciliennes.' Now, Dexter never goes to opening nights, but this time I'd persuaded him to, and to appear onstage. When he did, what a cascade of booing! At one point, part of the audience was booing and another part was trying to drown that part out with cheers, and the cheerers and booers were having at each other with no discernible reference to anybody else. The booing stopped when the artists came out, but I was thinking, Good God, what's going to happen when Levine appears? Oddly, that night he got warm applause—except for that one persistent booer. But it was different for poor Dexter. The booing was so *loud*. And to think I'd talked him into being there!

"These days, *I* get booed, too. I had to announce a cast change one night. There was no way our scheduled soprano could croak herself out of bed. I phrased it very carefully and got some applause, and thought to myself, You're home free. Home free! I was out by a mile. 'Boo, Chapin!' 'Down with Chapin!' 'Bring back Bing!' There was so much of it when I came off that two stagehands were waiting to catch me, because they assumed I would faint. I'm even getting crank phone calls at home. One of them was long distance at four-thirty in the morning from a man who said he was in Texas. I could hear music in the background; it sounded like an opera, but I couldn't make out which one. 'The Met stinks' was one of the few things he had to say that weren't obscene. Another guy called and threatened my life. He said there was good precedent for it, because he was Al Capone's nephew and Capone had once threatened Mr. Bing, and, as a matter of fact, Bing did once have a bodyguard. I'm afraid I'm going to have to get an unlisted phone. It's a nuisance not being in the phone book, but it's a worse nuisance being awakened in the middle of the night for a private booing session.

"I've heard it argued that booing at the opera shows that the audience *cares*. I don't buy that. To me, it's a collapse of manners. Why do you boo somebody who's putting out his or her best? What does it accomplish except to insult the artist? Why not just withhold your applause? Which can be bad enough. We're not in Europe, after all. I've been asked if the booers are a claque of sorts, who are paid to boo. I don't know. But I wouldn't be surprised. I like to hope, though, that it isn't an organized thing. One has the feeling nowadays that certain people are coming to the opera almost *wishing* that a performance will flop—that she won't hit that high C or he that high D. I refer to the whole phenomenon of booing as a kind of opera gladiatorship. It's always been true that operagoers are very passionate people, but now you have to take a deep breath before confronting them. Every time I go out front, I feel as though I were in the Colosseum, facing a crowd that's looking forward to the lions' being loosed on me. It doesn't help the ulcer."

THE 1974 AWARDS


THE GEE WHILLIKERS, AWARD
THE MESSING-AROUND AWARD
STILL AS A RABBIT AWARD
FIRST PLACE
KEEPING IT SIMPLE AWARD
MYSTICAL ATTRACTION AWARD
UTTER EQUANIMITY AWARD
THE CAN'T-HELP-WONDERING-ABOUT-ALL-THOSE-GALAXIES-AWARD
VIETOR

THIRTEEN UNFORGETTABLE DAYS, TWELVE JUST AS ROTTEN NIGHTS

THE recent trend toward holding important sporting events in unexpected places—the world chess-championship match in Iceland and the delayed world heavyweight-boxing-championship bout in Zaïre spring to mind—will achieve a new level of sophistication next March, when the Republic of Voslymbuc plays host to the National Collegiate Athletic Association basketball finals. The announcement that Sergeant Major Lymo Hascarni, the Premier of Voslymbuc, had tied up the coveted big game (against, it is rumored, keen bidding from Liechtenstein and Bolivia) created an initial firestorm of protest from American basketball fans. "We cheer our lungs out all year for some pretty dumb games" was the way the adverse comment ran, "then they play the Big One someplace so far away they don't know basketball from fish spearing."

Now, however, these objections have been met and dealt with to nearly everyone's satisfaction. In the first place, it is beginning to be recognized that, contrary to popular belief, Voslymbuc does have historic ties to basketball. The ancient game of *almilomb*, now rarely played, was probably the first sport to employ the time-out. (By tradition, late in the fifth week an hour would be taken to tend to the cattle and move moribund fans to one side.) More recently, Sergeant Major Hascarni, while he was a student at Ohio State University in the sixties, developed a deep and lasting respect for our great court game, and in 1967, at the height of student-faculty tensions in the O.S.U. Botany Department, he scored with a famous jump shot, delivering a basketball either into or out of the greenhouse, through the roof. (Incidentally, it is a measure of the Premier's standing with his people that by act of Parliament he has been declared exempt for life from the provisions of the three-second rule.)

The possibility that holding the N.C.A.A. finals in a distant corner of the world might prove inconvenient to American fans has been imaginatively overcome by the Voslymbuc Tourist Board. An experienced American travel wholesaler has prepared an all-inclusive two-week round-trip package, New York to Sigamorf (the capital of Voslymbuc), that offers admission to the game, plus a complete tour of this appealing yet undertravelled country. Below are excerpts from the firm's attractive brochure, "Downcourt to Voslymbuc!"

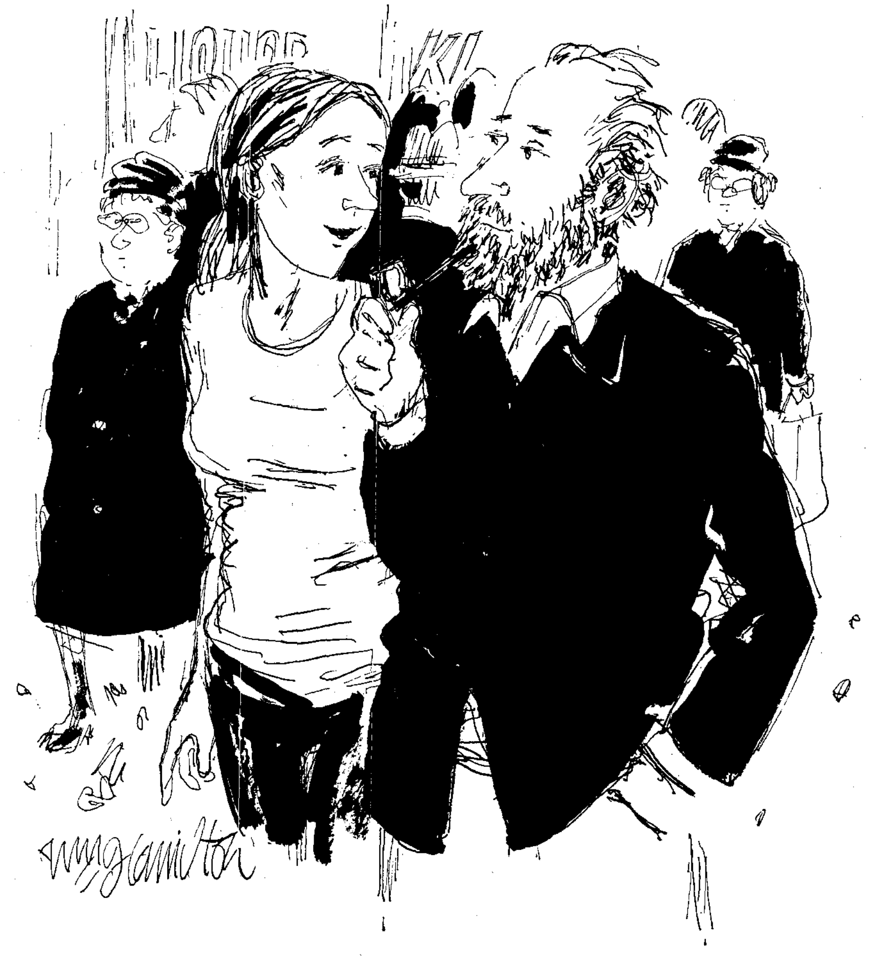
FIRST DAY (March 21st)—Awaiting us at Kennedy International Airport (or elsewhere, to be announced) is one of the gaily painted DC-3s of Air Voslymbuc ("The Route of the Poison Dart"). Justly called "The World's Most Experienced Airplanes," each one of these aircraft is guaranteed to have flown over five hundred million miles. Once aloft, we are in Voslymbuc! When not serving us, our cabin attendants will entertain us throughout the voyage on Voslymbuci plains drums and mountain flutes. The distinctive thumping, keening sound is sure to linger with us long after our adventure is over. Stewardesses will model costumes worn by the typical Sigamorfan matron for shopping and funerals, and, if anyone wants it, the national cuisine of Voslymbuc is available in place of the delicious regular meals. (Note: Should we be honored, in our bowl of *ngong*, with a floating lip or a bit of hoof of a small ruminant we do not push it to one side, as this could anger our pilot.)

SECOND DAY: En route.

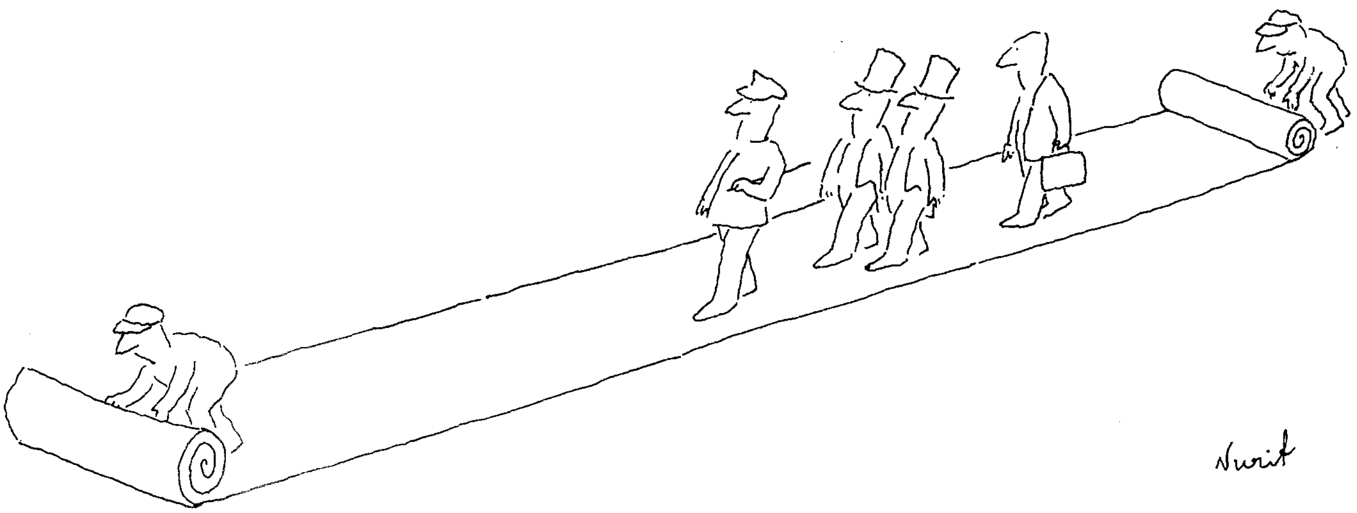
THIRD DAY: En route.

FOURTH DAY: We arrive at Hascarni International Airport. Those of us who can deplane on foot are greeted by the Royal Voslymbuc Band, two hundred field drummers and mountain flutists, who play throughout the complimentary cocktail party that welcomes us. One sip of *bhijal* and we know we are truly far from home! Later, our escorts move us swiftly to our hotel, where we find that a few pieces of our luggage have already arrived. (Note: If anyone at the airport offers to lead us to a taxi for a quicker ride downtown, we do not accompany him. There are no taxis in Sigamorf.)

A word about our hotel. Since last June, a team of prize-winning Bulgarian architects, supervising an experienced Burmese construction firm employing skilled craftsmen from Moldavia, has been working around the clock to assure the completion, in time for our visit, of the luxurious Royal Voslymbuc Hotel, which will boast such appointments as separate doors on each room, individual touch-control window shades, and so forth. The present construction schedule calls for this twenty-first-century edifice to have its grand opening fully three days in advance of our arrival. In the unlikely event that this timetable is set



"I knew it! You had humanist written all over you!"



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back (footings have already been poured), we will have the rare opportunity of being graciously accommodated in artfully decorated *fambu*, with positively no more than nine to a capacious *jiglort*. In these charming surroundings, surprisingly comfortable during the dry season (which is expected to last through much of our stay), we will truly begin to understand the saying "To live in Voslymbuc is to yearn for Paradise."

FIFTH DAY: A free day. An opportunity to relax, unwind from the journey, and refresh ourselves for the exciting events that lie ahead. It is advised that we not leave our rooms.

SIXTH DAY: A full day of sightseeing, and full the day will be! We begin with a tour of the faithfully restored Residence House, with its square rug and "School of Landseer" paintings, where, late in the colonial period, Leonard Woolf (soon to be husband of the world-famous novelist Virginia Woolf) and George Orwell (later to write "Animal Farm" and "1984") would have been housed during their government service had not British colonial authorities posted them respectively to Ceylon and Burma. Then we motor to the city's edge to view famous Plains Drum Rock, a rock that some believe looks like a plains drum! Lunch awaits us at a native-style inn, and we gratefully dig into our sandwiches, or, should anyone want them, selections from the Voslymbuci national cuisine. Our afternoon is devoted to the justly famed National Game Preserve, the natural habitat of wild rats, most of which were unfortunately eaten during last year's time of unrest. Our knowledgeable guides will point out the spoor of at least eight different rodents! Driving back to our hotel (oxygen will be available for those to whom the altitude has afforded slight discomfort), we are treated to a short history of basketball in Voslymbuc. After a light but welcome repast at our hotel, we set off on one of the high adventures of our stay in Sigamorf—a spirited tour of the night spots. We thrill to the plains drummers and mountain flutists of three separate clubs in the vibrant Swamptown section of the city. In each establishment we are served a complimentary mug of homemade *bhijal*, or the equivalent. (Note: We stick close to the group, and when our guide tells us to leave a club, we move out quickly.)

SEVENTH DAY: This is the day we have been waiting for, and it's off to the Big Game! We luxuriate abed until 9 P.M., and then we are whisked by special vehicle to Sigamorf Sports Arena, the world-famous palace of sport and detention we have heard about so often through our newspapers. Today, in place of unruly citizens we see a gleamingly new regulation basketball court made entirely of balsawood. We marvel at the audience of hundreds of Sigamorfans and other Voslymbuci, many of whom have travelled ten days to reach here, and who carry the living provender they will consume on the way home. We are guided to our benches in a specially reserved, goat-free section, where we are attended by neatly dressed members of the Voslymbuc National Police. Before the starting whistle, we thrill to our first in-person view of Sergeant Major Lymo Hascarni, Premier of Voslymbuc, an electrifying public speaker whose welcoming remarks will touch on the preservation of amateur sports, the sinking price of tapioca on the world market, the difficulty of obtaining spare parts for Mirages, the long-awaited multibillion-dollar trans-Voslymbuc trolley, the coming of winter, and other topics.

EIGHTH DAY: Conclusion of Sergeant Major Hascarni's welcoming remarks. Then the Big Game, with its never-to-be-forgotten chills and excitement! After the game, Sergeant Major Hascarni will "punish" the losing coach by symbolically awarding one or both of his ears to the winners, depending on the margin of victory.

NINTH DAY: Our heads brimming with vivid images of the past eight days, we emplane at Hascarni International Airport, each of us wearing around his neck a complimentary gift of the Voslymbuc Tourist Board—a pair of souvenir basketball sneakers woven entirely out of sisal, sumac, and translucent plastic!

TENTH DAY: En route.

ELEVENTH DAY: En route.

TWELFTH DAY: En route. (Because of prevailing head winds in the homeward direction, we are afforded one precious additional day aloft for a farewell to the food, the fashions, and, above all, the more leisurely time sense of Voslymbuc, and perhaps to raise a final complimentary mug or two of *bhijal* with our pilot or navigator (or the equivalent).

THIRTEENTH DAY: Kennedy International Airport (or elsewhere, to be announced) awaits us, where our escorts make every effort to get us through quarantine.

—GORDON COTLER

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ON THE MOUNTAIN

A wind at first light
comes out of one
waving pine tree
air river too deep to be seen
current with no surface
then can be heard and felt
it carries deep reflections of birds
and of sunrise clouds
thoughts into the sea of day

—W. S. MERWIN

FANCY FLIGHTS

SILAS is afraid of the vacuum cleaner. He stands, looking out the bedroom door, growling at it. He also growls when small children are around. The dog is afraid of them, and they are afraid of him because he growls. His growling always gets him in trouble; nobody thinks he is entitled to growl. The dog is also afraid of a lot of music. "One Little Story That the Crow Told Me" by the New Lost City Ramblers raises his hackles. Bob Dylan's "Positively Fourth Street" brings bared teeth and a drooping tail. Sometimes he keeps his teeth bared even through the quiet intervals. If the dog had his way, all small children would disappear, and a lot of musicians would sound their last notes. If the dog had his way, he would get Dylan by the leg in a dark alley. Maybe they could take a trip—Michael and the dog—to a recording studio or a concert hall, wherever Dylan was playing, and wait for him to come out. Then Silas could get him. Thoughts like these ("fancy flights," his foreman called them) were responsible for Michael's no longer having a job.

He had worked in a furniture factory in Ashford, Connecticut. Sometimes when his lathe was churning and grinding, he would start laughing. Everyone was aware of his laughter, but nobody did anything about it. He smoked hash in the parking lot in back of the factory during his break. Toward the end of his shift, he often had to choke back hysteria, with that lathe jumping and grinding and whirring. One night, the foreman told him a Little Moron joke that was so funny Michael almost fell down laughing. After that, several people who worked there stopped by to tell him jokes, and every time he nearly laughed himself sick. Anybody there who spoke to him made him beam, and if they told a joke, or even if they said they had "a good one," he began to laugh right away. Every day he smoked as much hash as he could stand. He wore a hairnet—everyone had to wear a hairnet, after a woman had her face yanked down to within a fraction of an inch of a blade when a machine caught her hair—and half the time he forgot to take it off after he finished work. He'd find out he was still wearing it in the morning when he woke up. He thought that was pretty funny; he might be somebody's wife, with pink curlers under the net and a cigarette dangling out of his mouth.

He had already been somebody's husband, but he and his wife were separated. He was also separated from his daughter, but she looked so much like his wife that he thought of them as one. Toward the end, he had sometimes got confused and talked baby talk to his wife and complained about his life to his four-and-a-half-year-old daughter. His wife wrote to his grandmother about the way he was acting, and the old woman sent him a hundred dollars and told him to "buy a psychiatrist," as if they were shirts. Instead, he bought his daughter a pink plastic bunny that held a bar of soap and floated in the bath. The bunny had blue eyebrows and a blue nose and an amazed look, probably because its stomach was soap. He had bought her the bunny because he was not ungenerous, and he spent the rest on fontina cheese for his wife and hash for himself. They had a nice family gathering—his daughter nose to nose with the bunny, his wife eating the cheese, he smoking hash. His wife said that his smoking had killed her red-veined maranta. "How can you keep smoking something that killed a plant?" she kept asking. Actually, he was glad to see the maranta dead. It was a creepy plant. It looked as if its veins had blood in them. Smoke hadn't killed the plant, though. A curse that his friend Carlos put on it at his request did it. It died in six days: the leaves turned brown at the tips and barely unfolded in the daytime, and soon it fell over the rim of the pot, where it hung until it turned completely brown.

Plant dead, wife gone, Michael still has his dog and his grandmother, and she can be counted on for words of encouragement, mail-order delicacies, and money. Now that they are alone together, he devotes most of his time to Silas, and takes better care of him than ever before. He gives Silas Milk Bones, so that his teeth will be clean. He always has good intentions, but before he knows it he has smoked some hash and put on "One Little Story That the Crow Told Me," and there is Silas listening to the music, with his clean, white teeth bared.

Michael is living in a house that belongs to some friends named Prudence and Richard. They have gone to Manila. Michael doesn't have to pay any rent—just the heat and electricity bills. Since he never turns a light on, the bill will be small. And on nights when he smokes hash he turns the heat down to fifty-five. He does this gradually—smoke for an hour, turn it from seventy to sixty-five; smoke another hour and put it down to fifty-five. Prudence, he discovers, is interested in acupuncture. There is a picture in one of her books of a man with his face contorted with agony, with a long, thin spike in his back. No. He must be imagining that. Usually Michael doesn't look at the books that are lying around. He goes through Prudence's and Richard's bureau drawers. Richard wears size-32 Jockey shorts. Prudence has a little blue barrette for her hair. Michael has even unwrapped some of the food in the freezer. Fish. He thinks about defrosting it and eating it, but then he forgets. He usually eats two cans of Campbell's Vegetarian Vegetable soup for lunch and four Chunky Pecan candy bars for dinner. If he is awake in time for breakfast, he smokes hash.

One evening, the phone rings. Silas gets there first, as usual, but he can't answer it. Poor old Silas. Michael lets him out the door before he answers the phone. He notices that Ray has come calling. Ray is a female German shepherd, named by the next-door neighbor's children. Silas tries to mount Ray.

"Richard?" says the voice on the telephone.

"Yeah. Hi," Michael says.

"Is this Richard?"

"Right."

"It doesn't sound like you, Richard."

"You sound funny, too. What's new?"

"What? You really sound screwed up tonight, Richard."

"Are you in a bad mood or something?" Michael counters.

"Well, I might be surprised that we haven't talked for months and I call and you just mutter."

"It's the connection."

"Richard, this doesn't *sound* like you."

"This is Richard's mother. I forgot to say that."

"What are you so hostile about, Richard? Are you all right?"

"Of course I am."

"O.K. This is weird. I called to find out what Prudence was going to do about California."

"She's going to go," Michael says.

"You're kidding me."

"No."

"Oh—I guess I picked the wrong time to call. Why don't I call you back tomorrow?"

"O.K.," Michael says. "Bye."

PRUDENCE left exact directions about how to take care of her plants. Michael has it down pretty well by now,

I DON'T GET IT.
I GET IT BUT IT'S DUMB!
AND IT TENDS TO DEMEAN WOMEN.
DUMB!
SEXIST DUMB!
ZIEGLER

but sometimes he just splashes some water on them. These plants moderately damp, those quite damp, some every third day—what does it matter? A few have died, but a few have new leaves. Sometimes Michael feels guilty and he hovers over them, wondering what you do for a plant that is supposed to be moderately dry but is soaking wet. In addition to watering the plants, he tries to do a few other things that will be appreciated. He has rubbed some oil into Prudence's big iron frying pan and has let it sit on the stove. Once, Silas went out and rolled in cow dung and then came in and rolled on the kitchen floor, and Michael was very conscientious about washing that. The same day, he found some chalk in the kitchen cabinet and drew a hopscotch court on the floor and jumped around a little bit. Sometimes he squirts Silas with some of Prudence's Réplique, just to make Silas mad. Silas is the kind of dog who would be offended if a homosexual approached him. Michael thinks of the dog as a displaced person. He is aware that he and the dog get into a lot of clichéd situations—man with dog curled at his side, sitting by fire; dog accepts food from man's hand, licks hand when food is gone. Prudence was reluctant to let the big dog stay in the house. Silas won her over, though. Making fine use of another cliché at the time, Silas curled around her feet and beat his tail on the rug.

"WHERE'S Richard?" Sam asks.

"Richard and Prudence went to Manila."

"Manila? Who are you?"

"I lost my job. I'm watching the house for them."

"Lost your job—"

"Yeah. I don't mind. Who wants to spend his life watching out that his machine doesn't get him?"

"Where were you working?"

"Factory."

Sam doesn't have anything else to say. He was the man on the telephone, and he would like to know why Michael pretended to be Richard on the phone, but he sort of likes Michael and sees that it was a joke.

"That was pretty funny when we talked on the phone," he says. "At least I'm glad to hear she's not in California."

"It's not a bad place," Michael says.

"She has a husband in California. She's better off with Richard."

"I see."

"What do you do here?" Sam asks. "Just watch out for burglars?"

"Water the plants. Stuff like that."

"You really got me good on the phone," Sam says.

"Yeah. Not many people have called."

"You have anything to drink here?" Sam asks.

"I drank all their liquor."

"Like to go out for a beer?" Sam asks.

"Sure."

Sam and Michael go to a bar Michael knows called the Happy Guys. It's a strange place, with "Heat Wave" on the jukebox, along with Tammy Wynette's "Too Far Gone."

"I wouldn't mind passing an evening in the sweet arms of Tammy Wynette, even if she is a redneck," Sam says.

The barmaid puts their empty beer bottles on her tray and walks away.

"She's got big legs," Michael says.

"But she's got nice long arms," Sam says. "Like Tammy Wynette."

As they talk, Tammy is singing about love and barrooms.

"What do you do?" Michael asks Sam.

"I'm a shoe salesman."

"That doesn't sound like much fun."

"You didn't ask me what I did for

"Really, Susan! I never thought of you as the hysterical type."

fun. You asked me what my job was."

"What do you do for fun?" Michael asks.

"Listen to Tammy Wynette records," Sam says.

"You think about Tammy Wynette a lot."

"I once went out with a girl who looked like Tammy Wynette," Sam says. "She wore a nice low-cut blouse, with white ruffles, and black high-heel shoes."

Michael rubs his hand across his mouth.

"She had downy arms. You know what I mean by downy arms?"

Michael has had too much to drink. His face is numb.

"But not too downy, if you know what I mean. They weren't really hairy," Sam says.

"Excuse me," Michael says.

In the bathroom, Michael hopes that Robbie, who is one of the Happy Guys, isn't drunk anywhere in the bar. When Robbie gets drunk he likes to go into the bathroom and start fights. After a customer has had his face bashed in by Robbie, his partners usually explain to the customer that Robbie is crazy. Today nobody is in the bathroom except an old guy at the washbasin, who isn't washing, though. He is standing there looking in the mirror. Then he sighs deeply.

Michael returns to their table. "What do you say we go back to the house?" he says to Sam.

"Have they got any Tammy Wynette records?"

"I don't know. They might," Michael says.

"O.K.," Sam says.

"How come you wanted to be a shoe salesman?" Michael asks him in the car.

"Are you out of your mind?" Sam says. "I didn't want to be a shoe salesman."

MICHAEL calls his wife—a mistake. Mary Anne is having trouble in the day-care center. The child wants to quit and stay home and watch television. Since Michael isn't doing anything, his wife says, maybe he could stay home while she works and let Mary Anne have her way, since her maladjustment is obviously caused by Michael's walking out on them when he *knew* the child adored him.

"You just want me to move back," Michael says. "You still like me."

"I don't like you at all. I never make any attempt to get in touch with you, but if you call you'll have to hear what I have to say."

"I just called to say hello, and you started in."

"Well, what did you call for, Michael?"

"I was lonesome."

"I see. You walk out on your wife and daughter, then call because you're lonesome."

"Silas ran away."

"I certainly hope he comes back, since he means so much to you."

"He does," Michael says. "I really love that dog."

"What about Mary Anne?"

"I don't know. I'd like to care, but what you just said didn't make any impression on me."

"Are you in some sensitivity group, or something?"

"No."

"Well, before you hang up, could you think about the situation for a minute and advise me about how to handle it? If I leave her at the day-care center, she has a fit and I have to leave work and get her."

"If I had a car I could go get her."

"That isn't very practical, is it? You don't have a car."

"You wouldn't have one if your father hadn't given it to you."

"That seems a bit off the subject."

"I wouldn't drive a car if I had one. I'm through with machines."

"Michael, I guess I really don't feel like talking to you tonight."

"One thing you could do would be to give her calcium. It's a natural tranquillizer."

"O.K. Thanks very much for the advice. I hope it didn't tax you too much."

"You're very sarcastic to me. How do you expect me to be understanding when all I get is sarcasm?"

"I don't really *expect* it."

"You punch words when you talk."

"Are you stoned, Michael?"

"No, I'm just lonesome. Just sitting around."

"Where are you living?"

"In a house."

"How can you afford that? Your grandmother?"

"I don't want to talk about how I live. Can we change the subject?"

"Can we hang up instead, Michael?"

"Sure," Michael says. "Good night, baby."

SAM and Carlos are visiting Michael. Carlos's father owns a plastics plant in Bridgeport. Carlos can roll a joint in fifteen seconds, which is admirable to Michael's way of thinking. But Carlos can be a drag, too. Right now, he is talking to Michael about a job Michael could have in his father's plant.

"No more factories, Carlos," Michael says. "If everybody stopped working, the machines would stop, too."

"I don't see what's so bad about it," Carlos says. "You work the machines for a few hours, then you leave with your money."

"If I ask my grandmother for money she sends it."

"But will she *keep* sending money?" Sam asks.

"You think I'm going to ask her?"

"I'll bet you wouldn't mind working someplace in the South, where the women look like Tammy Wynette."

"North, South—what's the difference?"

"What do you mean what's the difference? Women in the South must look something like Tammy Wynette, and women up North look like mill rats."

Carlos always has very powerful grass, which Michael enjoys. Carlos claims that he puts a spell on the grass to make it stronger.

"Why don't you put a curse on your father's machines?" Michael says now.

"What for?" Carlos asks.

"Why don't you change all the machines into Tammy Wynettes?" Sam asks. "Everybody would walk in in the morning and there would be a hundred Tammy Wynettes."

Sam realizes that he has smoked too much. The next step, he thinks now, is to stop smoking.

"What do you do?" Carlos asks Sam.

"I sell shoes." Sam notices that he has answered very sanely. "Before that, I was a math major at Antioch."

"Put a curse on that factory, Carlos," Michael says.

Carlos sighs. Everybody smokes his grass and pays no attention to what he says and then they want him to put curses on things all the time.

"What if I put a curse on you?" Carlos asks.

"I'm already cursed," Michael says. "That's what my grandmother says in her letters—that I was such a blessing to the family but I myself am cursed with ill luck."

"Change me into George Jones," Sam says.

Carlos stares at them as he rolls a joint. He isn't putting a curse on them, but he is considering it. He firmly believes that he is responsible for his godfather's getting intestinal cancer. But he isn't really a magician. He would like his curses to be reliable and perfect, like a machine.

MICHAEL'S grandmother has sent him a present—five pounds of shelled pecans. A booklet included with the package says that they are "Burstin' with wholesome Southern goodness." They're the first thing he has eaten for a day and a half, so he eats a lot of them. He thinks that he is eating in too much of a hurry, and he smokes some hash to calm down. Then he eats some more pecans. He listens to Albinoni. He picks out a seed from a pouch of grass that is lying under the couch and buries it in one of Prudence's plants. He will have to remember to have Carlos say a few words over it; Carlos is just humble when he says he can't bless things. He rummages through the grass and finds another seed, plants it in another pot. They'll never grow, he thinks sadly. Albinoni always depresses him. He turns the record off and then is depressed that there is no music playing. He looks over the records, trying to decide. It is hard to decide. He lights his pipe again. Finally, he decides—not on a record but what to eat: Chunky Pecans. He has no Chunky Pecans, but he can just walk down the road to the store and buy some. He counts his change: eighty cents, including the dime he found in Prudence's underwear drawer. He can buy five Chunky Pecans for that. He feels better when he realizes he can have the Chunky Pecans and he relaxes, lighting his pipe. All his clothes are dirty, so he has begun wearing things that Richard left behind. Today he has on a black shirt that is too tight for him, with a rhinestone-studded peacock on the front. He looks at his sparkling chest and dozes off. When he awakens, he decides to go look for Silas. He sprays deodorant under his arms without taking off the shirt and walks outside, carrying his pipe. A big mistake. If the police stopped to question him and found him with that . . . He goes back to the house, puts the pipe on a table, and goes out again. Thinking about Silas being lost makes him very sad. He knows it's not a good idea to go marching around town in a peacock shirt weeping, but he can't help it. He sees an old lady walking her dog.

"Hello, little dog," he says, stopping to stroke it.

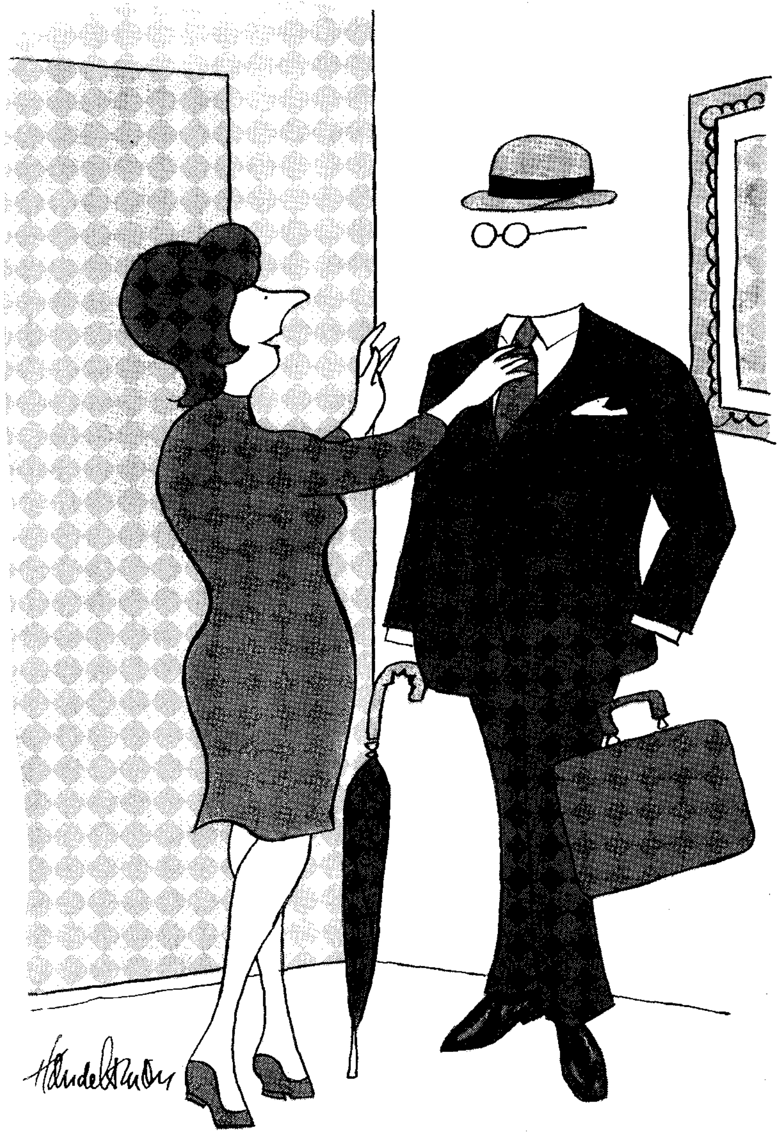
"It's female," the old woman says. The old woman has on an incredible amount of makeup; her eyes are circled with blue—bright blue under the eyes, as well as on top.

"Hello, girl," he says, stroking the dog. "She's thirteen," the old woman says. "The vet says she won't live to see fourteen."

Michael thinks of Silas, who is four.

"He's right, I know," the old woman says.

Michael walks back around the corner and



"Perfect, George. The only thing missing is you."

sees Silas on the front lawn. Silas charges him, jumps all over him, barking and running in circles. “Where have you been?” Michael asks the dog. Silas barks. “Hello, Silas. Where have you *been*?” Michael asks. Silas squirms on his back, panting. When Michael stoops to pat him, Silas lunges, pawing the rhinestone-studded shirt and breaking the threads. Rhinestones fall all over the lawn.

Inside, Silas sniffs the rug, runs in and out of rooms. “You old dog,” Michael says. He feeds Silas a pecan. Panting, Silas curls up at his feet. Michael pulls the pouch of grass out from under the couch and stuffs a big wad in his pipe. “Good old Silas,” Michael says, lighting his pipe. He gets happier and happier as he smokes, but at the height of his happiness he falls asleep. He sleeps until Silas’s barking awakens him. Someone is at the door. The cops. Prudence and Richard. It is dark—he must have slept longer than he thought. Michael opens the door. His wife is standing there.

“Hello, Elsa,” he says. She can’t possibly hear him above Silas’s barking. Michael leads the barking dog into the bedroom and closes the door. He walks back to the door. Elsa has come into the house and shut the door behind her.

“Hi, Elsa,” he says.

“Hi. I’ve come for you.”

“What do you mean?”

“May I come in? Is this your house? This can’t be your house. Where did you get all the furniture?”

“I’m staying here while some friends are out of town.”

“Did you break into somebody’s house?”

“I’m watching the place for my friends.”

“What’s the matter with you? You look horrible.”

“I’m not too clean. I forgot to take a shower.”

“I don’t mean that. I mean your face. What’s wrong with you?”

“How did you find me?”

“Carlos.”

“Carlos wouldn’t talk.”

“He did, Michael. But let’s argue at home. I’ve come to get you and make you come home and share the responsibility for Mary Anne.”

“I don’t want to come home.”

“I don’t care. If you don’t come home, we’ll move in here.”

“Silas will kill you.”

“I know the dog doesn’t like me, but he certainly won’t kill me.”

“I’m supposed to watch these people’s house.”

“You can come back and check on it.”

“I don’t want to come with you.”

“You look sick, Michael. Have you been sick?”

“I’m not leaving with you, Elsa.”

“O.K. We’ll come back.”

“What do you want me back for?”

“To help me take care of that child. She drives me crazy. Get the dog and come on.”

Michael lets Silas out of the bedroom. He picks up his bag of grass and his pipe and what’s left of the bag of pecans, and follows Elsa to the door.

“Pecans?” Elsa asks.

“My grandmother sent them to me.”

“Isn’t that nice. You don’t look well, Michael. Do you have a job?”

“No. I don’t have a job.”

“Carlos can get you a job, you know.”

“I’m not working in any factory.”

“I’m not asking you to work right away. I just want you in the house during the day with Mary Anne.”

“I don’t want to hang around with her.”

“Well, you can fake it. She’s your daughter.”

“I know. That doesn’t make any impression on me.”

“I realize that.”

“Maybe she isn’t mine,” Michael says.

“Do you want to drive, or shall I?” Elsa asks.

Elsa drives. She turns on the radio.

“If you don’t love me, why do you want me back?” Michael asks.

“Why do you keep talking about love? I explained to you that I couldn’t take care of that child alone anymore.”

“You want me back because you love me. Mary Anne isn’t that much trouble to you.”

“I don’t care what you think as long as you’re there.”

“I can just walk out again, you know.”

“You’ve only walked out twice in seven years.”

“The next time, I won’t get in touch with Carlos.”

INVENTORY

One stone
two houses
three ruins
four gravediggers
a garden
some flowers

a raccoon

one dozen oysters a lemon a loaf of bread
a ray of sunshine
a ground swell
six musicians
a door with its mat
a gentleman invested with the Legion of Honor

another raccoon

a sculptor who makes napoleons
a flower called hellebore
two lovers on a big bed
a tax collector a chair three turkey cocks
a man of the Church a carbuncle
a wasp
a floating kidney
a racing stable
an unworthy son two Dominican Brothers three grasshoppers a jump seat
two ladies of the night an uncle Cyril
one Mater Dolorosa three sugar daddies two of Mary’s little lambs
a Louis XV heel
a Louis XVI chair
one Henri II sideboard two Henri III sideboards three Henri IV sideboards
an odd drawer
a ball of string two safety pins an aged gentleman
a Winged Victory one accountant two chartered accountants a man of the world two surgeons three vegetarians
one cannibal

• •

an expedition to the Colonies a horse in toto a half-pint of good blood a tsetse fly
a lobster American-style a French-style garden
two baked apples English-style
a face mirror a footman an orphan an iron lung
a day of glory
a week of virtue
a Merry Month of May
a terrible year
a minute of silence
a second of distraction
and . . .

five or six raccoons

a small boy who walks into school crying
a small boy who walks out of school laughing
an ant
two flint stones
seventeen elephants an examining magistrate on vacation seated on a canvas stool
a landscape with a lot of green in it
a cow
a bull
two great love stories three grand organs one Veal Marengo
the sun at Austerlitz
a siphon of seltzer water
one white wine with lemon
one Tom Thumb a papal indulgence a calvary of stone a rope ladder
two Latin sisters three dimensions twelve apostles one thousand and one nights thirty-two positions four corners of the world five cardinal points ten years of good and loyal service seven deadly sins two fingers of one hand ten drops before each meal thirty days in prison fifteen of them in a cell five minutes' intermission

and . . .

several raccoons.

—JACQUES PRÉVERT

(*Translated, from the French, by Natacha Stewart.*)

• •

“Carlos was trying to help.”

“Carlos is evil. He goes around putting curses on things.”

“Well, he's your friend, not mine.”

“Then why did he talk?”

“I asked him where you were.”

“I was on the verge of picking up a barmaid,” Michael says.

“I don't know how I could help loving you,” Elsa says.

“WHERE are we going, Daddy?”

“To water plants.”

“Where are the plants?”

“Not far from here.”

“Where's Mommy?”

“Getting her hair cut. She told you that.”

“Why does she want her hair cut?”

“I can't figure her out. I don't understand your mother.”

Elsa has gone with a friend to get her hair done. Michael has the car. He is tired of being cooped up watching daytime television with Mary Anne, so he's going to Prudence and Richard's, even though he just watered the plants yesterday. Silas is with them, in the back seat. Michael looks at him lovingly in the rearview mirror.

“Where are we going?”

“We just started the ride. Try to enjoy it.”

Mary Anne must have heard Elsa tell him not to take the car; she doesn't seem to be enjoying herself.

“What time is it?” Mary Anne asks.

“Three o'clock.”

“That's what time school lets out.”

“What about it?” Michael asks.

He shouldn't have snapped at her. She was just talking to talk. Since all talk is just a lot of garbage anyway, he shouldn't have discouraged her. He reaches over and pats her knee. She doesn't smile, as he hoped she would. She is sort of like her mother.

“Are you going to get a haircut, too?” she asks.

“Daddy doesn't have to get a haircut, because he isn't trying to get a job.”

Mary Anne looks out the window.

“Your great-grandma sends Daddy enough money for him to stay alive. Daddy doesn't want to work.”

“Mommy has a job,” Mary Anne says. His wife is an apprentice bookbinder.

“And you don't have to get your hair cut, either,” he says.

“I want it cut.”

He reaches over to pat her knee again. “Don't you want long hair, like Daddy?”

“Yes,” she says.

“You just said you wanted it cut.”

Mary Anne looks out the window.

“Can you see all the plants through that window?” Michael says, pulling up in front of the house.

He is surprised when he opens the door to see Richard there.

“Richard! What are you doing here?”

“I'm so sick from the plane that I can't talk, man. Sit down. Who's this?”

“Did you and Prudence have a good time?”

“Prudence is still in Manila. She wouldn't come back. I just had enough of Manila, you know? But I don't know if the flight back was worth it. The flight back was really awful. Who's this?”

“This is my daughter, Mary Anne. I'm back with my wife now. I've been coming to water the plants.”

“Jesus, am I sick,” Richard says. “Do you know why I'd feel sick after I've been off the plane for half a day?”

“I want to water the plants,” Mary Anne says.

“Go ahead, sweetheart,” Richard says. “Jesus—all those damn plants. Manila is a jungle, did you know that? That's what she wants. She wants to be in the jungle. I don't know. I'm too sick to think.”

“What can I do for you?”

“Is there any coffee?”

“I drank it all. I drank all your liquor, too.”

“That's all right,” Richard says. “Prudence thought you'd do worse than that. She thought you'd sell the furniture or burn the place down. She's crazy, over there in that rain jungle.”

“His girlfriend is in Manila,” Michael says to his daughter. “That's far away.”

Mary Anne walks off to sniff a philodendron leaf.

MICHAEL is watching a soap opera. A woman is weeping to another woman that when her gallbladder was taken out Tom was her doctor, and the nurse, who loved Tom, spread *rumors*, and . . .

Mary Anne and a friend are pouring water out of a teapot into little plastic cups. They sip delicately.

"Daddy," Mary Anne says, "can't you make us real tea?"

"Your mother would get mad at me."

"She's not here."

"You'd tell her."

"No, we wouldn't."

"O.K., I'll make it if you promise not to drink it."

Michael goes into the kitchen. The girls are squealing delightedly and the woman on television is weeping hysterically. "Tom was in line for chief of surgery once Dr. Stan retired, but *Rita* said that he . . ."

The phone rings. "Hello?" Michael says.

"Hi," Carlos says. "Still mad?"

"Hi, Carlos," Michael says.

"Still mad?" Carlos asks.

"No."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"That's what I figured. Interested in a job?"

"No."

"You mean you're just sitting around there all day?"

"At the moment, I'm giving a tea party."

"Sure," Carlos says. "Would you like to go out for a beer? I could come over after work."

"I don't care," Michael says.

"You sound pretty depressed."

"Why don't you cast a spell and make things better?" Michael says. "There goes the water. Maybe I'll see you later."

"You're not really drinking tea, are you?"

"Yes," Michael says. "Goodbye."

He takes the water into the living room and pours it into Mary Anne's teapot.

"Don't scald yourself," he says, "or we're both screwed."

"Where's the tea bag, Daddy?"

"Oh, yeah." He gets a tea bag from the kitchen and drops it into the pot. "You're young, you're supposed to use your imagination," he says. "But here it is."

"We need something to go with our tea, Daddy."

"You won't eat your dinner."

"Yes, I will."

He goes to the kitchen and gets a bag of M & Ms. "Don't eat too many of these," he says.

"I've got to get out of this town," the woman on television is saying. "You know I've got to go now, because of Tom's dependency on Rita."

Mary Anne carefully pours two tiny cups full of tea.

"We can drink this, can't we, Daddy?"

"I guess so. If it doesn't make you sick."

Michael looks at his daughter and her friend enjoying their tea party. He goes into the bathroom and takes his pipe off the window ledge, closes the door and opens the window, and lights it. He sits on the bathroom floor with his legs crossed, listening to the woman weeping on television. He notices Mary Anne's bunny. Its eyebrows are raised with amazement at him. It is ridiculous to be sitting in the bathroom getting stoned while a tea party is going on and a woman shrieks in the background. "What else can I do?" he whispers to the bunny. He envies the bunny—the way it clutches the bar of soap to its chest. When he hears Elsa come in, he leaves the bathroom and goes into the hall and puts his arms around her, thinking about the bunny and the soap. Mick Jagger sings to him: "All the dreams we held so close seemed to all go up in smoke . . ."

"Elsa," he says, "what are your dreams?"

"That your dealer will die," she says.

"He won't. He's only twenty years old."

"Maybe Carlos will put a curse on him. Carlos killed his godfather, you know."

"Be serious. Tell me one real dream," Michael says.

"I told you."

Michael lets her go and walks into the living room. He looks out the window and sees Carlos's car pull up in front of the walk. He goes out and gets into Carlos's car. He stares down the street.

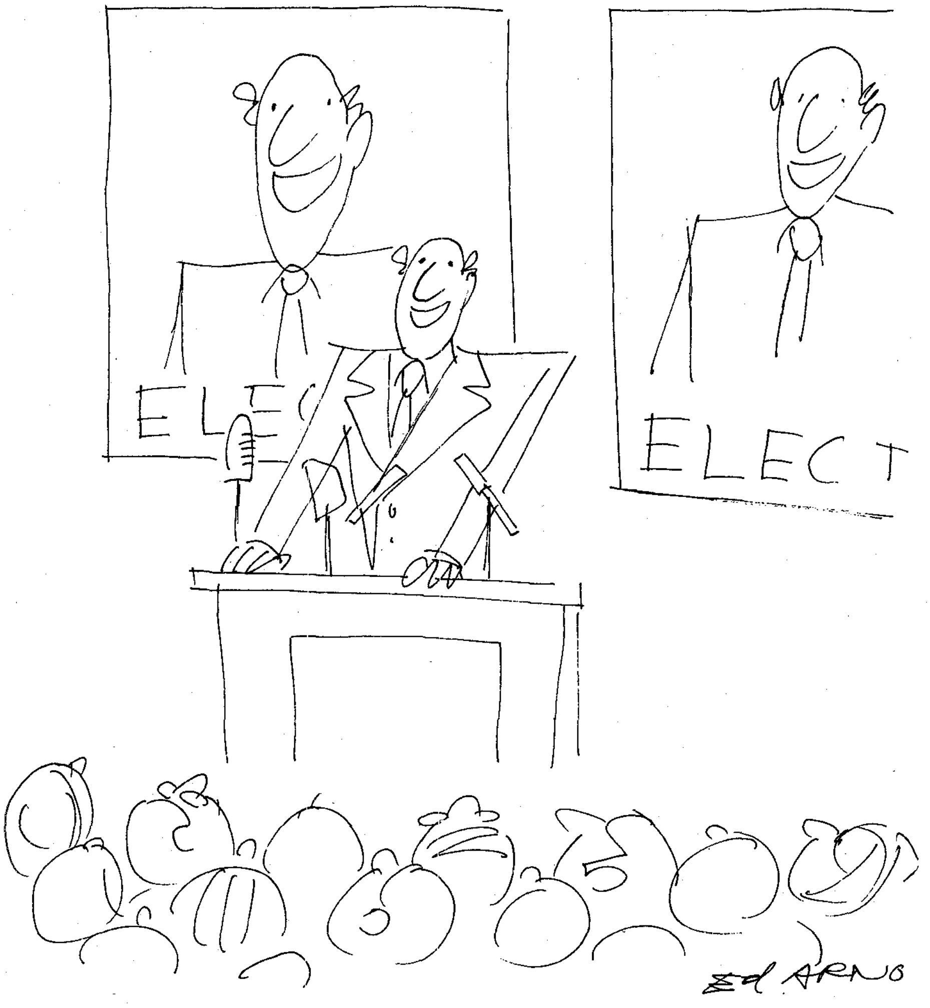
"Don't feel like saying hello, I take it," Carlos says.

Michael shakes his head.

"Hell," Carlos says, "I don't know what I keep coming around for you for."

Michael's mood is contagious. Carlos starts the car angrily, and roars away, throwing a curse on a boxwood at the edge of the lawn.

—ANN BEATTIE



"And if elected I promise to get reëlected."

•

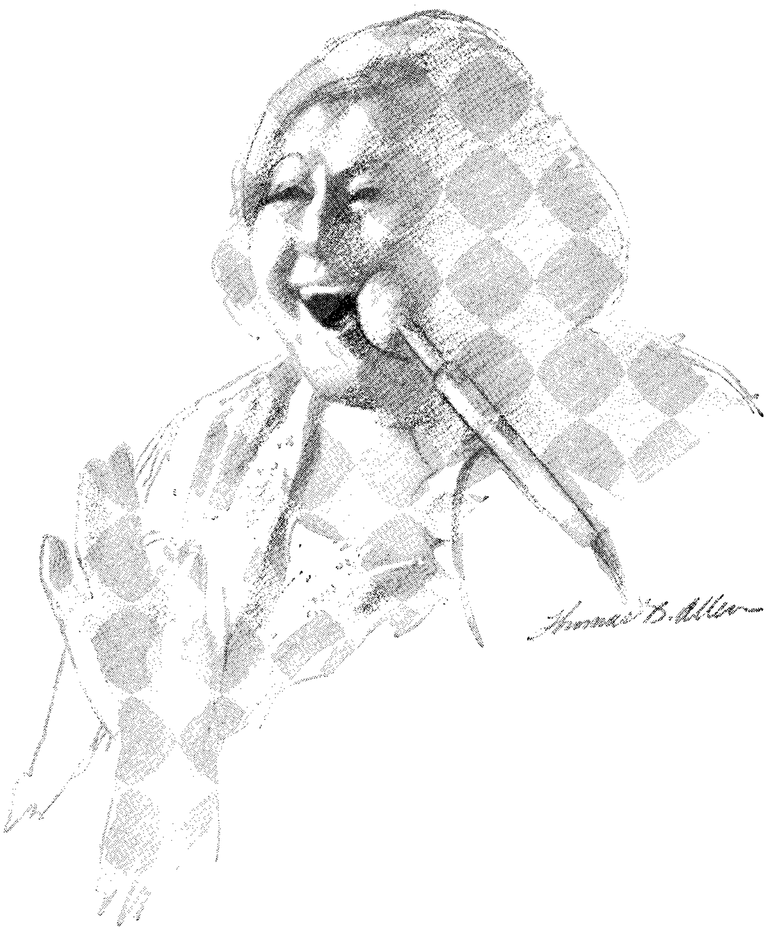
BALTIMORE—Skin of the abdomen has twice the elasticity of skin on the back. —*Hartford Courant.*

Good thing to know if you're planning to bend over backward.

PROFILES

MOONBEAM MOSCOWITZ

EXCELLENCE generally parries neglect with bitterness, stoicism, or a brave and judicious narcissism. Sylvia Syms, the indomitable and masterly popular singer, has long since chosen the last of these weapons. She recently said of herself, with her wide smile, "I have no desire to be a superstar. I don't think I could stand the responsibility of having to prove myself every single day. If you don't make it, you have a ball trying. But I've made it. I don't know by whose standards, but I've made it by mine. So the only person I have to satisfy now as far as my singing is concerned is me." She is right, for among students of the upper levels of American popular singing, wherein reside supper-club singers like Mabel Mercer and Blossom Dearie, jazz singers like Ray Charles and Joe Turner, and such phenomena as Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett, Sylvia Syms is widely regarded as the premier female singer. Indeed, she is often spoken of as the counterpart of Sinatra, who, as her indefatigable friend, protector, confidant, and admirer, would agree. During the thirty or so years of her career, she has sung in almost every notable night club in the country. These have included the Ruban Bleu, the Village Vanguard, Kelly's Stable, the Show Spot, the Living Room, Bon Soir, the Royal Box, the Half Note, and L'Intrigue in New York; Mr. Kelly's, the Cloister Inn, the Black Orchid, and the Playboy Club in Chicago; Baker's Keyboard Lounge in Detroit; the Theatrical Grill in Cleveland; Storyville and the Bradford Roof in Boston; the Interlude and the hungry i in San Francisco; and the Crescendo and Donte's in Los Angeles. And she has also found herself in Kansas City, Dallas, Las Vegas, and Minneapolis. When the night-club business began faltering, in the mid-fifties, she turned to the theatre, where she has appeared on and off Broadway in "Diamond Lil" with Mae West, in innumerable productions of "South Pacific," in which she has perfected the part of Bloody Mary, in "Dream Girl" with Judy Holliday, in "Thirteen Daughters" with Don Ameche, in "Funny Girl" with Carol Lawrence, in "Flower Drum Song" and "Camino Real," and as the lead in "Hello, Dolly!" And along the way she has made a generous number of recordings, one of which, a daring up-tempo version of "I Could Have Danced All Night," became a hit for Decca in 1956. But time and again, just as she has appeared ready to swim into the lagoon of recognition and financial comfort, she has foundered. The causes have been myriad—an operation; a female rival; her own intransigence toward working conditions, managers and bookers, and clothes; an automobile accident; her physical construction; the twists and turns of her private life; and the tricks of fashion. But alert Syms observers in New York have detected a marked upswing in her fortunes during the past year. Sufficiently recovered from her operation and automobile accident, both of which occurred three or four years ago, she surfaced notably, if fleetingly, no fewer than five times. (She also had a seven-week stint in "South Pacific" at the Paper Mill Playhouse, in New Jersey.) During a memorable and swinging celebration of American songwriters at the 1973 Newport-New York Jazz Festival, she sang three Harold Arlen numbers, accompanied by her old friend Barbara Carroll, and she stole the show. She appeared for a winning week at the Half Note. She sang irresistibly by herself and with Cy Coleman at a fund-raising concert at the Palace Theatre. And she appeared twice in impromptu fashion at Barney Josephson's Cookery—with the singers Helen Humes and Maxine Sullivan, each of whom she edged, and for a remarkable recital with Barbara Carroll.

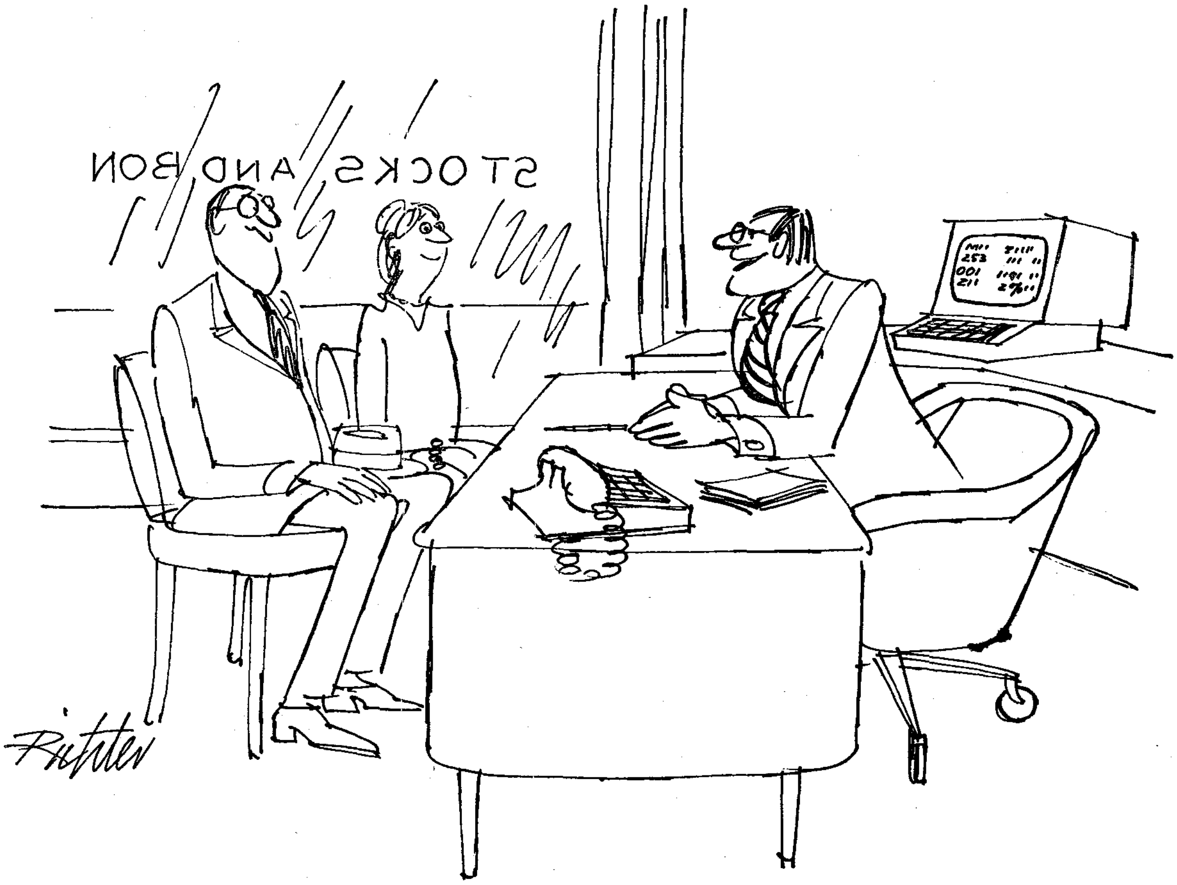


Sylvia Syms

One of those occasions and a rehearsal for another—both of them garlanded by her incandescent monologues—went like this:

I

IT is midday on a sleepy New York Saturday, and Sylvia Syms is seated in Cy Coleman's sumptuous living room, in the East Sixties. They are rehearsing a dozen Coleman songs for the fund-raising affair, which takes place the next day. She is wearing one of her many djellabahs, and she looks tiny in the high-ceilinged room. She is barely five feet tall, and is plump and shapeless. Her legs, both broken in the accident, look spindly, as does her left arm, which was also broken. Childhood polio has left her with a curvature of the back. But her presence is immediately commanding, and on first meeting her one is engulfed by her rich voice, her frequent laughter, and her rhythmical, dramatic motions. Her moon-shaped face lights up whatever it



"Good news! I've got you out of utilities and into pork bellies."

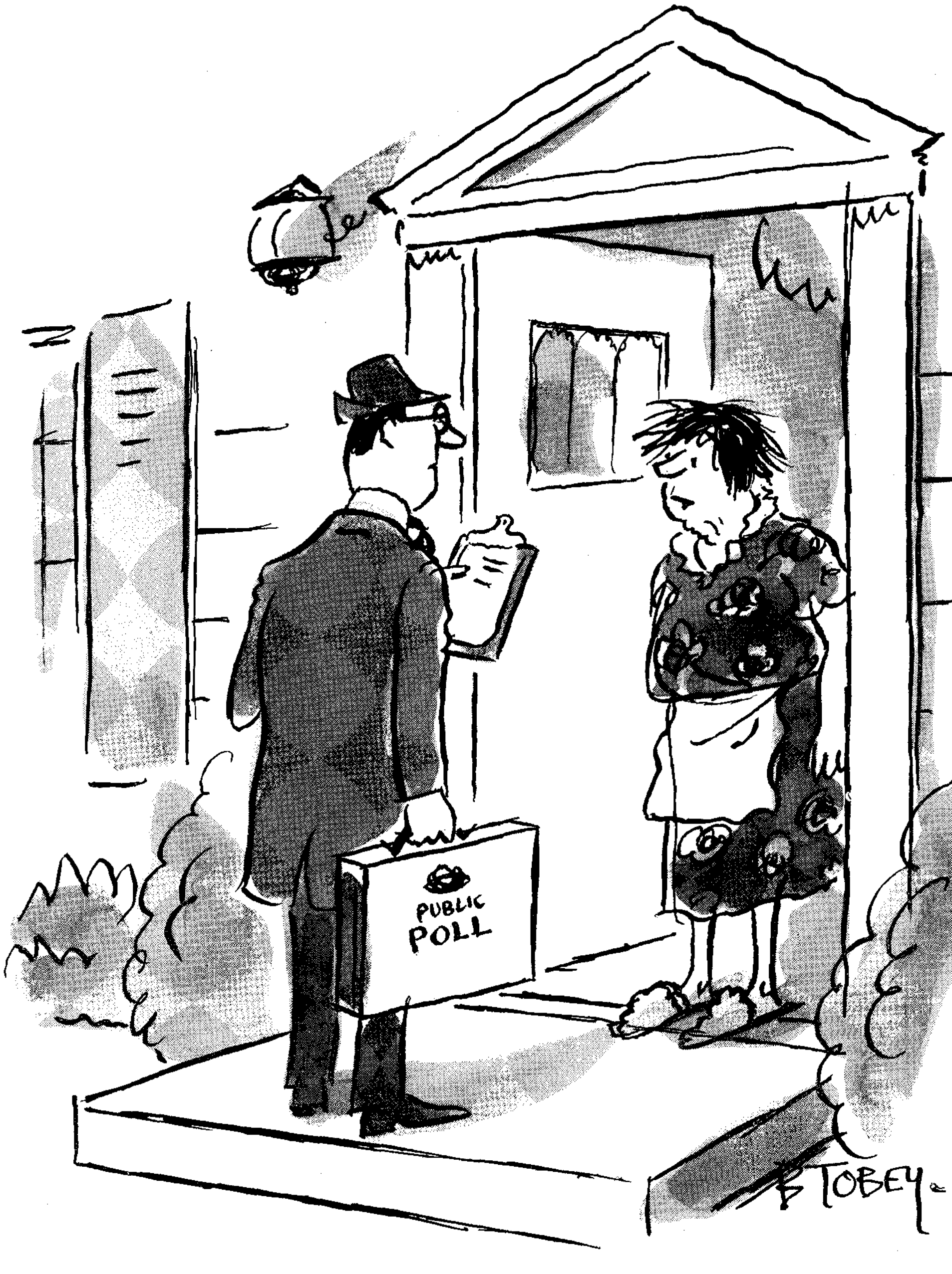
• •

is aimed at. Her wide mouth is almost always smiling; she has large, slightly slanted eyes, elfin ears, and an aquiline nose; and her broad forehead supports a helmet of short, coppery hair. She is an impulsive, long-syllabled talker who is apt to sail into any subject *in medias res*, and she does when Coleman excuses himself to make a phone call: "Mr. Sinatra sent me his newest single this morning," she says. "I don't know why I call him Mister when I've known him as Francis for so many years. I guess it's my profound respect for him. I don't remember when we first met, but *he* would know. I've watched him greet by name without hesitation someone he hasn't seen in twenty-five years. He's a quiet man, articulate and well-informed, and he's been a gracious friend. When I was in the hospital after my operation, he called every day, or had someone call if he couldn't, and when it became clear I'd need a respirator to take with me wherever I went, he had the best one there is sent to me. I still use it an hour every day. He has a good sense of humor. After my automobile accident, he sent me a pair of skates with the message 'Try these next time,' and I returned the gesture when he opened his new tour at Caesars Palace by sending him an antique silver ear trumpet. I've never once watched him sing and not come away with something new. I'm grateful to have been alive during his era. All of which explains why, when I was a guest at his home in Palm Springs and he asked me to sing at some inn we had gone to after dinner, I couldn't. I just couldn't get up there knowingly in front of him and sing. All he said was 'Sylvia, you're nuts!' "

Cy Coleman, a cheerful, laughing man, returns and, sitting at the piano, lets loose a couple of booming chords. "God!" he says. "The sound of the piano is frightening this early." Sylvia Syms stands in the crook of the piano and puts on a pair of granny glasses. They decide on "Witchcraft." By the third measure, she is onstage and singing to an audience. She smiles and looks steadily at Coleman, and her body begins to reflect her singing. She bounces slowly up and down, rocks her shoulders from side to side, and swings her hips. She has a powerful contralto, but she controls it effortlessly. It is a supple, direct voice that can rear up and subside in a single measure. Her diction is elegant and bell-like, but she does all sorts of subtle rhythmic things with the words—sometimes piling them together, sometimes letting them drift just behind the beat. The next number is a slow ballad. Her voice becomes soft, she stretches out her hands, palms up, and raises her shoulders, and again she is onstage. The number is full of crooning turns of phrase, and one hears slow breezes and early stirrings. Then she and Coleman go into a buoyant duet of "Hey, Look Me Over" and a ringing version of "The Best Is Yet to Come," which they do in unison, in harmony, in alternating passages, and as a round. Both numbers jump and sparkle.

Sylvia Syms laughs and leans against the piano. "My! They're going to get a warmed-up lady out at the theatre. What time is it, Cy? I have *no* sense of time and I spend all day at home calling Meridian 7. We have two shows of 'South Pacific' today, and they're picking me up at three." Cy Coleman says it is just after one, and he suggests a final rehearsal at noon the next day. Sylvia Syms walks the ten blocks to the small apartment she has had on Lexington for twenty years. She takes short steps and she sways from side to side, as if she were shouldering her way through the press of her talk. "For some reason, I got to reminiscing about my childhood with Cy before we started today, and it was painful. I was born the oldest of three children in Manhattan but grew up in Flatbush. My maiden name was Blagman and when I started out I called myself Sylvia Black. Then I saw the name Syms with a 'y' somewhere and I liked it and took it. My mother was a New York girl and so was her mother, but my father came from Russia. It was a great love affair between my father and mother. He yelled a lot at me, but I never heard him yell at her. My mother still lives out there. She's intelligent and funny and articulate, and she still points that finger at us children when we visit her and says do this or do that, but now we just laugh and tell her to jump in the lake. She's very into her Judaism, and I suppose she wishes I were, too. I've always been aware of being a Jewess, but my religion is people. My father designed clothes, and he died when I was seventeen, but I didn't know him as much else than a strict, hardworking family man. I was a very removed child, and it started when I sang with a full and beautiful voice before I'd learned to talk. I sang in my carriage, and later I'd sit on the front stoop and sing at the top of my lungs. But my parents didn't know how to cope with my singing. They were poor and their backgrounds had taught them that the life of a singer or actress led directly to the gutter. My father was sensitive in all areas except the one I was interested in, so I got no help, no formal training. I was born a heavy child, and I grew heavier because I was unhappy. Very soon I created a complete fantasy world. I got a reputation, and I'd hear parents tell their kids to keep away from that crazy Sylvia. I'd stay awake all night listening to music on the radio, and when I was in my mid-teens I started sneaking out of the house after everyone was asleep and going down to New York. I'd get on the subway and go to Fifty-second Street. My father got hysterical when he found out, but that didn't stop me. I had long red coppery-chestnut hair tied in braids and parted in the middle, and I had absolutely no fear of going out in the middle of the night. Who wanted to make passes at a fat Jewish girl from Brooklyn? I became the first of the groupies, and I began learning about the momentary, joyful noises of jazz. And I had the greatest people to teethe on. I got to know Fats Waller. He had bad feet, and I remember him playing the organ in a little church uptown and pumping it with his bare feet. And I got to know Art Tatum. He called me Moonbeam Moscowitz, the Jewish Indian. He'd take me uptown after work to the Log Cabin or Tillman's, where he would play with a tenderness and warmth he never showed downtown. Sometimes Jerry Preston, who owned the Log Cabin, would call my mother and tell her everything was O.K., and around seven or eight in the morning he'd send me home in a limousine. Or else Tatum would take me even further uptown to a grits-and-fried-chicken place, and after we'd eaten we'd walk down the street and watch the sun come up. On my twenty-first birthday, he gave me a little glass piano with his initials on it, but it eventually broke. And three years before he died he had Van Cleef & Arpels make a gold piano with a keyboard of sapphires for the black notes and freshwater pearls for the white notes. But I don't have that anymore, either. Erroll Garner pestered me about it so much I finally gave it to him, and he takes it everywhere, in its original little felt bag.

"Billie Holiday became my mentor, and I copied everything she did, excluding the drugs and booze. She said to me once, 'You know what's wrong with you, Sugar? You love me.' She was a beautiful, dignified lady, with an innate sense of good taste. She was drawn to singing songs you knew she understood. She had a kind of animal relativity to the songs she sang. I have no concept of living within a budget, but once I saved twenty-five dollars and bought her a print gown for her birthday, and she was so pleased you'd have thought I'd given her the moon on a stick. I can remember her in the gown at the Onyx Club, coming down those little stairs in the back and the lights softening and the room becoming silent and her moving onto the stage and looking just like a panther. She began wearing gardenias in her hair because of me. One night when she was working at Kelly's Stable, she burned her hair with a curling iron just before show time, and I ran down the street to the Three Deuces, where Ada Kurtz had the checkroom. Checkroom girls sold flowers then, and I bought a gardenia and Billie put it in her hair to hide the burned place. Of all the men she married or knew, I think she loved Buck Clayton the most. We were sitting around at the club on the Street where Billy Eckstine had his big band, and B said to Billie, 'Ain't I pretty?' 'Yeh,' she said, 'but you ain't the prettiest.' 'Well, who is the prettiest, then?' B asked her. 'Buck Clayton's the prettiest man in the whole world.' I got to know Lester Young through Billie. In fact, she used to tell me when I started singing that I sounded just like the way he played. He was the first person I ever heard say to his



"The Warburtons are out. I'm the au pair."

piano player, ‘Just play vanilla, man. Just play vanilla,’ which meant cut out the embroidery and play the proper chords behind solos. I still use the phrase when I run into an accompanist who thinks he’s Niagara Falls. Lester was a quiet, inside-himself man, and he’d always tell me, ‘It’s hard, Baby, it’s hard.’ I don’t recall how I met Duke Ellington, but he called me Lady Hamilton. He made every woman in the world feel beautiful. Once, when I was working in Chicago, Bentley Stegner, who was a music writer for the *Sun-Times*, took me to hear Duke. It was snowing and blowing and there weren’t any cabs, so we walked and walked through knee-deep snow, and I had on an old babushka and my mascara ran all over my face, and when we got there Duke took one look at me and said, ‘Lady Hamilton, I don’t know where you just came from, but please save a few dried-up bones for me.’ I hung out with Mildred Bailey, too. She was a wild lady, and she had a rapier tongue. I’d go to hear her at Café Society, where Barney Josephson would never let me pay, and I went to her little house on Sniffen Court. She was a domestic lady and she loved to eat, and so did I. She thought I looked like her and she’d tell people I was her little sister. She told me I’d be a star but I’d be very unhappy getting there.”

“Is there someone else, Narcissus?”

Sylvia Syms arrives at her door and pulls a key out of her bag. “Before I moved in here, I lived with the comedienne Pat Carroll in a loft right over the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, near Seventh Avenue. When we opened the fridge, film music came out, and we could lie on the floor and look through a little hole and watch the pictures.” She puts her key in the lock and waves, her stubby fingers spread like a child’s.

II

IT is eight-thirty on a Monday evening. Sylvia Syms is still in “South Pacific,” but Monday is her day off, and she is in a cab headed for The Cookery, where she is planning to sit in with Barbara Carroll. As is her wont, she has spent most of the day at Elizabeth Arden getting the week’s accumulation of “Texas dirt” she uses for makeup as Bloody Mary removed from her face and arms. She is wearing a beautiful black-and-white cotton knit suit, and her hair is arranged tightly around her face and she looks radiant. She leans into a corner of the seat, and her legs lift from the floor. “I met my great friend Barbara in 1946. I’m not a woman’s woman, and Barbara and Judy Holliday and Pat Carroll have been my only women friends. When I first met Barbara, it was like seeing my reflection in a mirror. We’ve been through just about everything together, including the automobile accident. I was about to go back to California to audition for the mother in the television series ‘Bridget Loves Bernie,’ and I’d been visiting Barbara at her country place in South Salem. We were being driven back to New York in her little car, and Barbara insisted she sit in the front, so I got in

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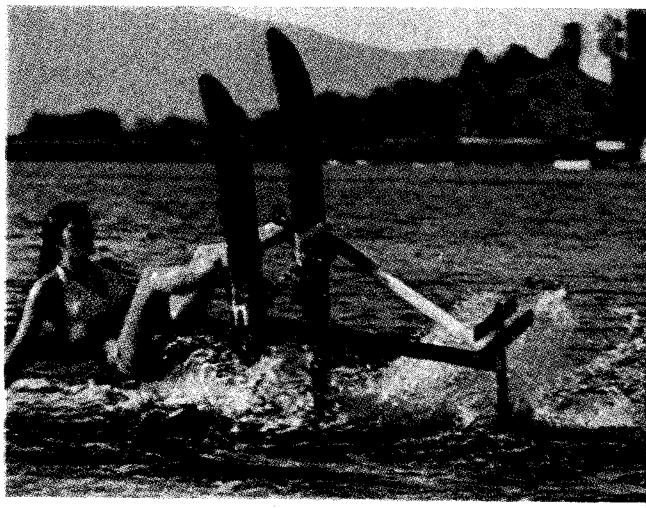

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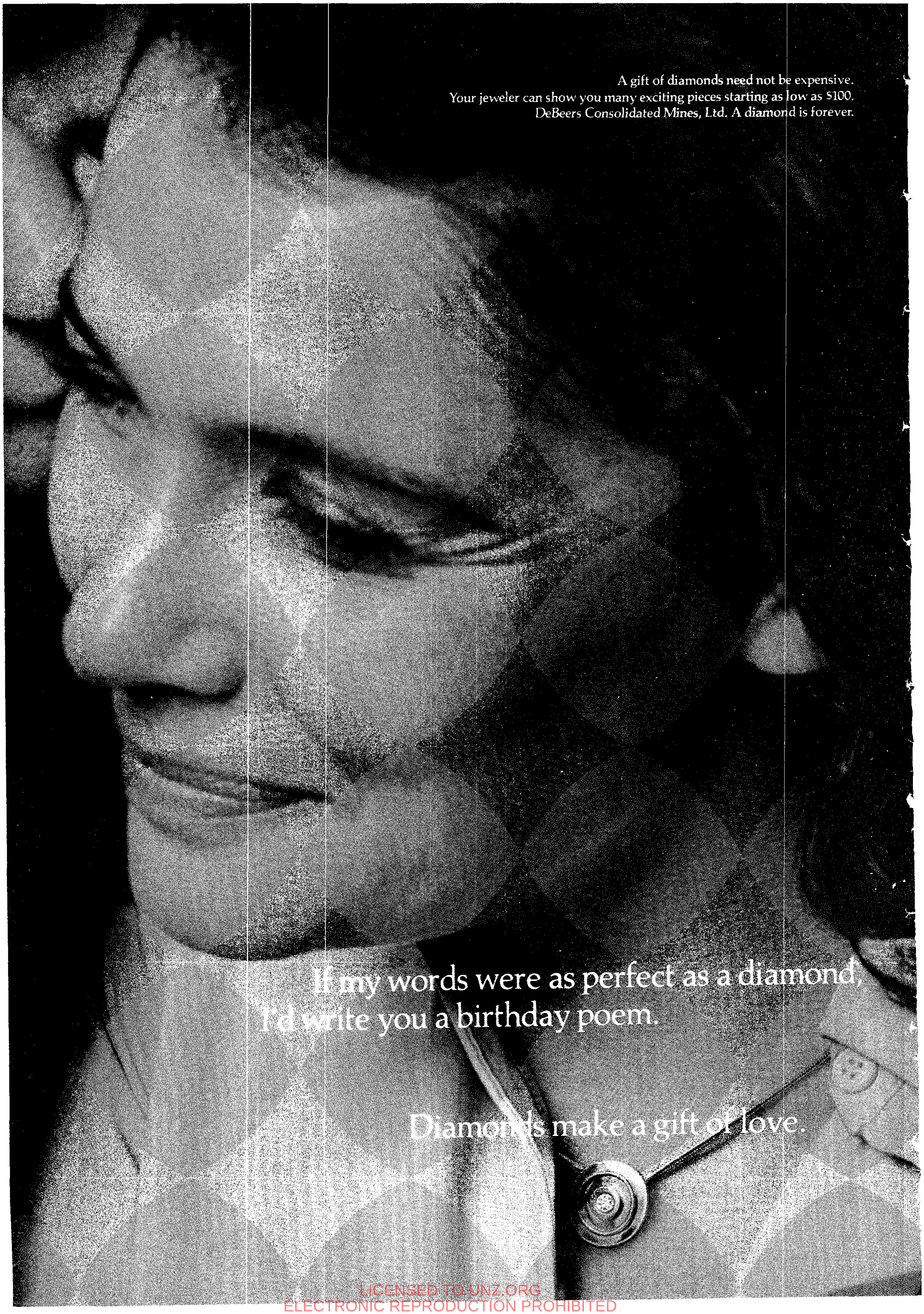

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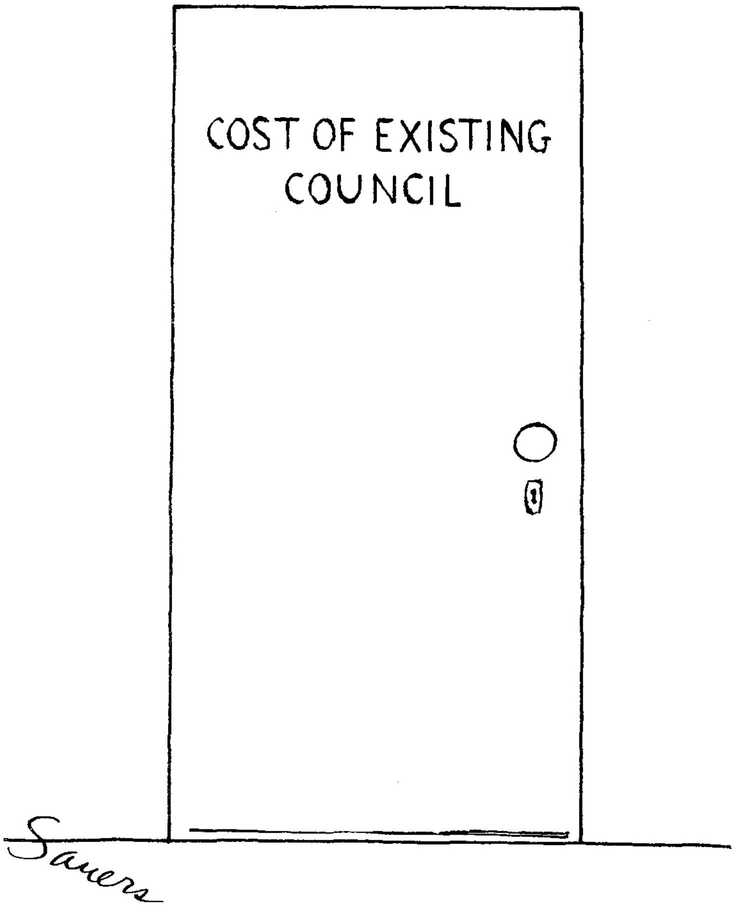
the back with her daughter, Susie. We were coming to a toll gate and Susie and I were playing some kind of game, and the brakes failed and—whammo! I threw myself on top of Susie and she was unhurt. Barbara looks as beautiful as ever, but I don't know how many operations she's had on her face. I was in and out of a wheelchair for a year and a half. But, please God, I'm in fine shape now. I consider that I've come through smelling like a rose, which is why I spend every available minute finding out what the rest of the garden is like.”

At The Cookery, Barney Josephson, immaculate in a pearl-gray suit, embraces Sylvia Syms, and asks her when she is coming to work for him full time. She tells him that he can't afford her but that she will work for him at scale. He gives his high-pitched Ed Wynn giggle and shakes his head and seats her near the piano. Barbara Carroll finishes her set, and she and Sylvia embrace. Barbara asks her if she will sing during the next set, and Sylvia says yes. She orders coffee, and Barbara excuses herself and sits down with some people at a nearby table. Sylvia examines her face in her compact mirror. “It doesn't matter if I'm Sarah Schlepp during the day. But when I perform I have to wear the best. As a result, I've turned into a not-half-bad-looking woman. In the broadest sense, I like me. I even enjoy the things about me I'm not too crazy about. But I didn't feel that way during my first singing job, which was at Kelly's Stable. I went in there one night with a couple of Brooklyn friends and auditioned with Benny Carter's group for Ralph Watkins, the owner, and he offered me a job for the summer. I'd met dear Benny one night at Nick's, and his daughter and I hung out a lot. It was 1940, and Ralph Watkins paid me twenty-five dollars a week. The Nat Cole Trio was the intermission group and Billy Daniels was the star. The job worked out O.K., but I didn't have the right clothes and I must have looked awful. I didn't work again for five years, and then I went downtown into the Little Casino. I was there a whole year, and Ram Ramirez, who composed ‘Lover Man,’ was my accompanist. Mike Levin wrote about me in *Down Beat*, comparing me with Billie Holiday and Lee Wiley. I was a buxom, sharp broad, but I was stupid enough to resent the comparisons. I guess I thought I was Topsy and had just grown all by myself. But on the strength of the piece I was hired at the Club Troubador for two hundred dollars a week. Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five were there, and so was Georgie Auld's big band. Another singer, who shall remain nameless, was starred. Well, I was breaking it up, and she wasn't, and one night after work Mike Colucci, who ran the place and was a nice gent, told me, ‘Sylvia, I have to fire you.’ He wouldn't tell me why, and I was crushed. I found out later what had happened. The other singer's manager handled all sorts of big acts, like Nat Cole and Stan Kenton, and when he heard I was hurting his act he called Colucci and said, ‘Get rid of Sylvia Syms.’ In the fifties, when I was working in New York, this great big man came in to hear me five nights in a row, and finally he introduced himself and told me I was the best singer he'd ever heard. It was the same gent who had had me fired, and I was flabbergasted. All I could say was ‘Oh yeah, how come you did what you did to me at the Troubador?’ and all he said was ‘She was my act and you were killing her. If you had been my act and someone else was killing you, I'd have protected you in the same way.’ I had a gossamer vision of the business. I romanticized it, and I guess in some ways I still do.

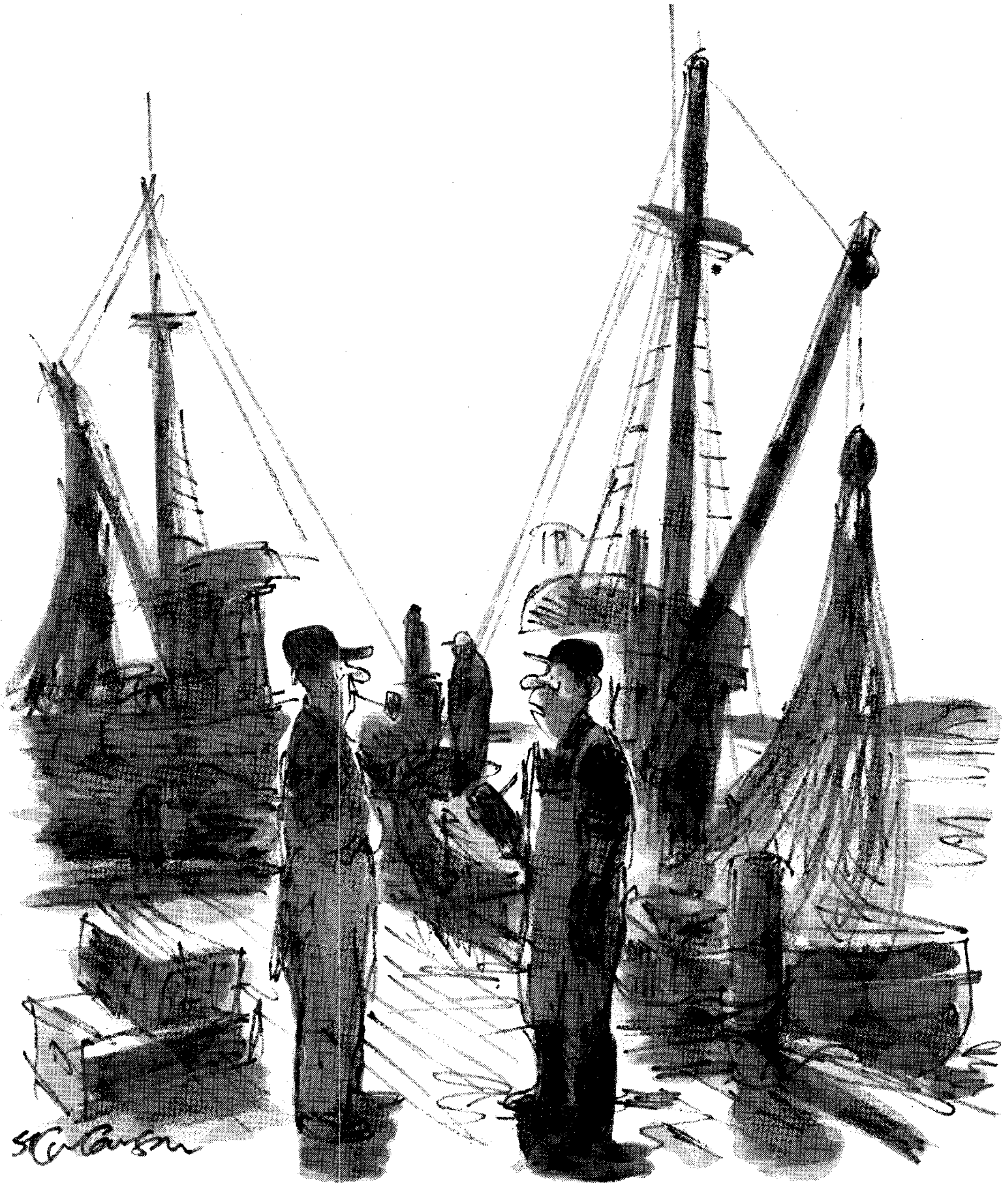
“In 1946, I got married for the first time. Actors have always been my downfall, and I married Bret Morrison, who was doing ‘The Shadow’ on radio. He's one of the nicest men I've ever known, and he's probably the only man I'd marry if I ever married again. Anyway, I was a rotten wife. I had my head in too many places. We lived in an elegant duplex on West Sixty-seventh Street, but it was a mausoleum, and it turned me off. We had all the right linen, the right china, the right crystal—and all the wrong ingredients for a good marriage. We were together until 1953. In the mid-fifties, I married Ed Begley—the dancer, not the actor—but it's not a part of my life I like thinking about.

“My being fired at the Troubador gave me a mysterious quality. It was O.K. to be fat if you were exotic. I have some pictures of myself from the mid-fifties when I reached two hundred and forty-two pounds. I looked Chinese. People didn't know what to make of me, and because of my dark complexion they started asking me if I was black. In fact, a lady television interviewer asked me the same question a while ago. I started working in every upholstered joint in New York, and I began to create a nice following. I was in the Ruban Bleu in 1951 with the Norman Paris Trio, and I worked off and on for several years at the Village Vanguard. People like Orson Bean and Robert Clary and Harry Belafonte came and went there, but I stayed on forever. I worked at the Show Spot with Barbara when Mabel Mercer was upstairs in the Byline Room. But I have always been just another name on the lists of the various managers who have handled me—mostly, I think, because they haven't known what to do with me. I even had one once who told me I should be grateful I was working because I was such a mess, which did its little damage. I was never good-enough-looking to



sing with a band, and in a lot of the rooms I worked you were required to mix with the patrons, and I just didn't know how. But in 1954 the managers Pete Cameron and Monte Kay came into my life, and they got me a recording contract with Decca. Nothing much happened until 1956, when, at the end of a session, Milt Gabler, who was the A. & R. man, reluctantly let me record 'I Could Have Danced All Night.' Reluctantly! They were dead set against it. Rosemary Clooney had had a hit version on Columbia for a couple of months, and on top of that I wanted to do it at double tempo, which nobody had done. But a month later my version took off and became a hit, and so did other tunes I recorded, like 'In Times Like These,' 'Dancing Chandelier,' and 'It's Good to Be Alive.' The upshot was I got job offers all around the country in hotels and night clubs, and it nearly destroyed me. They expected Miss America but they got me. I still didn't know how to dress, and the clothes I wore made me look like the 'Beer Barrel Polka.' It got so if Ed Sullivan wanted someone to sing 'I Could Have Danced All Night' on his show, he asked Julie Andrews and not me. But I've finally discovered that your wardrobe can be one of your most important assets. There are women in every audience who spend the first twenty minutes of a singer's performance counting the sequins on her dress."

Barbara Carroll stops at the table and says she'll play a few numbers before Sylvia Syms sings. After she has run through five or six, she smiles at Sylvia and announces her. Barbara moves to the far end of the piano bench, and Sylvia sits down beside her. They look like girls sharing a swing. Sylvia warms up with Sammy Cahn's "Can't You Just See Yourself?" She smiles broadly, lifts her head, and slowly rotates her shoulders. The Cookery falls silent. When the number is over, she eases into Harold Arlen's "As Long As I Live," jamming the opening words together and then working just behind the beat. Her head bounces up and down, and she snaps the fingers of one hand. She moves right inside the song, and, heating up the words, pours them out through the runnel of the melody. Then she sings an exquisite version of Billie Holiday's "Easy Living," and this creates a peculiar sensation. The way Billie sang the song runs along behind her, and the two seem to be singing a duet. She moves with a deliberate, almost heavy ease from word to word, and her voice echoes off Billie's. She finishes, and, crossing one knee over the other, folds her hands on her raised knee. Her voice drops into a low buzz, and in a gentle, staccato fashion out come the opening words of "Imagination." The staccato passage eases away, and Sylvia drops into a legato one and courses into the bridge. The power-in-reserve ease with which she sings makes her softest phrases ring. She considers herself a narrative singer, a storyteller who happens to sing her stories, and it is easy to see why. The room is in thrall, and when she is done there is a long moment before the applause. She stands, bobs quickly several times, and returns to the table. Barbara Carroll laughs and claps; the swing has stopped, and it has been tremendous fun.



"*I can't decide whether to fish or cut bait.*"

Sylvia Syms looks in her mirror, and orders more coffee. People come over to the table and tell her how beautiful she sounds, and she replies with a round of pleased "Thank you, darling"s. "Being a performer is like suffering a chronic condition," she says after they have gone. "Performing is also the most dominating mistress in the world; I'd never have been able to give so much to a human being. Singing for me is my total cleansing. It's what keeps Mabel Mercer young and full of the gorgeous juices and adrenalin, and it does the same for me. I have to

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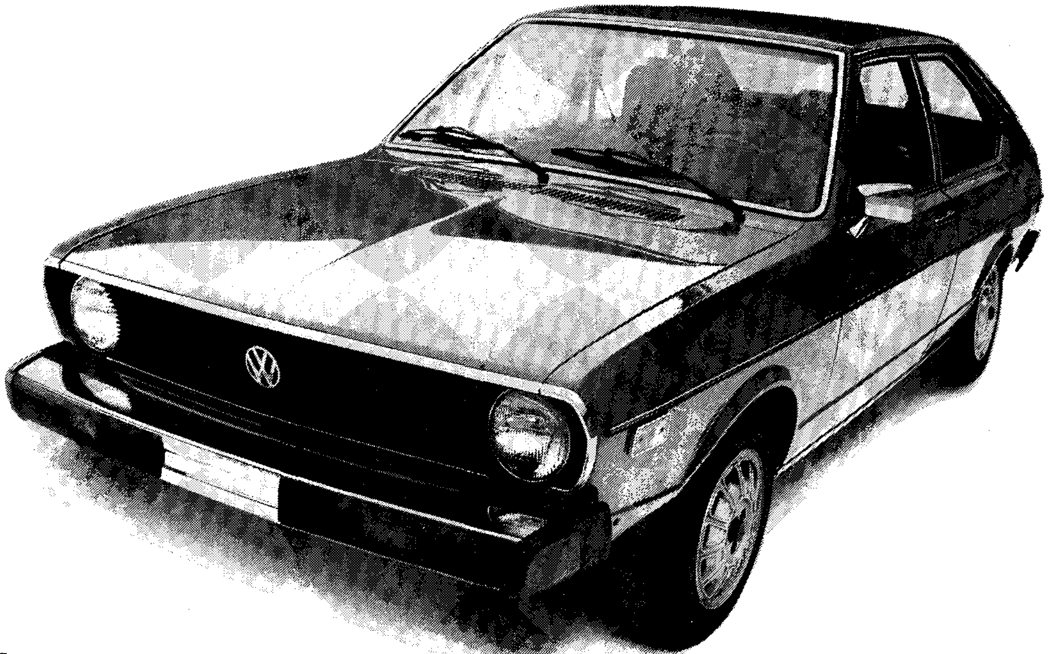

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have a personal, almost physical relationship to the songs I sing, so I paraphrase them in my head for my own understanding. I can't sing 'The Boy Next Door,' nor can I sing Cy Coleman's 'Big Spender,' because it's about a prostitute. And I don't understand singers who make a swinging thing out of a tragic song like 'Love for Sale.' So lyrics are terribly important to me. My notes follow the words and they generally land in the right places, but if they don't I invariably know it. If you laugh when you're singing, an audience will laugh with you, but if you cry, the audience won't cry with you. That is Mr. Sinatra's secret: his joy, his emotion never overreach; they always stop just in time. There has to be a certain amount of improvisation in my singing. I almost always breathe a song in the same way, but the notes are given a different emphasis. I perform in a one-to-one way. I have to *see* a face in the audience, and then I'll sing to that face. It's a very personal thing, to sing *to* people and not at them. I *need* my audience, which is why I never sing to myself at home.

"Before I leave for the great beyond, I'd like to do an album of all the songs I've done before, the songs I did first and kind of feel I own. I'd like Gordon Jenkins and Don Costa to do the arrangements, and I'd sing Sammy Cahn's 'Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry' and Harold Arlen's 'As Long As I Live.' And there'd be James Shelton's 'I'm the Girl' and his 'Lilac Wine,' which only singers like me sing. And I'd do 'Mountain Greenery' and 'Imagination' and all the Jimmy Van Heusen and Rodgers-and-Hart songs I've done before. I'd call the album 'On Second Thought.' I think it would be an important thing. When you ask as much as I have of this world, you have to leave something in exchange."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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The issue is being placed privately, through the Wall Street investment banking firm of Loeb, Rhoades & Co. and is being sold in denominations of $500,000, putting it out of reach of most individuals.—*The Times.*

Oh?

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[*Adv. in "Ad-Lib," published by Micro Media, Los Gatos, Calif.*]

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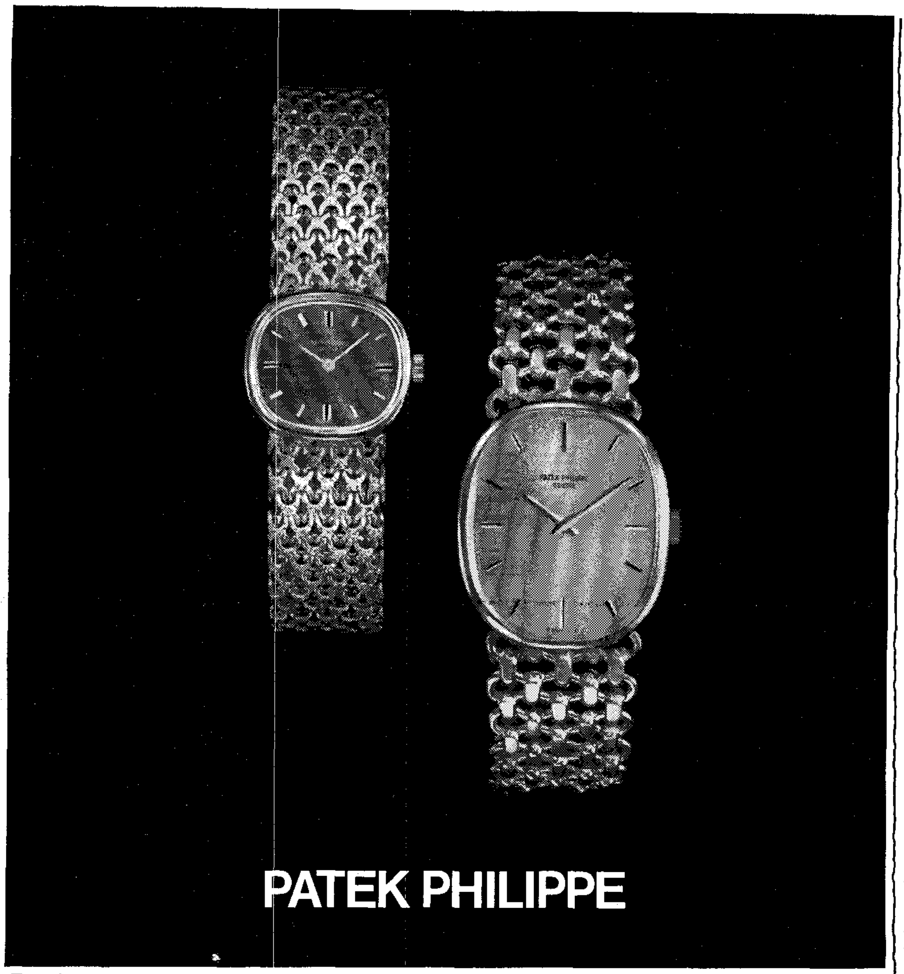

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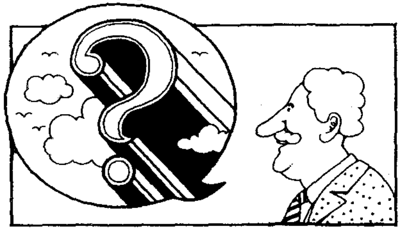

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TRANSATLANTIC BENEFACTIONS

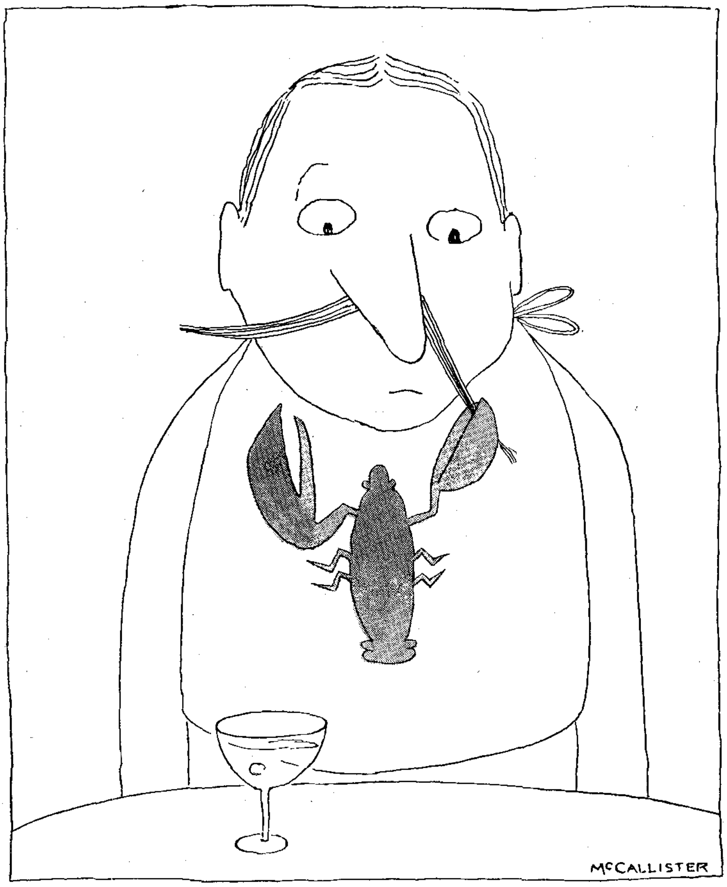
THE three plays that opened on Broadway last week all came from England. Interestingly, they have nothing in common except the intensity of their Englishness; still more interestingly, each manifests this quality in a fashion radically different from the others. The first of them to arrive was "Flowers," at the Biltmore, and it proved to be a mingling of dance and mime, loosely based on Jean Genet's "Our Lady of the Flowers." Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Lindsay Kemp, who is billed as having "devised, designed, and directed" the production and who is its able star, has been inspired not so much by Genet's texts as by Genet's sensibility; the various scenes are said to take place in a prison, a cemetery, a café in Montmartre, a garret, and a theatre, but the settings are important only to the degree to which they happen to be effective theatrically. What we spend the evening observing is less a play than Mr. Kemp's ruminations on the play that he might have written if he had not found the scary attic of his mind so fascinating to rummage about in. It is a mind preoccupied with violence directly sexual—"Flowers" revels in vivid acts of masturbation, sodomy, cunnilingus, and fornication—and with violence only indirectly sexual, like murder by hanging, garrotting, shooting, and stabbing. If you are made queasy by the sight of blood, or even by red watercolor imitating blood, you will not cotton to Mr. Kemp.

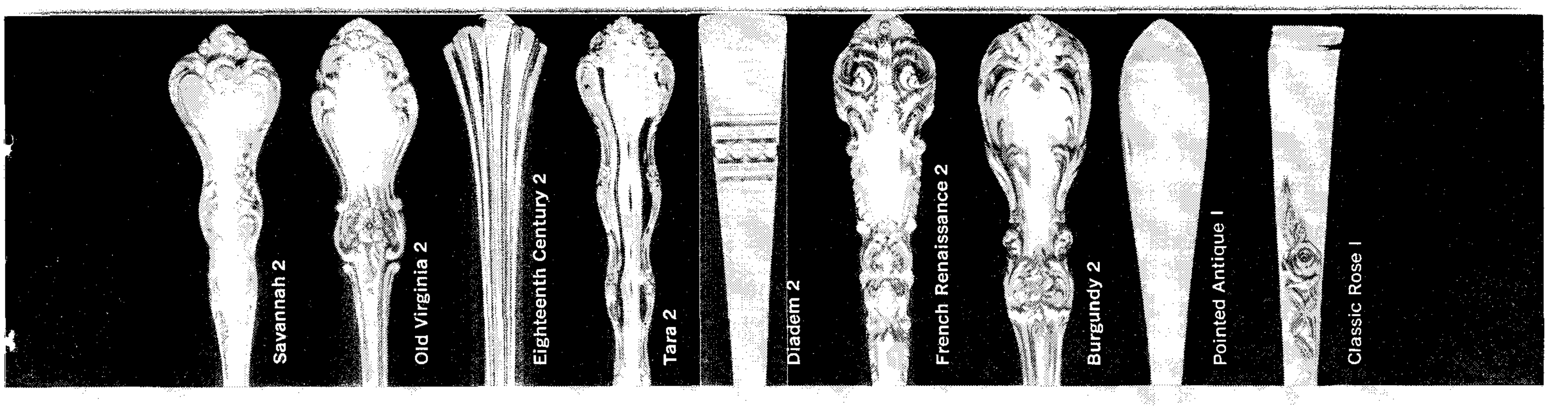
"Flowers" is an admirable embodiment of the homosexual transvestite's ideal of parody, which seeks less to ridicule the original work than to achieve a connection with it. One is reminded that, all questions of sexual orientation aside, mime is more successful at conveying pathos than it is at conveying wit. There is something infinitely touching about the silent gesture; that is the reason Chaplin in his early pictures could break our hearts at the very moment that we were laughing at him, though once he began to speak, using words precisely as we did, our hearts stopped breaking. I found a little to laugh at and a good deal to be moved by in the damply glowing flowers of evil that Mr. Kemp has gathered up and scattered before us. He has the help of a company of six men and a woman, whose young bodies, often entirely naked, are lithe and well disciplined and a great pleasure to watch.

"ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR," at the Music Box, is a brilliant little comedy of domestic misadventure in which, if one troubles to listen closely, a sentence of death is pronounced upon the institution of marriage. Its author, Alan Ayckbourn, has made the play serve as a proof of Murphy's Law—"If anything can go wrong, it will"—and has let us glimpse, behind a shining scrim of jokes, sight gags, and hilarious sudden reversals of fortune, his view of life as nasty, brutish, and short. The play is actually three neatly dovetailed one-acters, in which, over a period of years, one of three couples entertains the two other couples during the purportedly joyous Christmas season. The first play shows a lower-middle-class businessman and his compulsively tidy wife at the start of their rise to fortune; they are having in for cocktails a clever, womanizing architect, his despairing wife, and a suave nitwit of a banker and *his* wife, snobbish and hard-drinking. In the second play, the architect has fallen on hard times and his wife is energetically but without success attempting to commit suicide. In the third play, we are at the home of the banker, where the heat has gone off, the wife is deep in her cups, and the banker is contentedly making his slow way through a dirty book.

From beginning to end, the play is a model of cunning stagecraft; the tiny material of one gag becomes the material for a second, and the second for a third; with each repetition, the material grows richer and more comic. (In the first play, note the matter of the wife's fluffy mules, which are replaced by evening slippers, which are replaced by rubber boots; a point is reached at which the husband, seeing the evening slippers abandoned on the kitchen floor, stares heavenward, as if to discover at what point the projectile of her ascending body may have penetrated the ceiling. We laugh; a stone would laugh.) Mr. Ayckbourn, who is said to be able to compose a play of ordinary length in a day or so and a trilogy in a week, attracts our attention by his many hardworking jokes, but he holds it by the profundity of his contempt for how men treat women inside the bonds of marriage. All three husbands behave viciously toward their wives; the wives suffer and deteriorate. The enigmatic title of the play may have reference to these miserable relationships; if so, the reference is too deep for me.

The cast of "Absurd Person Singular" consists of Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Geraldine Page,





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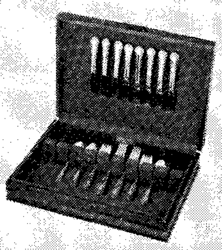

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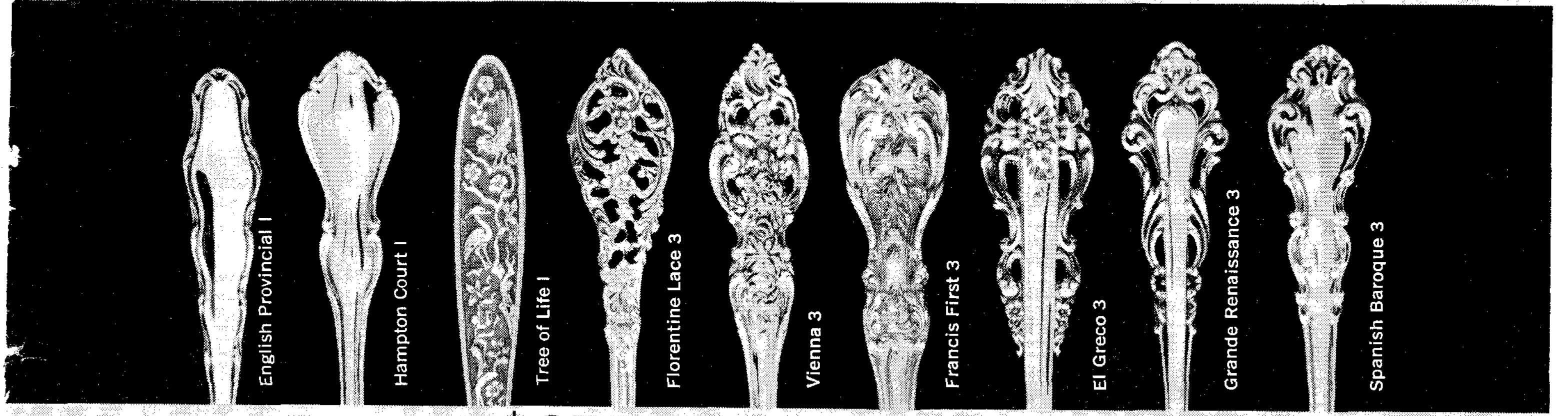

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Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, and Tony Roberts. I admired Mr. Blyden most and Miss Dennis least; it must be said that the director, Eric Thompson, has not been able to turn his little company into an ensemble. He has let them play many of their scenes too broadly—sometimes a double take is held for seconds—and if the play is to have the long run here that it deserves, he will have to keep close watch on this especially unappealing form of self-indulgence. The amusing scenery is by Edward Burbridge, the costumes are by Levino Verna, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton.

PETER NICHOLS' "The National Health," at the Circle in the Square, is a play about the physical and spiritual indignities of sickness, old age, and approaching death. It takes place in the men's ward of a hospital somewhere in England; the dreadfulness of suffering and the still greater dreadfulness of the certain end to suffering hang in the antiseptic air. A medical orderly who serves as a Scapin-like interlocutor tells the audience as the play draws to a close that he expects to see us all "behind the screens"—that is, behind the screens that are put up around a patient's bed at the moment of his death—and the cheerfulness of his bearing implies not that our appointment with him is far off but that it is sooner than we think.

Hard as it may be to believe, Mr. Nichols' play is an unbroken series of successful jokes: gallows humor of a kind that makes us simultaneously gasp and laugh. It is a play in which the disgustingness of our failed mortality—the bedpans equally with the senile loss of reason—is transformed and rendered acceptable. Mr. Nichols implies that the price we pay for living is almost intolerably high, but "almost" is the word he emphasizes and celebrates. I am taking care to say as little as possible about the plot of "The National Health," lest I keep even one potential member of its audience away. Myself, I am so suggestible that even passing the door of a real hospital tends to give me the vapors, but I can testify that Mr. Nichols' close, compassionate scrutiny of life and death heightened my sense of well-being instead of diminishing it; we forget at our peril that the artist is the best of physicians.

This immaculate production of "The National Health" is directed by Arvin Brown, the artistic director of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, where Mr. Brown and most of the present company put on the play last season. By today's standards, the company is extraordinarily large—twenty-four in all—and Mr. Brown, an unshakable respecter of authors' intentions, has kept it deftly, confidently in motion, without haste. The orderly is wonderfully well played by Leonard Frey; among others I cannot resist singling out for praise are Richard Venture, William Swetland, George Taylor, Louis Beachner, Rita Moreno, Emery Battis, Paul Rudd, John Braden, and Joyce Ebert. The scenery is by Virginia Dancy Webb, the costumes are by Whitney Blausen, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace.

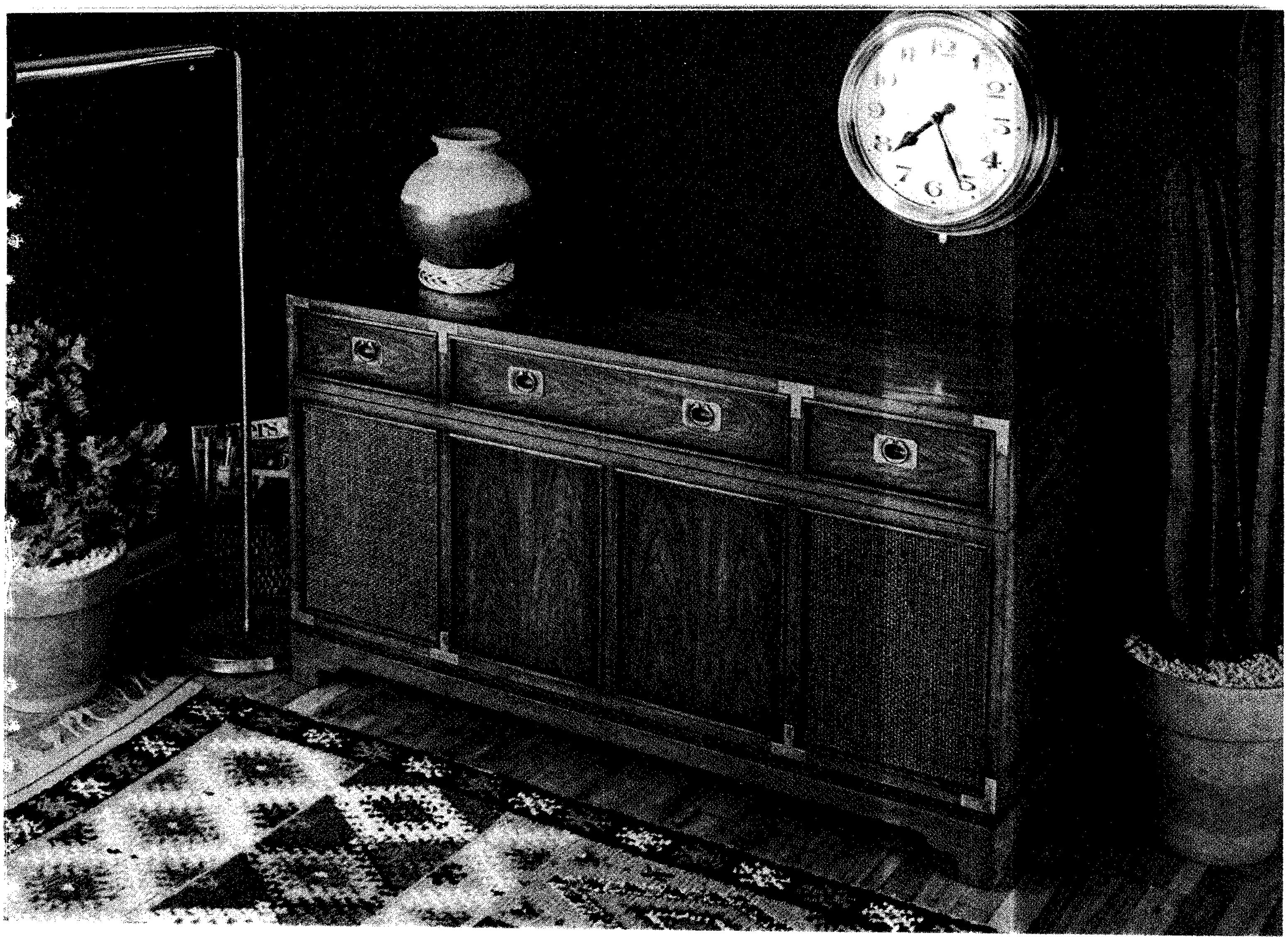
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Deuces Tame

"FIGURES IN THE SAND" is the over-all title of a pair of one-acters by Nathan Teitel which opened last week at St. Clement's and will be playing there through October 27th. "Duet," the longer of the two, is about a rich suburban middle-aged couple who deplore the emptiness of their lives at great length and then slip back, first into their radical youth and then into their cute-kid childhood. Eventually, they slide forward into a dreamy, affectionate old age. Mr. Teitel's highfalutin "poetic" (as opposed to precise) dialogue cannot mask the utter banality of his ideas: his characters are hand-me-downs. Nevertheless, they are played with skill and freshness and subtlety by Carol Teitel and Kevin O'Connor, under Nick Havinga's direction, so that although the play is often annoying, it is never a bore. It is accompanied by the much briefer "Trio," about an elderly couple whose son left home many years before and has recently written them a postcard. The wife, mean and crazy, hears voices, and the husband, at the end, walks off to go fishing. That's all, but again Mrs. Teitel and Mr. O'Connor almost rescue the show. The settings, by Ben Edwards (a deserted beach for "Duet" and a drab living room for "Trio"), the costumes, by Jane Greenwood, and the incidental music, by Teiji Ito, are of the high quality that one has come to expect of productions at St. Clement's. This theatre is in a little church on Forty-sixth Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and, under Mr. O'Connor's artistic direction, it has become one of the liveliest and most truly experimental playhouses Off Off Broadway. That this particular experiment hasn't succeeded doesn't matter much. The next one probably will.

—EDITH OLIVER



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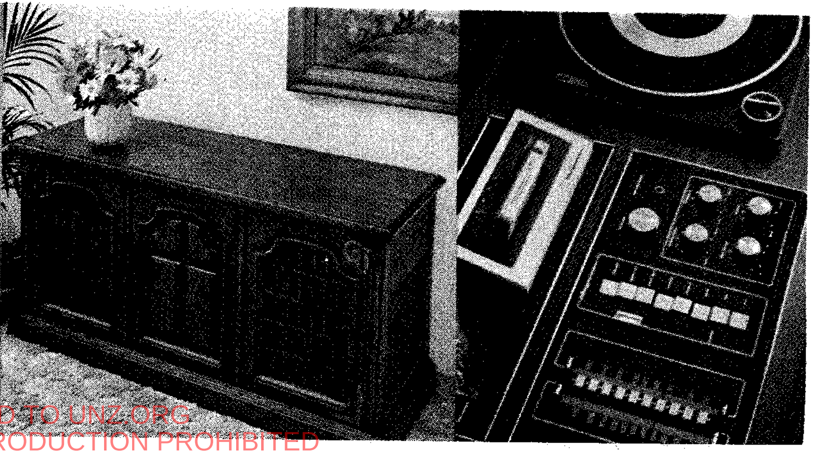

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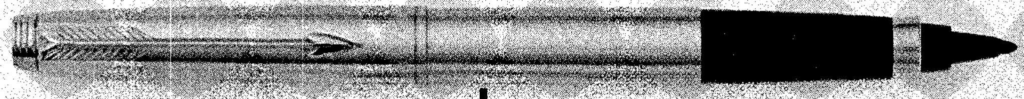

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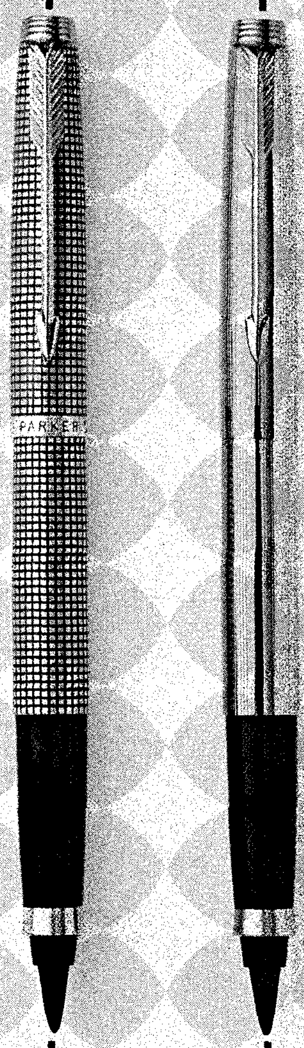

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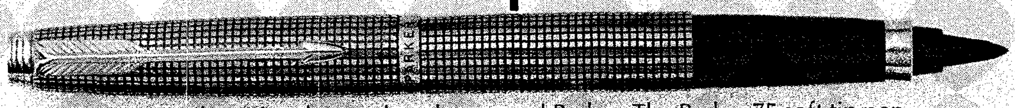

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A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

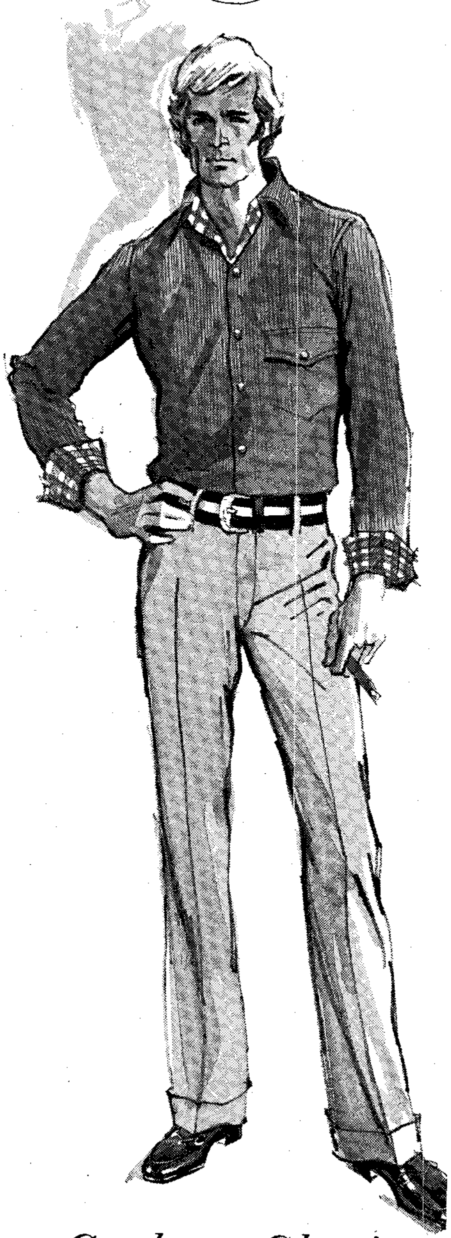
II—SPRING AND SUMMER NOTES

APRIL 4

ROOM 2141 of the Rayburn House Office Building. The House Judiciary Committee's room. The room is on the first or second floor, depending on which street you enter from. (Including a garage, there are entrances to this building on three levels.) Police are stationed outside the door. Television cameras are being set up in the hallway. Also in the hallway are yellow ropes to hold back waiting spectators. One could almost follow the story of Watergate and the impeachment by tracing the route of the yellow ropes. Nearly a year ago, they were outside the meetings of the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities—the Ervin committee. Then they were outside the hearings of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which was inquiring into the firing of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. And they were outside the hearings of the Senate Rules and Administration Committee, briefly, in November, at the time of the confirmation of Vice-President-designate Ford. Now they are here, for the inquiry into the President's impeachment.

The walls and the carpeting of the Judiciary Committee's room are pale green. On the walls are paintings of Peter Rodino's predecessors as committee chairman: Hatton W. Sumners, of Texas; George S. Graham, of Pennsylvania; Emanuel Celler, of New York. The committee is to meet at ten o'clock, but at ten the thirty-eight members are just beginning to file in. Today, there is to be another "briefing," at which members merely talk, as opposed to a "meeting," at which they vote or make decisions. Rodino has been calling the briefings as a kind of cathartic exercise while postponing potentially divisive questions until he can find a consensus, and while giving the staff time to gather the evidence and prepare papers on procedural questions as they arise. Reporters are still taking their readings of the committee members, getting to know them, cultivating them. The committee members do not seem to mind having these newfound friends or to shrink from their sudden celebrity. Estimates are made of which members are "hard-line" for the President, which ones are "pro-impeachment," and which ones are the "undecideds." It is generally assumed that a majority of the Republicans are hard-line, but it is difficult to be sure even of that. It may be that some statements are being made now for public consumption; the evidence may crack the hard line. It is also generally assumed that most of the Democrats feel that the President's actions warrant impeachment. Whether committee members who are put in the undecided column really belong there only they know. As the members file in, the reporters surround them, asking questions, and the photographers take pictures—especially of Rodino. He is wearing a dark-blue pin-striped suit, a blue-and-white striped shirt. A rosette of the Knights of Malta is in his lapel, and a blue silk handkerchief is in his pocket. He looks almost dapper. Rodino is of medium build. His complexion is ruddy—setting off his full head of wavy hair, which is partly gray and partly white—and he smiles a lot. The members take their seats on two tiers—the Democrats to Rodino's right, with the exception of the thirty-two-year-old Elizabeth Holtzman, of New York, and the thirty-six-year-old Wayne Owens, of Utah, junior Democrats, who spill over onto the Republican side. John Doar, the special counsel to the inquiry, and Albert Jenner, the minority counsel, with two assistants, sit facing the committee, at what would ordinarily be the witness table. Word spreads that two White House aides are here. They are spotted quickly: two young men who look much alike, pale, sitting stiffly.

At ten-twenty-five, Rodino gavels for order and says, "The chair will first read a statement." He reads, "It has been two months since the House of Representatives, by an overwhelming and historic vote, authorized and directed this committee to investigate whether grounds exist to impeach Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States." In his slightly high-pitched voice, laced with a New Jersey accent, Rodino continues reading: "As regards the President himself, we have been respectfully patient. The courts were patient. The House has been patient. The people have been patient for



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a long, long time. The patience of this committee is now wearing thin." This is no ordinary opening statement. It is a major maneuver in a major struggle, and Rodino is listened to attentively by members of the committee. "On February 25th," he reads, "the committee made a specific request to the counsel of the President for specific evidence of specific facts of specific relevance to our inquiry. That request [for tapes and documents] so far has not been honored. . . . We can subpoena them if we must."

Edward Hutchinson, Republican of Michigan and the senior minority member, sitting just to Rodino's left, says, "Mr. Chairman, this committee has displayed an extreme amount of patience . . . and I cannot understand why there should at this late date still be any doubt in anybody's mind as to what it is we are after."

Robert McClory, Republican of Illinois, and the second-ranking minority member, has been trying to speak, but Rodino says that he will first call on John Doar. (Hutchinson is passive, and McClory is angling for the leadership of the minority side.) This has been carefully choreographed. Doar and Rodino meet almost every evening—sometimes for hours. (Someone says that Doar was up until 3 A.M. last night. Another staff member is in the hospital with an ulcer.) Doar reads a letter to James St. Clair, the President's attorney, which Rodino says he has instructed Doar to send. The committee also listens attentively to Doar as he reads, in his throaty, boyish voice, the letter spelling out once more what the committee is seeking. As he does so, he is letting the committee, and the public, know how important that material might be. It has to do with "action or nonaction" by the President or any of his senior aides and "the President's knowledge or lack of knowledge of, or participation in, or lack of participation in" acts to obstruct justice. It restates the committee's belief in its Constitutional authority to obtain these tapes and documents, and refers to the resolution passed by the House on February 6th which authorized the committee to conduct the inquiry and subpoena material. Rodino and Doar sought the authorization—it was approved by a vote of 410–4—in order to have an underpinning for subsequent committee action. "We therefore request a reply by Tuesday, April 9th, at the latest, with respect to whether or not the conversations referred to in our letter of February 25, will be delivered to the committee," Doar concludes. "Sincerely, John Doar, Special Counsel." There it is, a line drawn in the dust.

APRIL 5

AS Americans struggle with their income-tax returns, we read the continuing stories about the President's taxes. White House aides say that the President's decision to pay the $432,787.13, plus interest, that the Internal Revenue Service said he owes has "almost virtually wiped out" his personal savings. The President cannot sell his home in San Clemente, because he promised last December, when his tax returns were made public, to give that to the nation. Although the President said last fall that he would "be glad to have the papers back" if the Internal Revenue Service disallowed the deduction, the National Archives has maintained that his pre-Presidential papers are now the property of the government. The White House has put out a statement saying, "Any errors which have been made in the preparation of the President's returns were made by those to whom he delegated the responsibility for preparing his returns and were made without his knowledge and without his approval."

•

THE *Wall Street Journal* reports today that the Maurice H. Stans Award for Distinguished Federal Financial Management has been abandoned.

•

EDWIN REINECKE, lieutenant governor of California, was indicted in Washington this week by one of the Watergate grand juries on three counts of lying to the Senate Judiciary Committee during its investigation of the I.T.T. case.

•

ON the CBS news tonight, Frank DeMarco, one of the President's tax lawyers, says that he went over the President's tax returns with him "page by page."

APRIL 6

TODAY'S Washington *Post* reports that the President still has pre-Presidential papers valued at one and a half million dollars. (He also, of course, has his Presidential papers.) The staff of the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, which reported last week that the President owed $476,411 in back taxes, has found that many valuable pre-Presidential papers were not included among those donated to the

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Archives. It has said that included among those donated were three boxes—apparently valued by Ralph G. Newman, Nixon's appraiser, at fifteen thousand dollars—dealing with Nikita Khrushchev's visits to the United States as Premier and consisting only of newspaper clippings.

APRIL 8

MONDAY. The Howard Hughes hundred thousand dollars is with us again. As in a Bach fugue, the themes recur and overlap and become more complex. (Last December, when Chester Davis, a Hughes attorney, flung the money down before the Ervin committee—"Here's the goddam money"—there was one hundred thousand one hundred dollars. Nothing stays in place. Like that gap in the tape which grew by quarter minutes from eighteen minutes to eighteen and a half.) It has been leaked to the papers that Herbert W. Kalmbach, the President's former personal attorney, who had served as a campaign fund raiser, gave new testimony on the subject of the Hughes money to the Ervin committee in executive session a few weeks ago. (There are now frequent leaks out of the Ervin-committee staff's investigation. In January, the committee postponed further hearings, and the leaks—in a pattern of congressional-committee behavior which has appeared before, in unpleasant form—are keeping the issue of the Hughes money alive.) Kalmbach said (according to the leak) that the President's friend Bebe Rebozo had told him that part of the money was given or lent to Donald and Edward Nixon (the President's brothers) and to Rose Mary Woods (the President's secretary). Rebozo, in testimony, and the President, in a press conference last fall, had said that the money had been kept by Rebozo—according to Rebozo, in a safe-deposit box. Rebozo did "not touch it," said the President, "because it was turned back in exactly the same form it was received—I think that is a pretty good indication that he is a totally honest man, which he is."

•

OVER the weekend, the President flew to Paris to attend memorial services for the late French President Georges Pompidou, and extended his visit to meet with a number of world leaders. Alexander Haig, the White House chief of staff, told reporters, "It was very evident that European leaders and world leaders with whom the President met continue to look to the United States and President Nixon as an essential factor in the realization of the continuing efforts to develop a structure for stable international environment." Haig said that the world leaders in Paris could not conceive of Mr. Nixon's being impeached and convicted.

•

A HARRIS poll published today said that the President's popularity rose five points after his trips to Chicago and Nashville and Houston in March and before the report on his taxes was made public.

•

IN the Judiciary Committee briefing this morning, Republicans—particularly McClory—complained about the lack of business meetings at which votes could be taken, and about the failure to settle the issue of James St. Clair's role. St. Clair has asked to participate in the impeachment proceedings. Rodino—in accordance with a style that he seems to be developing—has not yet called a meeting on the issue, which might divide the committee. He is slowly establishing a reputation for fairness—even among the grumbling Republicans—and, to the astonishment of many, has managed to cool the more hotheaded committee members. But Rodino and Doar are opposed to St. Clair's participation. The argument they give is that this proceeding is analogous to that of a grand jury, but there is also a fear that St. Clair's presence would be intrusive. Nonetheless, precedents exist, in the cases of judges, for the subject of an impeachment inquiry to have counsel present.

•

"LET me explain to you what I think is happening," Tom Railsback, Republican of Illinois, who is considered an "undecided" member of the House Judiciary Committee, said at lunch. "There are many members of the minority who don't like the idea of Doar and Jenner working together. You have to differentiate between trying to get at the truth and these procedural things. But the procedural things are very important to us. It is going to be easier for members of the minority to vote for impeachment if they feel that the President has got a fair deal. I want to be able to go back to my Republicans in my district and say, 'Look, we fought to get him every break, but the evidence was thus and so.' Also, cross-examination is one of the best ways to get at the truth." (Railsback did not say so, but I have been told that another reason the Re-

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publicans are anxious to win participation for St. Clair is that it would relieve them of the burden of defending the President.)

Railsback talked of his own present thinking about whether the President should be impeached. "I just don't know," he said. "I want to hear the March 21st tape. I want to see what was in the bulging briefcase"—the briefcase that was forwarded to the committee by the Watergate grand jury. Railsback said he felt that in the matter of the coverup or of manipulation of sensitive agencies, such as the C.I.A. or F.B.I., which would be serious offenses, there had to be "direct evidence" of Presidential involvement.

What if a leader took care not to give orders that could be traced, I asked.

"I think you have to prove his involvement," Railsback replied. "I don't mean that if Nixon was in the room when these things were discussed and then didn't do anything about it, that would be all right. We would want to investigate those circumstances closely. That might make him a conspirator. I think he's got to have knowledge. It's a tough question."

I asked Railsback if it worried him that there could be a President under whom all kinds of acts were carried out but who, because he was not found to be personally involved, was not held responsible.

"Yes, yes," he replied. "The saddest indictment of this Administration is the pervasive attitude of top-level aides that they could do anything they pleased and get away with it. I don't think that's O.K. It has brought an impeachment proceeding that has been a disgrace to the President. His aides have been fired and indicted. I just don't think that if a President has been elected by more than sixty per cent of the people you reverse that decision unless you find serious offenses."

I asked if he felt, then, that a President should not be held responsible for the acts of subordinates.

"Under our general criminal law, in order to convict a superior you have to have conspiracy or complicity," he said. "I don't buy the Madison concept. [James Madison argued in the first Congress that a President can be held accountable, and impeached, for the acts of subordinates.] I don't think there are any precedents for that. If it was implied that subordinates could commit criminal acts, that would be a problem. Say the plumbers' operation envisioned criminal acts. You have to bear in mind that national security will be raised as a defense. But if the Presi-

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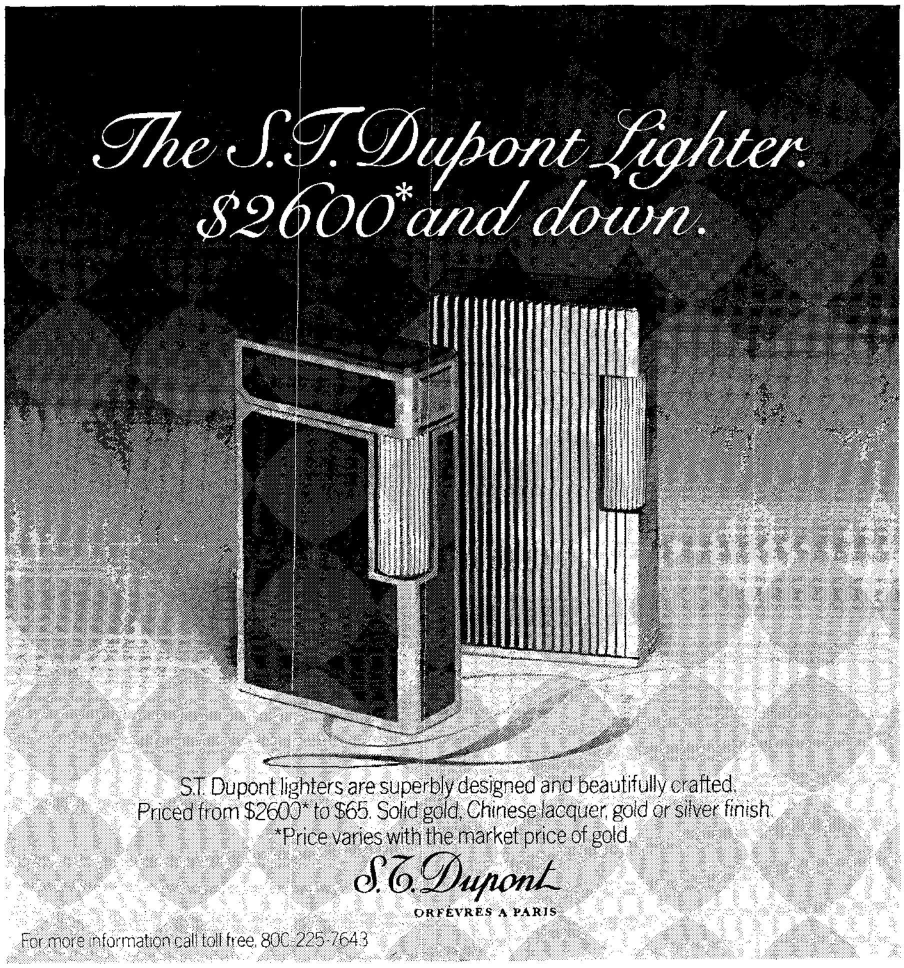

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dent said, 'Go out and get the evidence and I don't care how you do it,' that could be grounds. This could be one of the most critical issues in defining an impeachable offense—the extent of his participation or knowledge. Most people have not gone into it much yet. Don't forget one thing. Some people are under indictment. Some people have lost their means of livelihood. There's some reason for some of them not to take the rap for the President if he was involved. I don't think he'd pardon them. That would be too unseemly."

APRIL 10

THIS afternoon, I went to see Representative Walter Flowers, a Democrat from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, who is a member of the Judiciary Committee. When Flowers first ran for Congress, in 1968, he campaigned as a supporter of George Wallace, and that year, too, he worked to get Wallace on the national ballot. Flowers' vote is considered one of the crucial votes on the committee—one that could not only affect the outcome in the committee but influence the votes of other Southerners if he supports articles of impeachment that go to the House floor. On the walls of his office, in the Cannon House Office Building, there were pictures of Flowers with George Wallace and of Flowers with James Allen, the very conservative Democratic senator from Alabama. There was also a framed poster of the Capitol, with a quotation from Alexander Hamilton: "Here, sir, the people govern." Before being elected to Congress, Flowers was an attorney. Now, as he entered his office from having voted on the House floor, he removed a beige suède jacket. He was wearing tinted glasses, a flowered shirt, and brown-and-beige plaid trousers. He has dark-brown hair, which is curly and slightly graying. He is forty-one, relaxed, and friendly. He speaks softly, with a gentle Southern accent.

"I have an open mind," Flowers said. "But I'm miffed, just as a lot of people are, at the fancy footwork on the part of the President's lawyer. I don't look at this as a partisan thing at all. Hell, I come from a no-party state. I'd say that seventy-five to eighty per cent of the people who voted for me voted for Richard Nixon in the last election. I feel as independent on this as anyone could. I feel I could vote either way and survive. I don't intend to run a poll and go by it. I think of this as a once-in-a-lifetime proposition. I don't mean to be melodramatic. I feel I just happened to be in the breach when the gun got loaded with this

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particular shell. I'm hearing less political talk out of the Congress on this than on anything else. They talk about doing what's right for the country, and most of the members want that, but they don't know what that is yet. I'm probably a good case study as a Southern Democrat." Behind him, as he sat at his desk, were the American flag, the Confederate flag, and the flag of Alabama. "As a Southern Democrat, I'd say my thinking probably represents that of most Southern Democrats whose districts are pro-Nixon. People in our state have an innate loyalty to the institutions of their government and the occupant of the office. That helps me, and the governor. They equate supporting the President with supporting the country. I sincerely feel that there is a difference of attitude between the New York-Washington corridor and the rest of the country. These grand jurors here in Washington are no more representative of the average grand jury than the man in the moon. This thing has a national character. It's unusual to take a grand jury from the nation's most unusual city—seventy-five per cent black. The grand jury was mostly black, and a couple of the members were unemployed, and the foreman was a naturalized American. Now, there's nothing wrong with that, but it isn't typical. I go from here to Alabama every weekend. It's like going from the Sahara to Antarctica. I just don't think grass-roots America is getting heard. As far as the national press is concerned, you take the newsmen, the television producers. I think it's clear a majority don't like Nixon and would like him to be removed from office. They've set the scene that makes it easier for it to happen. I hear all these predictions that the House is going to impeach the President. Ain't no way anyone can know. *We* don't know. Rodino doesn't know. I hear Democrats say in the cloakroom that the Republicans will have to vote for impeachment. Well, I just don't know. I hear that the Republicans want Ford in. Well, a guy's natural reaction is going to be to defend his own man. I'd speculate right now that a large majority of the Republicans are going to vote against impeachment, and I'm *afraid* that it's going to get down to what the Southern Democrats do. I'd like it to be as bipartisan as possible."

I asked Flowers to tell me more about the point of view that equates the man with the office.

"It's a patriotic support of the institution that works in Nixon's favor," he said. "Also, this country went so overwhelmingly for Nixon two years ago, and against the Democratic candidate. In my section of the country, Nixon still enjoys large support, because in some areas being against Nixon is equated with being pro-McGovern. My district is forty per cent black, and the blacks largely went for McGovern. Nixon got eighty-five to ninety per cent of the white vote."

I asked Flowers what would persuade him to vote for impeachment.

"I have purposely left that open," he said. "I haven't stretched my imagination to say, 'If Nixon and John Dean were talking and Nixon said this, I'd vote for, or if they said another, I'd vote against.' I substantially support the broad view of what constitutes an impeachable offense, but that seems moot, because most of the things that have been talked about are criminal offenses."

What if you have a pattern of offenses by the President's aides, I asked.

"Then you have a pattern of offenses by his aides, and you have to see what they are," he replied. "One of my professors in law school told me that out of the facts the law rises, and I'll never forget it. That's why I think the broad view is the right view, and Jerry Ford wasn't all wrong when he said that an impeachable offense is whatever the House thinks it is." (In 1970, when Ford, then House Minority Leader, led a drive to impeach Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas—reviving the antique notion of impeachment—he said, "An impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history." Ford did go on to say that the removal from office of a President, who, unlike judges, could be voted out of office after four years, would "require crimes of the magnitude of treason and bribery," but what entered our political lore was the first part of his statement.)

Flowers showed me a petition from some law students at the University of Alabama. "We urge you to vote for and push for the impeachment of Mr. Nixon," it read. "Only a trial in the Senate can clear the air of the many doubts and frustrations engendered by Mr. Nixon's so-called 'law and order' Administration and restore public confidence in our government and its leaders." Flowers said, "The news media have been largely responsible for this—the idea that we should send it to the Senate. I have come to the firm opinion that at least this member is going to cast his vote on the same basis as he would if he were a senator. The emotion in the House is a little lop-

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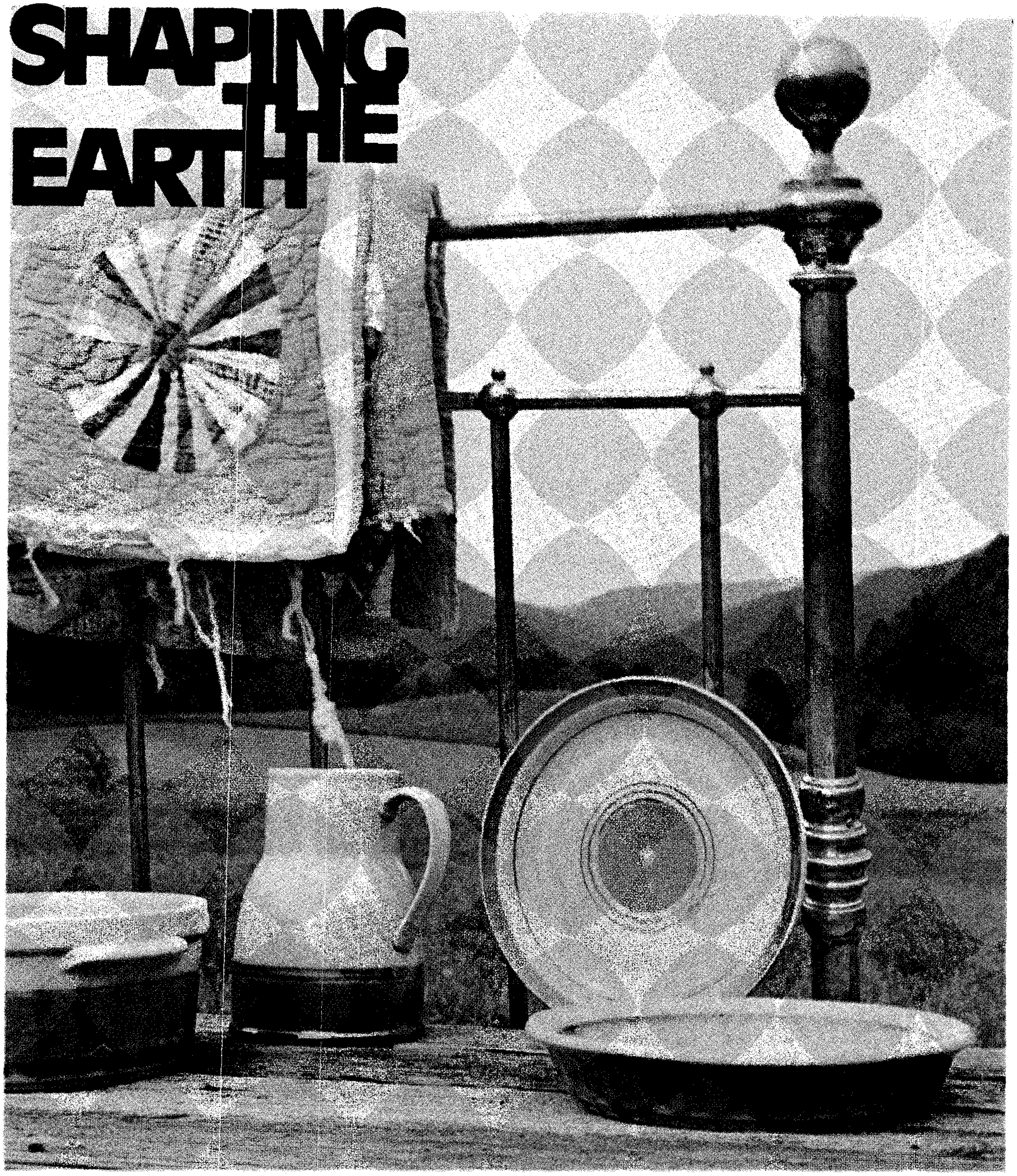

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sided for impeachment now, because the members get a lopsided view of it, but the degree of proof needed is the same. I think most of the members feel that way. I think most of the members will not cop out and pass the buck to the Senate. I think that would be morally irresponsible."

I asked Flowers if he felt that failure of the White House to coöperate with the inquiry would be a factor in the outcome.

"It would certainly be a factor," he replied. "I'm more than disappointed in their response so far. If they flagrantly disregard a subpoena, I think it will be very bad. If requests have been flagrantly disregarded, I think that the assumption will be that it goes against the President. There is a principle of evidentiary law that comes down from merry old England—and most of us are lawyers—that says that if one party to a controversy has under his dominion or control evidence or a body of fact and he fails to present it to the jury or the court, you may presume that that evidence goes against him."

Did Flowers, I asked, give any credence to the idea that the President was protecting the principle of confidentiality?

"Bull," he replied. "Bull."

◆

THE House and the Senate are working late tonight, trying to clear away some legislation before the Easter recess begins, on Friday. In an elevator in the Cannon House Office Building, a member of Congress was in a great hurry to get to the House to vote, and the elevator operator took him directly to the subway, not stopping at other floors. To make conversation, I said, "You're working pretty hard these days, aren't you?"

"Sure am," he replied.

"Well, you've got a week off coming," I said.

"I've got to leave here and go home and face the music," he said. "That's not time off. Anytime I'm *here* or *there*, it's *not time off*." He grasped my arm and, looking quite perturbed, said, "Listen, in the year of Watergate and you're a Republican in a Democratic district . . ." Then he threw his arms in the air and left the elevator. The elevator operator smiled.

April 11

BY 9:30 A.M., an hour before the Judiciary Committee is to meet, the line of spectators stretches from the committee room to the sidewalk outside the South Capitol Street entrance to the Rayburn House Office Building. Numb as people are, they still recognize when a major event is to happen, and head for it. This is a new one: the first subpoena of a President by a committee of the House of Representatives; the first subpoena in an impeachment inquiry. The committee room is not very large, and the press takes up more than half the seats. The scramble for seats will get worse before this is over. More representatives of the foreign press are arriving in Washington. Some people are already trying to arrange for seats for a Senate trial.

And after some confusion caused by a last-minute offer from St. Clair of part of the material, and after some procedural maneuvers, and roll-call votes on ancillary questions, when the roll is finally called on whether to issue this first subpoena in the impeachment of a President the vote is thirty-three to three. Hutchinson votes against it, and casts a proxy vote for Charles Wiggins, California Republican, who is absent. (Hutchinson has said that he does not believe that the President has committed an impeachable offense, and that he does not believe in subpoenaing the President.) The third vote against the subpoena is cast by Trent Lott, a thirty-two-year-old Mississippi Republican. (Lott's district gave Nixon the highest percentage in 1972—eighty-seven per cent.) The atmosphere in the room is subdued.

Directed to Benjamin Marshall, chief of security for the impeachment inquiry, the subpoena, to be returned by April 25th, says, in printed form, "You are hereby commanded to summon," and then, filled in by typewriter, "Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States of America."

◆

LATER in the afternoon, I went to see James Mann, a conservative Democrat from Greenville, South Carolina, whose vote on the Judiciary Committee, like Flowers', is considered crucial for the outcome both in the committee and on the floor of the House of Representatives. Mann, who is fifty-four, had practiced law in Greenville before he was elected to Congress, in 1968. He had also served in the South Carolina state legislature, had been a prosecuting attorney in the state's courts, and had been widely involved in civic, fraternal, bar, and church activities. On most issues, Mann has supported the President. His congressional district is still heavily in favor of Nixon.

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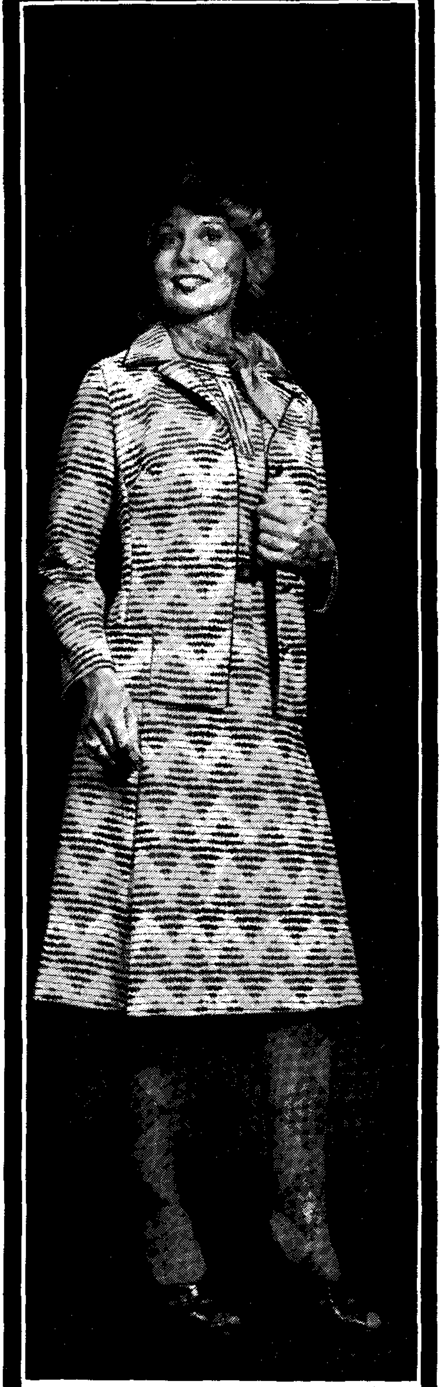

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evidence with an open mind and for the first time," Mann said. "I have not paid attention to the press analyses or the Watergate hearings. I'll see what the facts are and make a decision. It's a common legal maxim that the facts make the law. Depending on what the facts are, the definition of what is an impeachable offense becomes moot." Flowers had said a strikingly similar thing. Mann went on, "In the end, there can be only one definition, and that is: conduct that is so damaging to the national interest that it requires impeachment. That may seem simplistic, but in the end it's what the members will have to go by. The technical definition of crime or no crime is unrealistic. There can be a hundred crimes that don't affect the national interest or morality. I also reject the Ford definition that it is a political decision. There will be some degree of politics—so there is in all life's decisions. One just has to isolate oneself from it to the greatest degree possible. I have no difficulty in assuming a position of impartiality—which increases my distress at some of the members' politicizing a very serious issue."

Mann, who is tall and slim, has thinning gray hair and was wearing a gray suit. His voice is flat, and his pale face is aging. He is soft-spoken and speaks slowly. Many members of the committee, when they are interviewed, are anxious to convey an impression of concern about the magnitude of the issue they are facing. Mann really seemed to feel it. "I find it very distressing," he continued. "I think there's a great vacuum in the media in stressing the procedures. They fail to stress that the staff is proceeding objectively under the explicit instructions of the committee. Mr. Jenner, because of his objectivity, finds himself in difficulty, and even in jeopardy. The real evidences of partisanship are not analyzed well, and so we come up with a continuing battle by the minority to use partisanship as a defensive weapon. There are those on the minority who would inject partisanship into the process solely for the purpose of damaging the process and solely for the purpose of preventing getting the truth determined. I charge that."

I asked him how he assessed the problem of the committee's needing even more material than it has subpoenaed.

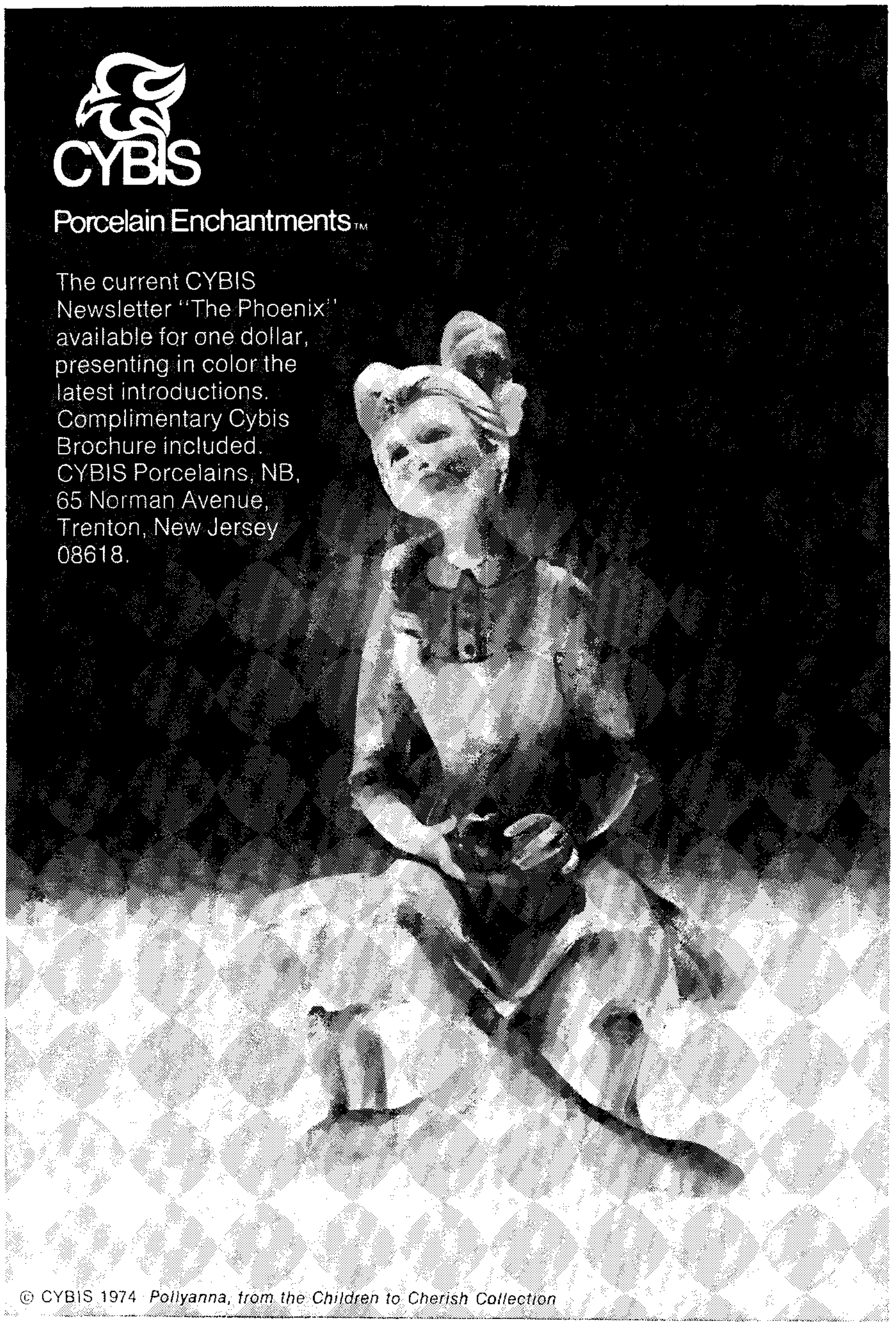
"It appears that dilatory tactics fit the strategy of Mr. St. Clair and the President," he said. "Their idea seems to be that when the White House coughs up material after all the agonizing and quibbling, the American people, wearying of the whole thing, are fruitful soil for the President's saying, 'We gave you all this and now you want more.' It's *frightening* how the electronic throne can be used for this kind of story. It's important that the public understand that impeachment is part of the process, and not the final action, and there's no one to educate them on this. We're handicapped, because our position is too delicate. An explanation of the process in a thoughtful, rational manner becomes an advocacy position."

I asked him if he did not think that the meaning of impeachment would become clear as the proceedings went on.

"Very gradually," he replied. "But as it becomes clear, the weariness of the American people will counterbalance that, and the other side continues to make its argument, so that those of us who are going to do what is objective and fair and right are going to pay a price. A lack of understanding should not cause that to be so. I'm willing to pay, but it's unfortunate that one has to pay for doing one's duty."

I asked Mann about what had been perceived as the need of some committee members to find the commission of a crime by the President, and about the fact that the White House could withhold any such evidence that exists.

"Obviously, that's going to make it very difficult," he said. He shifted his big blue leather chair and removed his jacket. "There will be a tough problem because of tones of voice, and expressions of outrage that weren't made, thrustings of people from his bosom who weren't thrust—on which inferences will be drawn," he said. "As a prosecuting attorney, I feel capable of drawing those inferences, but I'm reluctant to present to the House and the American people a case based on a sophisticated analysis of those items. Yet we're simply not going to be given incriminating evidence. It's said that a very large segment of the American public goes along with that reluctance to give us that evidence, on the basis of a lack of understanding of the process and almost a not wanting to understand the process, because of a fixation on the Presidency versus a willingness to govern themselves and this country through elected representatives. It is characteristic of human nature to want to transfer the responsibility for self-government to a strong central figure. And that characteristic of human nature is played upon by the electronic throne. The media do the President more favors than anyone will ever say. The President can sign a



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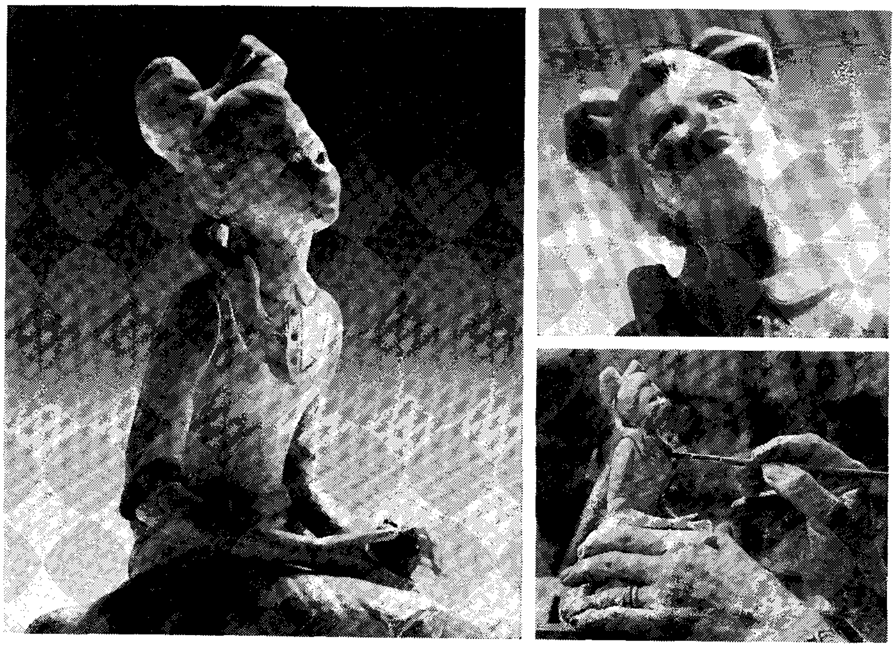

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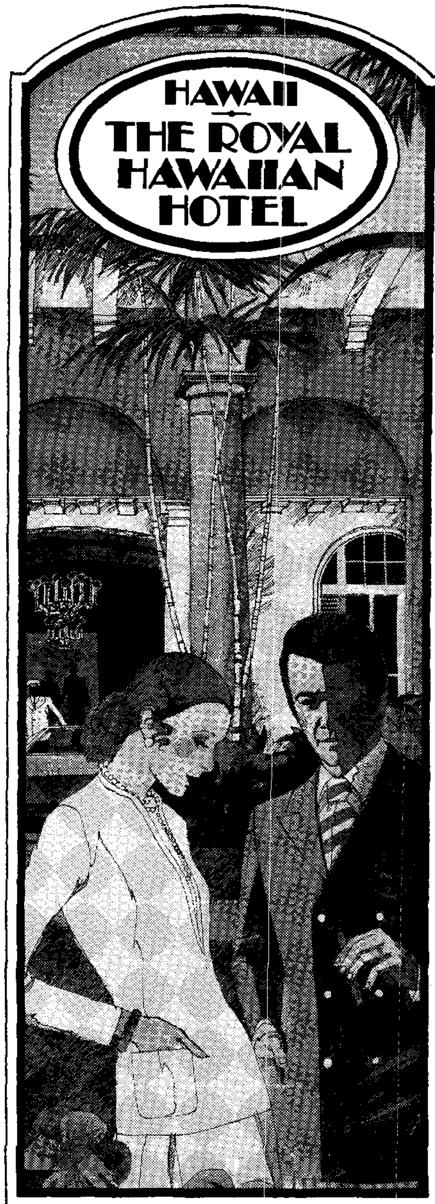

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goody and get it announced. Bad announcements are made by others. A President can get on TV, and who responds for the people? Nobody. When the networks say the Congress can respond, we have what is seen as some little politician yapping back in a partisan manner, and it's counterproductive, because of the tendency of the American people to view the Congress as a monolithic body conspiring against the President."

I asked Mann if there was some process he would prefer to that of impeachment.

"The big shortcoming is the failure of the House of Representatives to maintain an ongoing mechanism for these purposes," he replied. "The failure over the years to exercise oversight on behalf of the people contributed to the point zero from which we had to start. Congress should have had a mechanism for overseeing the conduct of the elected officials and the civil officers of this country. Last year, I proposed that the Judiciary Committee have a subcommittee conduct oversight. Because of my concern about the deterioration of the system, I think that the Watergate affair can be nothing but a tremendous stride toward a return to a more viable self-government."

But, I asked him, what if the precedent set is that these things can be done and, as long as the President does not provide the information and is not held accountable for the acts of his aides, can be done with impunity?

"The fact that the Watergate affair came to light will at least make some people aware of what they are surrendering when they surrender self-government," he replied. "But I'm optimistic enough to believe that even if the public does not want to go through with the trauma of the process, it will give notice as to what it is willing and not willing to tolerate. What there was before this convulsion was a lot more dangerous and powerful than the situation you describe."

APRIL 12

FRIDAY. A perfect spring day. There is something healing, reassuring about it. We have been through so much, and so much is still uncertain, but in Farragut Square, a few blocks from the White House, where I had a picnic lunch with a friend, the red-and-white tulips were out. The white and magenta azaleas that surround the statue of Admiral Farragut are beginning to blossom.

There are all kinds of rumors going around. Rumors about some of the language that the President used while being taped. Rumors that St. Clair is not really being kept informed by his client. (It was apparent that St. Clair's predecessors weren't.) In the Judiciary Committee meeting yesterday, Doar said it was his impression that St. Clair had not heard the tapes. There is talk about the interview that Gerald Ford gave to John Osborne, of *The New Republic*, in which he outlined the membership of a possible Ford Cabinet. Osborne also reported that Ford said the President's tendency to ramble at their meetings drove him "close to distraction." While great Constitutional issues are being raised and a President is struggling to maintain power, "Washington" discusses the Ford Cabinet. It is all the more remarkable in that—Kissinger excepted—little thought is given to the Nixon Cabinet.

The unease, even the fright, of the politicians is quite noticeable. I have never seen them like this before. The impeachment vote is becoming a reality for them. They can often practice the art of not having to cast critical votes. They fudge, and obscure issues, and wrap them in motions to table motions and in technical amendments. We saw some of that yesterday, as they bobbed and weaved around the subpoena. But—unless they are more imaginative than now seems possible—they won't be able to do that when the time comes to vote on whether or not to impeach the President.

•

AFTER a debate that lasted almost two weeks, the Senate mustered the necessary two-thirds vote to close off a filibuster and yesterday passed a bill providing for public financing of all federal campaigns. A couple of weeks ago, Common Cause, the citizens' lobby, released figures showing that as of that time special-interest groups had raised eleven million six hundred thousand dollars in cash to contribute to candidates in the 1974 congressional elections—already more than such groups donated in 1972. It has also been reported that dairy groups now have a contributions fund of two million dollars. In a message to Congress last month, Nixon said that he would oppose public financing, because it would have the effect of "undermining the very foundation of our democratic process."

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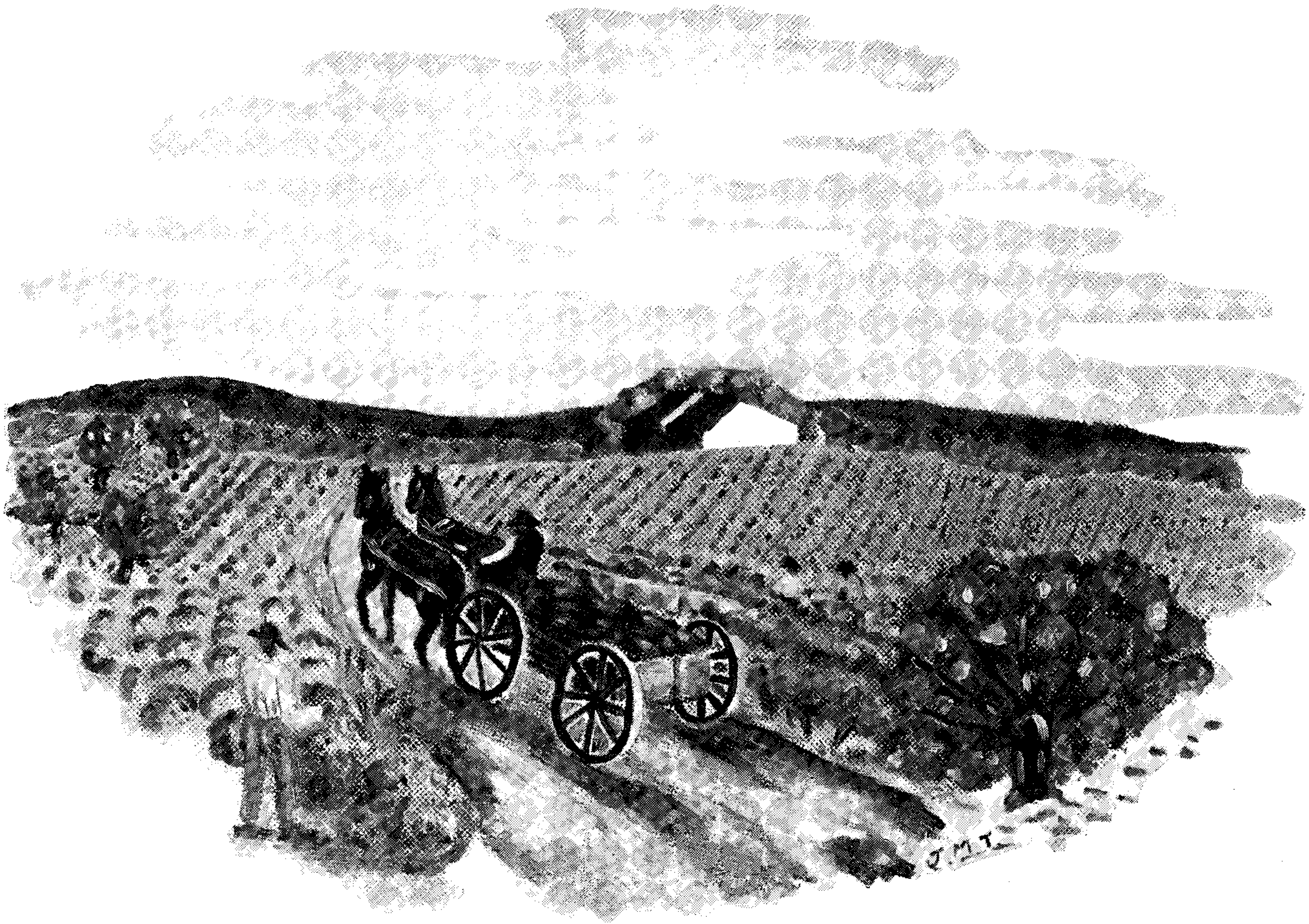
HERBERT PORTER, the former scheduling director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, was sentenced this week to fifteen months in prison—all but thirty



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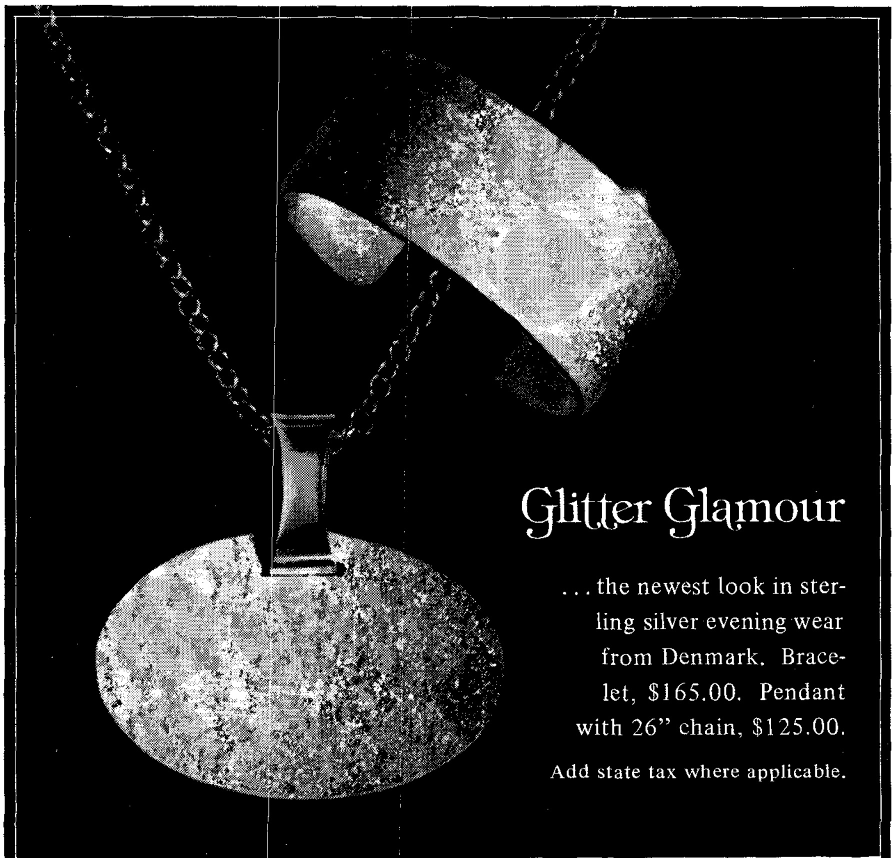

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days suspended—for lying to the F.B.I. in its investigation of Watergate.

•

SENATOR JAMES BUCKLEY said this week that the President should not go to Moscow while impeachment proceedings were pending. Another problem with which we have no experience: a President conducting international negotiations while facing impeachment.

•

GOLDA MEIR resigned this week as Prime Minister of Israel.

•

ON tonight's news: For the first time, a plurality of those queried in a Harris poll favor the impeachment of the President.

APRIL 20

A SECOND subpoena to produce materials was served on the President this week, this one requested by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski and signed by Judge John Sirica. The subpoena was for tapes, memorandums, and Dictabelts covering sixty-four conversations between the President and his aides which occurred between June 20, 1972, three days after the break-in at the Watergate, and June 4, 1973, the day on which the President is said to have spent from ten to twelve hours listening to tapes. The materials have been requested in connection with the forthcoming trial, scheduled for September, of H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, John Mitchell, Charles Colson, and the rest of the seven defendants in the coverup of the Watergate break-in. Twenty-four of the conversations are among those subpoenaed by the House Judiciary Committee last week.

•

THE Republican loss of the election in Michigan's Eighth Congressional District on Tuesday—a seat that Republicans had held for forty-two years—inevitably led to political and press speculation that the President was in worse trouble than ever. The politicians and the press have become accustomed to making the link between election outcomes and the President's fate. If the President is to be impeached, it should be on solid grounds, which will be understood by contemporary Americans and by history. Some Republicans are saying he should be removed from office not because he did anything wrong but because his presence hurts the Party. But the Constitution was not designed to protect political parties.

•

IN the Vesco trial in New York this week, the defense rested its case after both John Mitchell, the former Attorney General, and Maurice Stans, the former Secretary of Commerce, took the stand in their own defense. They are being tried for perjury and conspiracy to obstruct an investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission into the activities of the financier Robert Vesco in exchange for a contribution of two hundred thousand dollars from Vesco for the President's reëlection. Stans said that Vesco had made the contribution in secret because "privacy was his Constitutional right under the law." Mitchell said that he had called the S.E.C. because he had received reports that the agency was harassing Vesco and he did not want it to take precipitate action. "I wouldn't flatter myself that the call would be a help," the former Attorney General said.

•

DURING the week, I talked with one of the President's aides. Here are some of the things he said: The mood at the White House is sad, melancholy. "It's kind of like a hospital." There is no way things can come out well, and there is a feeling of inevitability about what still has to be gone through. The President is finished anyway, and will be unable to govern. The number of people leaving adds to the pall. (A week ago, Bryce Harlow, one of the President's chief advisers, quietly took his leave of the White House. Other departures are rumored.) Whenever tapes or other materials are requested, the President's attitude is "Don't give them anything. No. Never." There is input from the Republican leaders on the Hill, from Haig, from Ron Ziegler (the press secretary), from St. Clair, and all this is put together, and what comes out is homogenized decisions. Haig can and does tell the President that he should yield tapes and materials requested by investigators. None of the lawyers have been levelled with and know all. The Nixon Administration was the last outpost in defense of a discredited policy; Vietnam is part of the story. The Nixon Administration was up against the fact that so many people disagreed with its belief that what was "right" for America was necessarily moral. Up against that—up against a bureaucracy that it did not trust and that it perceived as opposing many of its policies—it inevitably

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formed its own groups to deal with problems, and became a garrison. The House has not been given up on. It is true that no one can talk very knowledgeably about this, knows the President's mind. But a fight will be made in the House. The House is "the crucible." The President's resignation should not be ruled out. If the House comes up with a strong bill of impeachment, which will be tough to beat in the Senate—a bill with a heavy vote behind it—that might be the end.

The Nixon White House group, the aide said, had been a collection of little groups—sometimes of factions of one. In one place there were Haldeman and Ehrlichman; somewhere else there was Colson; somewhere else there was John Dean, the President's counsel; somewhere else, Mitchell; somewhere else, Leonard Garment, the President's former law partner who had become an adviser on cultural affairs, minorities, and occasional legal matters; somewhere else, Patrick Buchanan and Raymond Price, the speechwriters; somewhere else, Robert Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo, the friends. So when this thing came undone there were no half-dozen people who could get together and talk with the President and plan.

The White House man said that he thought all the subpoenas would be complied with but that it took time for J. Fred Buzhardt, a Presidential attorney, to listen to the tapes. I asked him why, if the subpoenas were going to be complied with, Buzhardt had to listen to the tapes. He looked at me in astonishment.

The White House man also said we are in a period of McCarthyism, of a "witch-hunt." He said that many people who think of themselves as caring about balance and fairness and civil liberties are going to look back at this period with regret. It was time, I realized, to think very carefully about what he said. He said that the testimony of one person, for example, is now reported as fact. That is not quite the case, but it is true that the testimony of one person and allegations as well, even rumors, are now printed as news stories and given more prominence and authority than they would be in another time, another context. There is no question that great effort is expended to find misdeeds on the part of the Administration, but it is also apparent that there have been many misdeeds to find. The secrecy in which so much was done and the pains that have been taken to keep us from discovering the facts have heightened the zeal to get at the facts. And we are living in a supercharged atmosphere, in which the competition within the press is strong. It is easy to see how the White House might view this as a witch-hunt. But that does not make it one.

•

It was announced this week that in the first three months of this year the gross national product dropped by the greatest amount since 1958, and that the rate of inflation for the same period was fourteen and a half per cent.

April 27

Henry Petersen, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's criminal division, yesterday opposed proposals to broaden restrictions on wiretapping and electronic surveillance. (Hearings are planned in the Senate on proposals to ban any wiretaps without a court order and to require that notice of all approvals of taps be referred to the Congress.) Petersen told a House subcommittee, "I can be very brief. We oppose the bills. That's it."

April 28

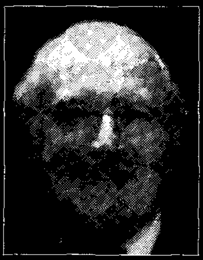
Sunday. Telephone calls today begin, "Did you hear about the acquittal?" Mitchell and Stans have been acquitted, and at once the talk and the reflections turn to the implications. The White House will be able to say that this shows that John Dean, who testified for the prosecution, is not a credible witness.

April 29

An affidavit that Charles Colson has filed with Judge Gerhard Gesell, who will preside over the trial for the break-in at the office of Dr. Lewis J. Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, says that the President said, "I don't give a damn how it is done, do whatever has to be done to stop these leaks and prevent further unauthorized disclosures; I don't want to be told why it can't be done."

•

The President, on television again, one American flag behind him and one in his lapel, says that he has been examining "the very difficult choices that were presented to me." His actions will show, he says, that all the statements he has made about "the Watergate break-in and coverup" were correct, "just as I have described them to you from the very beginning." He talks about some transcripts he is releasing—more than twelve hundred pages—and the camera pans to two high stacks of notebooks imprinted with the Presidential seal. "Portions



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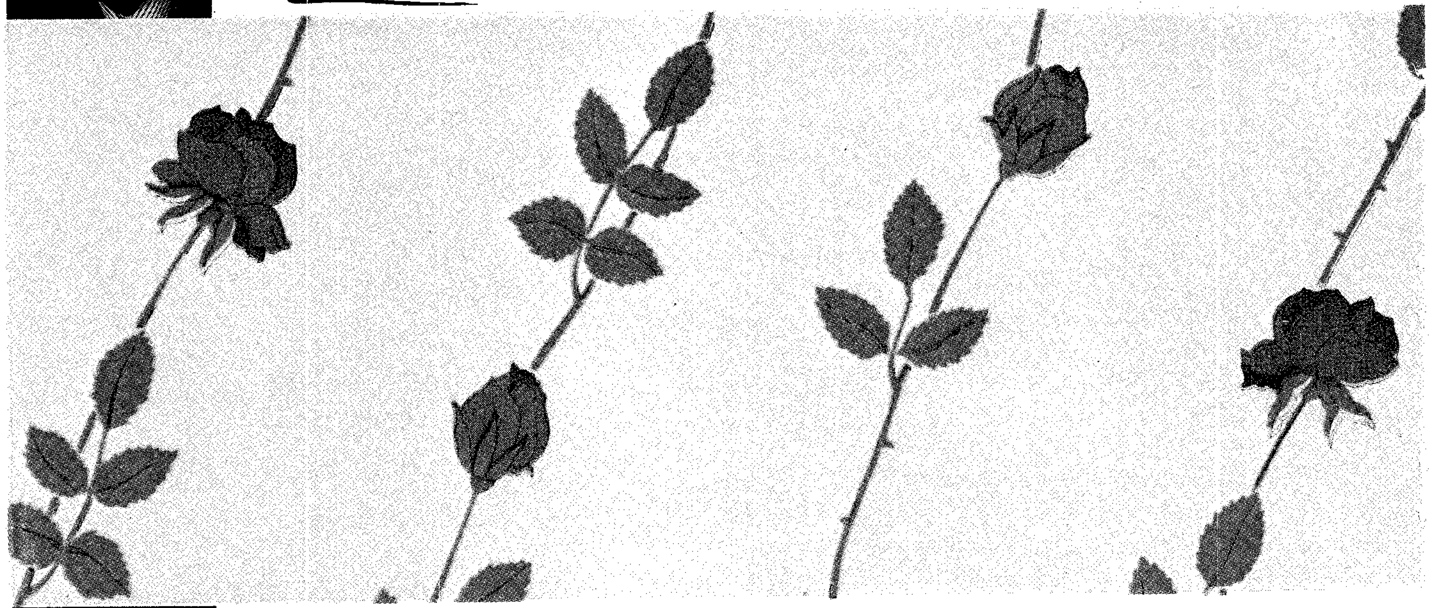

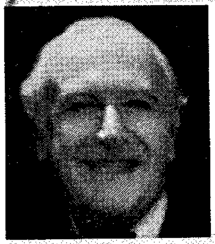

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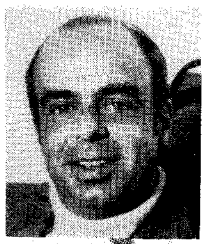

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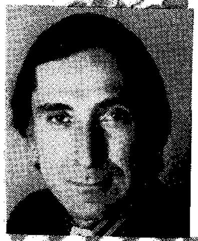

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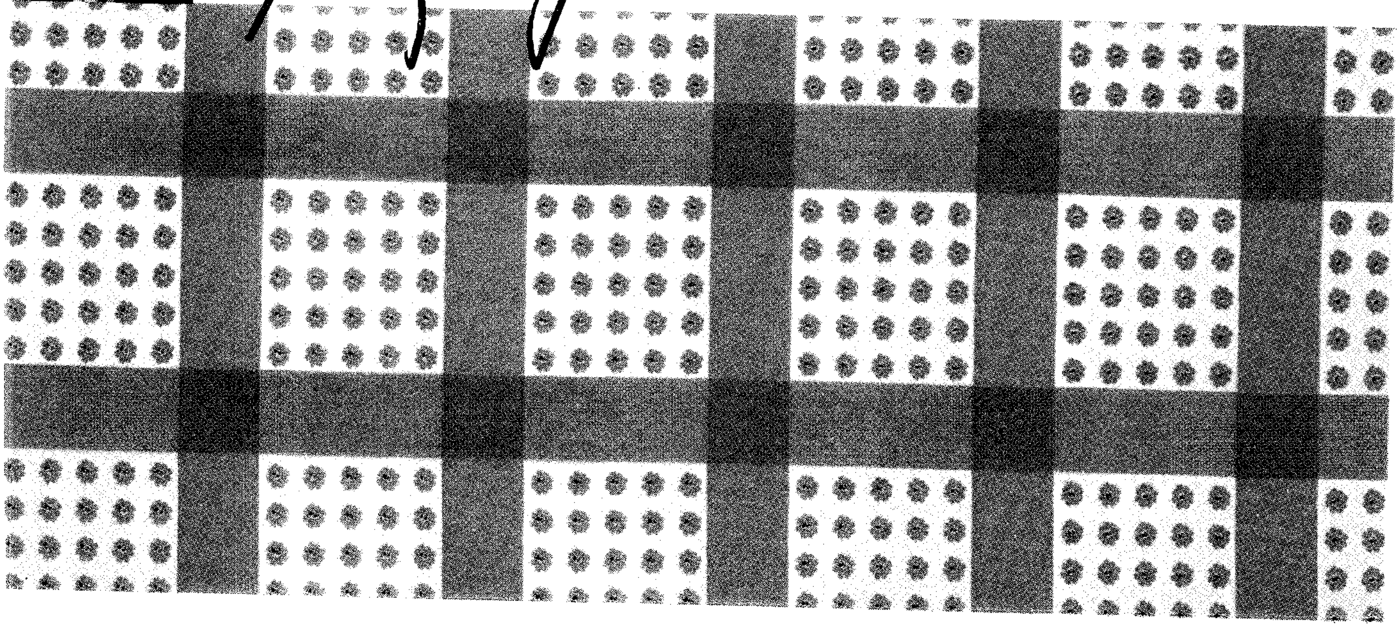

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not relevant" are not included, he says. The President looks grave—somewhat haggard but very much in command. He tells us how hard he has worked on this, and how much of "my own time" was spent listening to the tapes. Now, he says, he will make "a major exception" to the doctrine of executive privilege. The transcripts, he says, will lead to some "sensational" stories; there are parts that "will be in conflict with some of the testimony given in the Senate Watergate committee hearings." He continues, "I have been reluctant to release these tapes not just because they will embarrass me and those with whom I have talked—which they will—and not just because they will become the subject of speculation and even ridicule—which they will—and not just because certain parts of them will be seized upon by political and journalistic opponents—which they will." He is smart; *he* is releasing the March 21st tape, which is already in the hands of the Judiciary Committee, and giving it his own interpretation. It's a daring gamble. Why are there all those notebooks? "I intend to go forward," he says, and he again attaches himself to Abraham Lincoln, quoting Lincoln at a time when "he was being subjected to unmerciful attack." He smiles, and it is over.

APRIL 30

IN a CBS interview this morning, Buzhardt says that nine of the conversations subpoenaed by the House committee were "non-recorded."

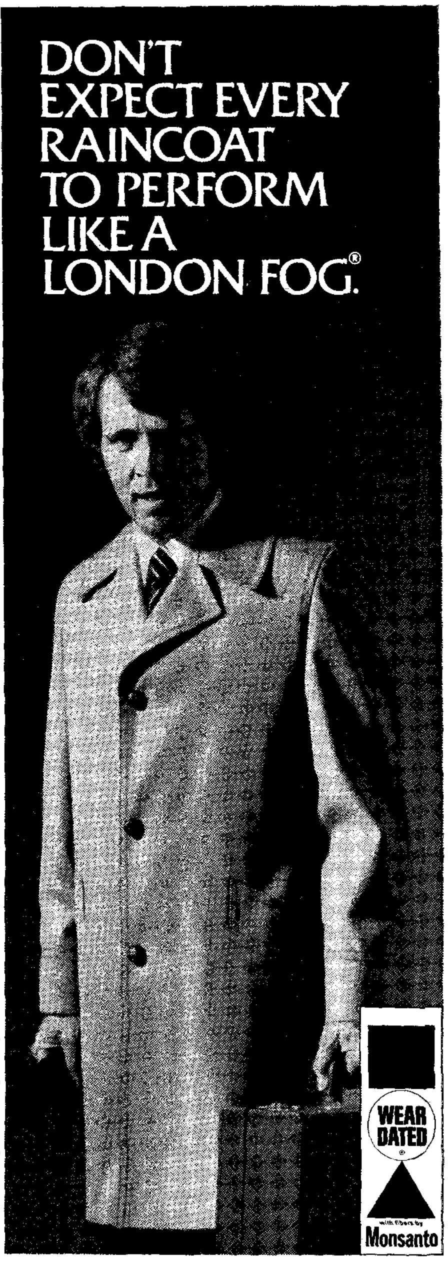
•

THE telephone-book-size document in pale-blue covers—my copy of the transcripts, which arrives this evening—is a surprise. The image of all those notebooks had stayed in my mind. The document, titled "Submission of Recorded Presidential Conversations to the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives by Richard Nixon," has been published by the United States Government Printing Office. There is a little Presidential seal on the cover. The pages are in typescript, double-spaced. But still this is a formidable document, covering forty-six conversations (eight of them already in the possession of the committee)—one thousand three hundred and eight pages, beginning like a script for a play. Dean enters the Oval Office:

> P Hi, how are you? You had quite a day today didn't you. You got Watergate on the way didn't you?
> D We tried.

The script ends, incredibly, with the President's speech of last April 30th, exactly a year ago—the speech in which he announced the resignations of Haldeman and Ehrlichman and Dean and Richard Kleindienst, then the Attorney General, and called Haldeman and Ehrlichman "two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know." He told us then that he had not become aware until March of a possible involvement of White House staff members in a coverup of the Watergate break-in, and that he had "personally assumed the responsibility for coördinating intensive new inquiries into the matter;" that he had directed his aides to appear before the Ervin committee, and to coöperate with the prosecutors and the grand jury; that he had been so busy pursuing peace in 1972 that he delegated the management of his campaign and sought to remove campaign decision-making from the White House, but that "in any organization, the man at the top must bear the responsibility." He said, "We must maintain the integrity of the White House. . . . There can be no whitewash at the White House."

And then we go back and read how the President, on the day that the original Watergate defendants were indicted, congratulates John Dean for being "very skillful putting your fingers in the leaks that have sprung here and sprung there." (The White House summary in the front of the book says that this comment was made "in the context of the politics of the matter such as civil suits, counter-suits, Democratic efforts to exploit Watergate as a political issue and the like.") We read, in the March 21st conversation, how the President and his counsel talk of ways to raise a million dollars in cash and "wash" it, the President at one point seeming shocked to learn that money for the defendants' silence is already being raised, and at another point seeming aware of it; the President knowing that there is a "Cuban committee," through which the money might be filtered, and wondering whether the fact that the committee has priests in it would "give a little bit of a cover;" the President, after asking Dean whether "the million bucks" could "hold that side," saying, "It would seem to me that it would be worthwhile," that "time is of the essence," and "(Expletive deleted), get it." That line "No—it is wrong that's for sure" follows Dean's observation that the President cannot give the defendants clemency before the election, and that even then "it may further involve you in a way you should not be involved in this." There are other lines by the President, such



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as "Complete disclosure isn't that the best way to do it?... That would be my view," to which his defenders will be able to point.

Going to the grand jury is viewed as a means—a more manageable one—of avoiding testimony before the Ervin committee. The President tells Haldeman and Dean, "But you can say I don't remember. You can say I can't recall. I can't give any answer to that that I can recall."

Says the President, on March 13th, referring to William Sullivan, a former F.B.I. official with whom Dean was in contact, and from whom they were hoping to obtain information, on the theory that he might coöperate—because, Dean says, Sullivan "wants to get back in the bureau very badly"—"If he would get Kennedy into it, too, I would be a little bit more pleased." And then Dean tells the President that an investigation of Kalmbach's bank records would show that Anthony Ulasewicz, a private detective hired by the White House, had been paid to investigate Chappaquiddick. Says Dean, "Right after Chappaquiddick somebody was put up there to start observing and within six hours he was there for every second of Chappaquiddick for a year." Later, the President asks, "Does he have any records? Are they any good?"

We are shown the President's view of the public: Referring to an item in Patrick Buchanan's news summary about a crisis in confidence in the Presidency, the President says, "How much of a crisis? It will be—I am thinking in terms of—the point is, everything is a crisis. (expletive deleted) it is a terrible lousy thing—it will remain a crisis among the upper intellectual types, the soft heads, our own, too—Republicans—and the Democrats and the rest. Average people won't think it is much of a crisis unless it affects them."

The document is far more dramatic than had been anticipated. Unbelievably dramatic. This is not just the usual difference between anticipation and reality. We are actually *reading their conversations*—living through these conversations, sensing their overtones and undertones. It is intimate theatre indeed. We had heard about the language, but that is not the heart of the matter. We had known that the White House was a place of suspicions, a place where the President taped his aides and the aides taped each other. We had long since had a picture of it as the court of the Borgias. We had known that it sacrificed whomever it was necessary to sacrifice. And we had had every sign that the President was not exactly straining to "get the story out"—not the true story, anyway. So the pain comes, as it has come before, in facing things we had known but, at least at times, chosen not to face.

•

TODAY, pursuant to a resolution passed by the Senate last December, was a National Day of Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer.

MAY 1

THE papers, as was to be expected, are crowded with stories about the transcripts. These are going to be long days. It is no time for slow readers. Stories show that the President knew that Jeb Stuart Magruder, a White House aide and later deputy director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, had perjured himself before the grand jury. And that Dean assured the President that Gordon Strachan, Haldeman's aide, "is as tough as nails," and continued, "He can go in and stonewall, and say, 'I don't know anything about what you are talking about.' He has already done it twice, you know, in interviews." To which the President replied, "I guess he should, shouldn't he? I suppose we can't call that justice, can we?" And that the President used Henry Petersen to find out what was going on in the grand jury. Said the President to Petersen, "You have got to maintain the Presidency out of this."

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TODAY is Law Day. The President has issued a proclamation saying, "Our freedoms survive because no man or woman is beneath the protections of the law. And the law retains its value and force because every person knows that no man or woman is above the requirements of the law."

•

ALMOST lost in the cascade of stories about the transcripts is one about an affidavit filed yesterday by Ehrlichman, for his trial in the Ellsberg break-in case, saying that the President had justified the break-in afterward to Henry Petersen as "in furtherance of national security and fully justified by the circumstances." Ehrlichman's affidavit says that the President had told him to tell Egil Krogh, one of the directors of the plumbers, "to do whatever he con-

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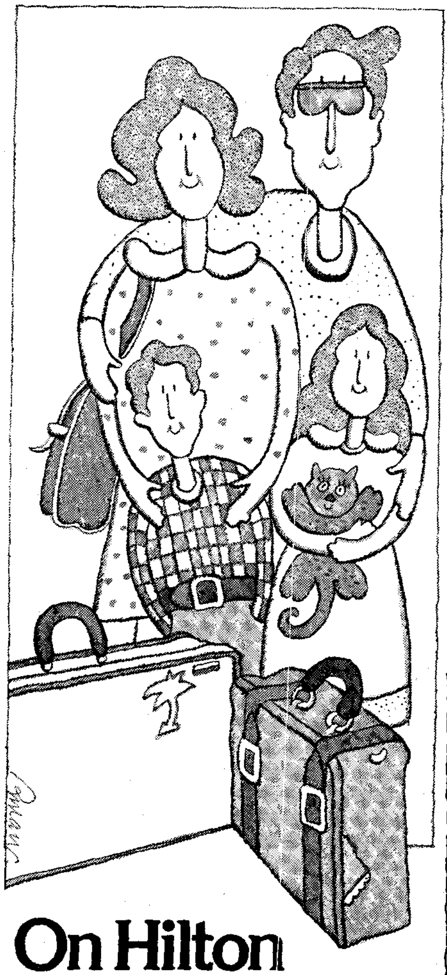

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sidered necessary to get to the bottom of the matter."

•

IT seems noisier inside the Capitol today. There is the sense that something big has happened—a heightened atmosphere. Tonight, the Judiciary Committee will meet on the question of how to respond to the President's submission of the transcripts instead of the subpoenaed tapes. In the House members' dining room, a Republican member of the Judiciary Committee says that at yesterday's Republican caucus Minority Leader John Rhodes, of Arizona, urged everybody to line up behind the President. At the caucus, the House Republican leaders said that the public would see the President's action as constituting compliance. Republicans are in a bad bind on this one.

Railsback arrives for lunch weary and late. Judiciary Committee members are generally late for appointments today; they are being buttonholed for statements, television interviews. They are looking tired and distracted. Slicing a cheeseburger in half, Railsback says, "I think that the President helped himself with the television appearance and the release of the transcripts. He appears to be confronting the March 21st situation head-on. I think he's very wise, from a tactical standpoint, to do that. And, also, there are parts of the transcripts that appear to exonerate him." Railsback has not yet read the transcripts; he had to go out last evening with representatives of the Chamber of Commerce from his district. "But I hear they're kind of bad," he says.

I ask him if he thinks that the President is in compliance with the committee's subpoena.

"No," he replies. "He is not really in compliance. But I think his offer could serve as a basis on which we might reach a future compromise. I think we're very close now. All that the committee wants are two things: they want Doar and Jenner to be able to listen to the tapes, and they want tapes instead of transcripts." He then says, "I wonder how many people will bother to read the transcripts."

I ask him if he thinks that the President's strategy of saying that the media would distort the transcripts will work.

"I don't think it will work with members of the Judiciary Committee, but I think it might work with members of the public," he says. "A lot of people do think that this is a Democratic plot and that the news media are trying to bring him down."

I ask him if these struggles over evidence are making his own position more difficult.

"Yes," he replies. "Any delays, regardless of what they are attributed to, hurt Republicans. They hurt the country, too, but they hurt Republicans. The closer this gets to elections, the more this hurts the Republican Party."

I ask him if it is hurting him in particular.

"Yes," he says. "It hurts me when I say that the President hasn't turned over enough. I said it yesterday, and I got six calls from people who are normally supporters of mine. Angry calls, saying why wasn't I supporting the President."

I ask Railsback if the President's withholding of the tapes themselves has made him suspicious.

"Yes," he says. "You can't help wondering. That's what it does—it makes you wonder. There are some who suggest that the President would be well advised to let a U-Haul come and take all the material."

•

I GO back to see James Mann, the South Carolina Democrat on the Judiciary Committee, to find out how he is reacting to the President's response. I ask Mann if he thinks that the President is in compliance with the committee.

He puts his foot on his desk. "Oh, he certainly is not," he replies. "I would have to ask you if there is anyone in the United States, or in the whole world, who could conclude that he has complied with what we asked for. If we accept it, we would be knuckling under to political pressure by not carrying out our full duty. The best thing now is to inform the White House that we consider it noncompliance—which would be futile—and then wait and see his reaction to our other requests and have a whole record of noncompliance. His saying 'Now they can reach a decision' is a gross misrepresentation."

I ask him if he is concerned that there may be a party split this evening. The committee has been nearly unanimous in its actions thus far.

"Oh, yes," he replies. "What would worry me would be the Republicans' willingness to compromise their position on the subpoena because of politics. That would distress me. As for a party split, if it has to be, it has to be. There can be only one honest vote on the question of compliance and noncompliance."

Mann says that the substance of the transcripts is already having a negative

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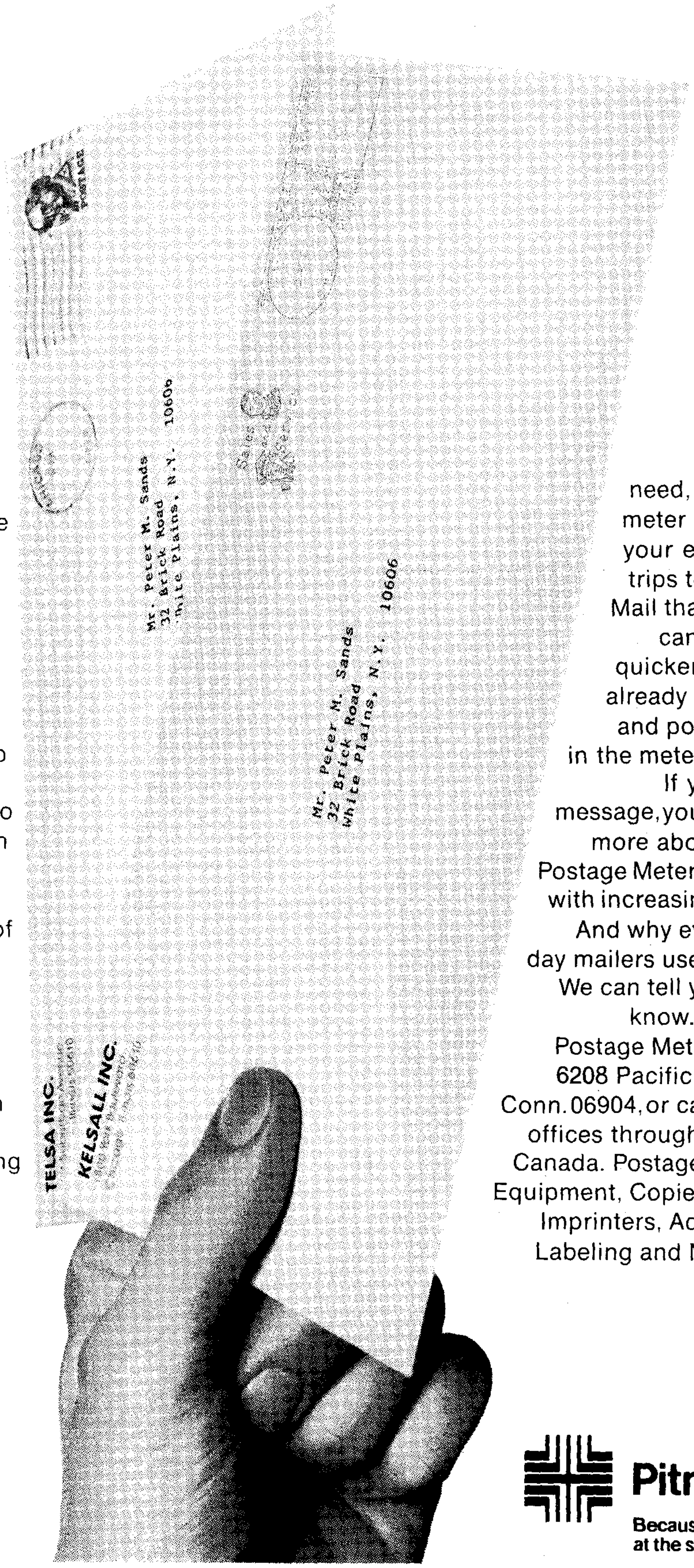

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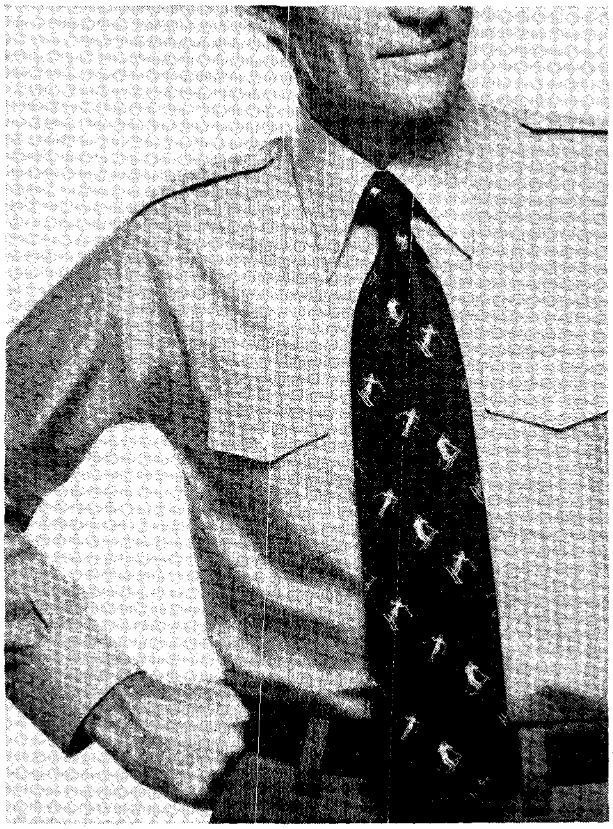

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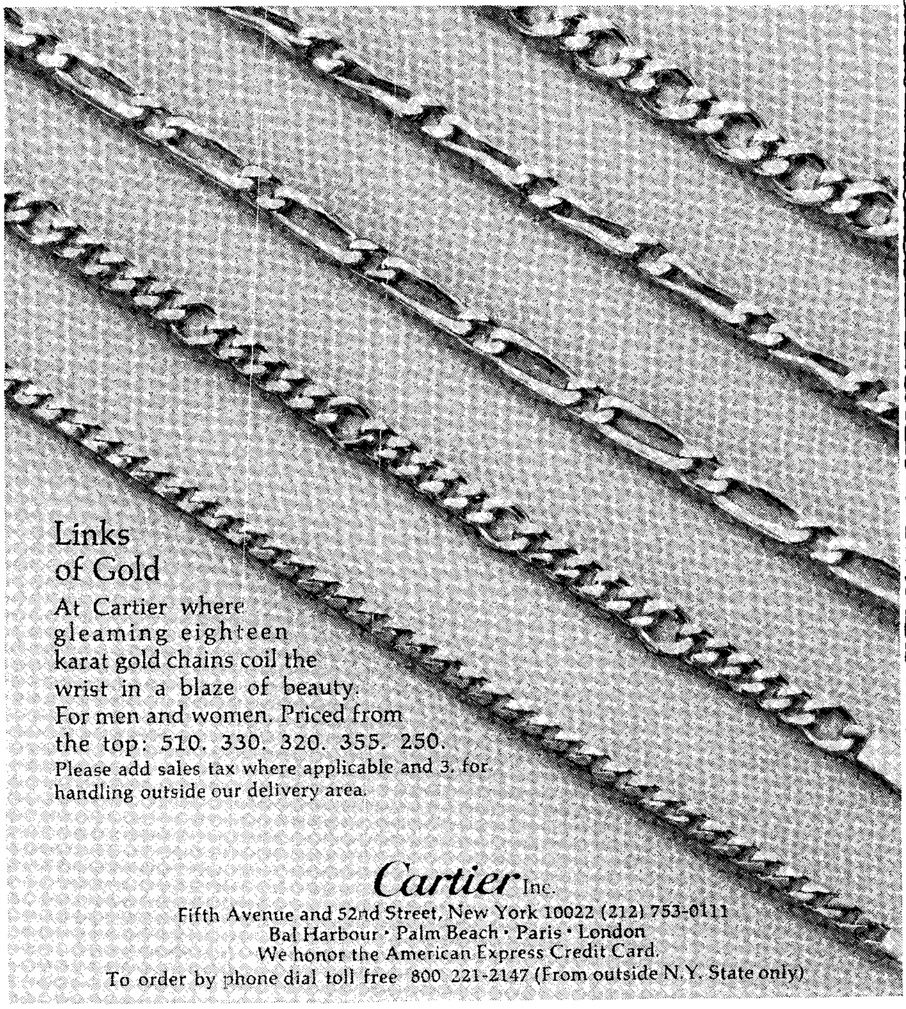

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effect on his colleagues. "They were not aware there was that much smoke," he says. The President's strategy "is really an assault on the system—a failure to respect the authority of the committee and the Senate to do their Constitutional duty," he continues. "To go to the people and release what material he wants them to have and then to represent that it's the entire case is the rawest kind of abuse of the system. And he took advantage of the public's thinking it is more of a political exercise than it is. As if the truth in the hands of James R. Mann weren't all that he needs." Mann is usually measured in what he says. I am surprised by the intensity of his reaction.

We go back to the subject of a possible party-line vote tonight.

"You know," Mann says, "it's so easy to play minority politics—for the Republicans to take an unreasonable position when the majority takes a reasonable position, and then say that the majority is 'partisan' and 'oppressive.' Taking advantage of the minority position and the President fixation—they're showing up so clearly, I'm sorry to say."

Mann refers, as people have been doing all day, to the "(expletive deleted)"s. They all seem curious to know what those parentheses are hiding. "The more that people know about him, it seems, the more trouble he's in," he says. "It's not that they think he's guilty of an impeachable offense, necessarily, but that he's not the man they thought he was."

•

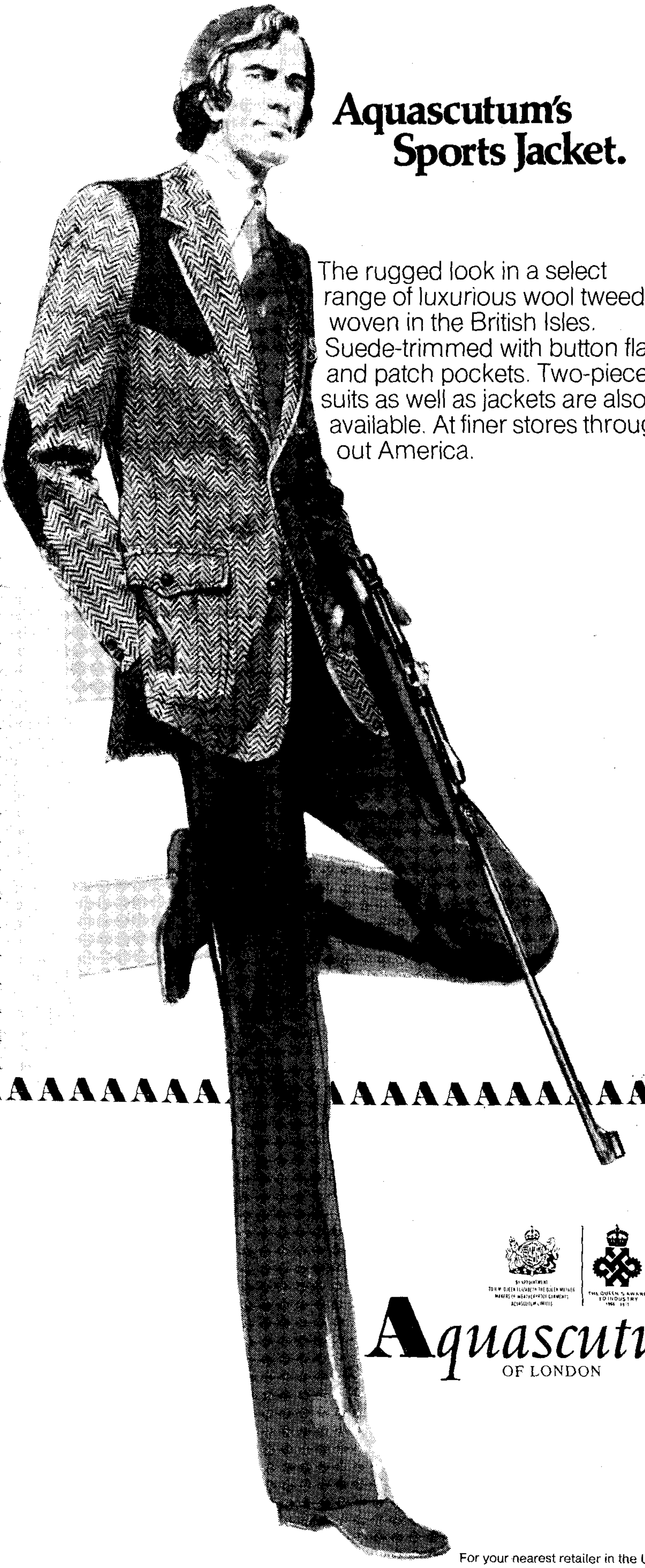
A REPORTER I have talked with has seen the separate volumes—like the ones shown on television Monday evening—that were delivered to Rodino. One volume contained only one page.

•

THERE is a sense of excitement tonight in Room 2141, the House Judiciary Committee room. A long line of spectators is outside. There seem to be more photographers than ever inside, more people milling about, more noise. This is a meeting about what to do when one branch of the government has defied what another branch believes to be its authority. The fact that it is an evening session adds to the drama. Rodino, in a gray suit, looks, as usual, relaxed. Rodino is the star now. Or almost. Robert Redford is here. The word that Robert Redford is here spreads through the room. Some reporters want to know how to describe an amulet that Robert Redford is wearing. Washington, blasé about its politicians, is struck by movie stars. Even the politicians are. Redford is spending time in Washington now as he prepares to play the role of Bob Woodward in a movie based on the book that Woodward and Carl Bernstein, of the Washington *Post*, have written about how they exposed the Watergate case. Word is going around the room that there are now four versions of the March 21st tape: the White House transcript, the Special Prosecutor's transcript, the committee's transcript, and the tape itself. It is said that the committee's electronic equipment is more sensitive—able to pick up more words—than that of the White House. Which seems strange. "We care more," says a committee aide. Robert Redford is giving autographs.

Doar presents a chart showing the items that have been requested and those that have been turned over by the White House. The Republicans, led by Wiggins and David Dennis, of Indiana, attack the chart, pressing Doar to explain how he can say that something has not been turned over if he does not know whether it exists. The cloud of unreality which keeps fogging our view of the significant questions in these events has crept into this committee room tonight. They are arguing over whether it is proper to have a blank space represent the non-surrender of things whose non-existence has not been established. Mann asks Wiggins how the committee can be "clairvoyant in its knowledge of what is available at the White House," and continues, "I'm not concerned with partisanship; I'm not concerned with anything but the whole truth, and unless I get it I'm handicapped in my service to the American people in determining this issue." The committee is silent as Mann says that; what he thinks is important. He gets attention because he is quiet, he is courtly, and he is from South Carolina. But there is a certain giddiness to the atmosphere; people are keyed up, it seems—somewhat nervous in this most unusual situation. Jack Brooks, Democrat of Texas, is smoking a cigar, smiling, and making jokes about tapes. George Danielson, Democrat of California, confuses the words "tap" and "tape," and there is a ripple of laughter. Lawrence Hogan, the conservative Republican from Maryland, says of the tapes, "I have come to the inescapable conclusion that he must have forgotten they were being made." Laughter.

The room falls silent when Rodino



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(NYer 10/21)

reads his prepared statement: "We demonstrated time and again that we were not seeking any confrontation with the President of the United States. . . . Under the Constitution, it is not within the power of the President to conduct an inquiry into his own impeachment, to determine which evidence, and what version or portion of that evidence, is relevant and necessary to such an inquiry. These are matters which, under the Constitution, only the House has the sole power to determine." Rodino had wanted to put language along these lines in a letter that the Democrats are proposing that the committee send to the President, but Brooks, who has a number of objections to the deliberate style of Rodino and Doar, wanted a more abrupt communication, and on this point Rodino yielded to him.

Wiggins is emerging as the strongest man on the Republican side. A large man with a leathery California tan and wavy silver hair, he has the reputation of being an able lawyer. There are constant readings by members and the press as to which of the seventeen Republicans might vote for impeachment. As of now, according to some, William Cohen (Maine), is considered likely to vote for it, and Hamilton Fish, Jr. (New York), and Railsback might; Robert McClory, Lawrence Hogan, Henry P. Smith III (New York), M. Caldwell Butler (Virginia), and Charles W. Sandman, Jr. (New Jersey) are considered unpredictable.

At 11 P.M., Dennis reads a press release he issued yesterday. A compromise letter proposed by Cohen is rejected. And then the vote is taken, at last, on whether to send the Democrats' letter. It is suddenly clear that the vote is closer than was expected. John Conyers, Democrat of Michigan, and Jerome Waldie, Democrat of California, who support a contempt citation, are opposed. But Rodino does not want a House vote on contempt to precede the question of impeachment. And there is the practical problem of what to do about a President who is in contempt. Don Edwards, Democrat of California, said at lunch earlier this spring, "How can we enforce a subpoena? He has a bigger army than we do." So the committee is writing Nixon a letter. Then, as the Republicans' names are called, Cohen votes for the letter. He is the only Republican who does. The final vote is 20–18. Had Cohen voted the other way, there would have been a tie vote, and the committee would, in effect, have voted not to respond to the President.

The letter that will now go to the President says simply:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:
The Committee on the Judiciary has directed me to advise you that it finds that as of 10:00 A.M. April 30, you have failed to comply with the Committee's subpoena of April 11, 1974.
Sincerely,
PETER W. RODINO, JR., CHAIRMAN

MAY 2

THE President spent last night at Camp David. Yesterday, Gerald Warren, the President's deputy press secretary, described the President as pleased by the public's response to the release of the transcripts. There are more exegeses of the transcripts in today's papers. We read the conversations, go back to what we knew about the events when they happened, to explanations given later. It brings on a slight dizziness. And also annoyance, because we have been lured into the contextual world of the tapes. All that is on the tapes is what is on the tapes. Will we become, as the President probably hopes, tired of them in time? One of the factors in this great struggle has been our brief attention span. Another question: When our national perturbation seems to subside, where does it go? Our perturbation over the war didn't really disappear. It eventually became impossible for our leaders not to end the war. They drew on the reservoir of silent tolerance until there was no more. The outcry over the firing of Archibald Cox came from some hidden wellspring of concern. Our outrage is an elusive thing, taking different forms; now you see it, now you don't.

Yesterday, the President invoked executive privilege once more in refusing to supply the tapes and documents subpoenaed by the Special Prosecutor for the trial of the President's seven former aides for the Watergate coverup. The President said he had decided that disclosure of any more of his conversations "would be contrary to the public interest." The statement issued by the White House yesterday argued that "a President is not subject to compulsory process from a court," and it hinted that the White House was prepared to fight this issue all the way to the Supreme Court.

•

ONE friend of mine here has been saying for some time that it is not at all surprising that our current troubles were brought about by a group of largely clean-cut, wholesome-appearing types. Their appearance has become a cliché, but there is a serious point to it. "All the great usurpers," he once said, "spoke to something in their time." It was inevitable, he said, that those who played fastest and loosest with the American system would be terribly American in their style and use American symbols. "If there is a takeover in America," he said, "it will be done by people wearing conventional suits and using advertising techniques." I preferred not to think about what he said. But he is a sensible man, not given to overstatement. One of the great problems of living through this period and trying to understand it is that it is very difficult to judge just how dangerous it is, or might have been. But other people living through dangerous times probably had the same problem and preferred not to think about it, so from time to time one must. The path to tyranny, my friend said, can be undramatic. The actions can appear bland, incremental: a lie here, a call to a network executive there. A White House Office of Telecommunications issuing ukases. Businessmen being given to understand that it would be far more profitable to coöperate with those in power. All done by people with marvellously American styles—toughness with a smile—and bearing all the American symbols: flag, religion, family. It is important to remember now, amid all this debris, how frightened we used to be.

●

On tonight's news we see Gerald Ford saying that he is "convinced beyond any doubt" that the President is "innocent." The White House announced that the President rejects the committee's letter.

May 3

At lunch, someone stops by the table and suggests that certain pages in the transcripts be looked up. "Don't miss page 503," he says. "The President tells Ehrlichman to tell Magruder that he has his 'personal affection.' Right after that, the President says, 'That's the way the so-called clemency's got to be handled.'" Senators walked around this week trailed by aides carrying copies of the transcripts with paper clips on the pages on which the senators' names appeared. People are taking the same kind of pride in appearing in these transcripts that they did in appearing on the enemies list. But the amusement seems

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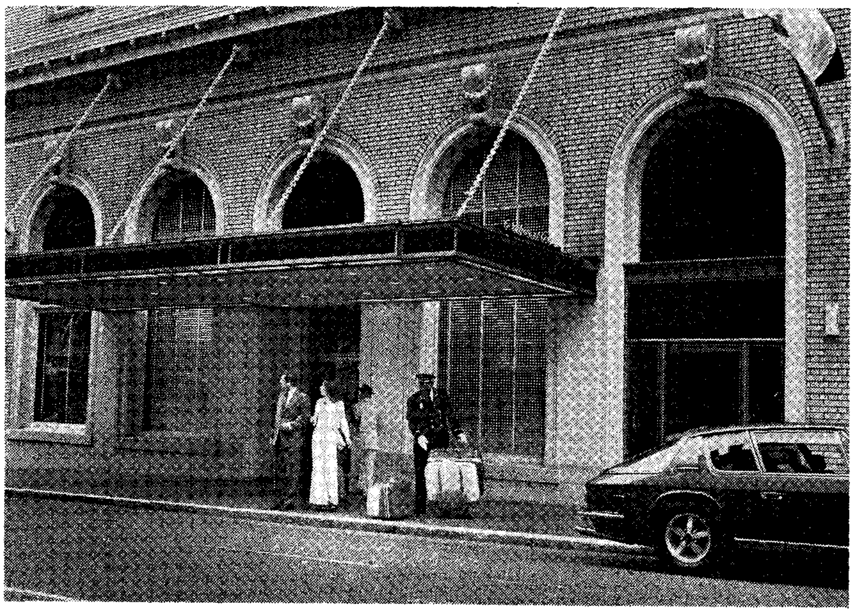

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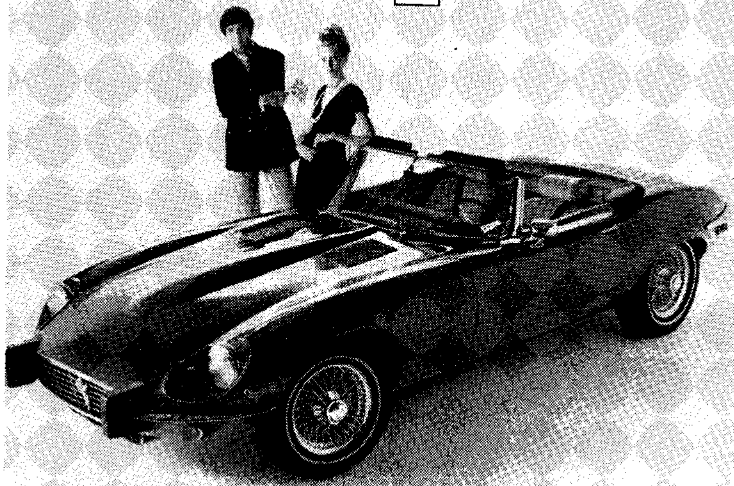

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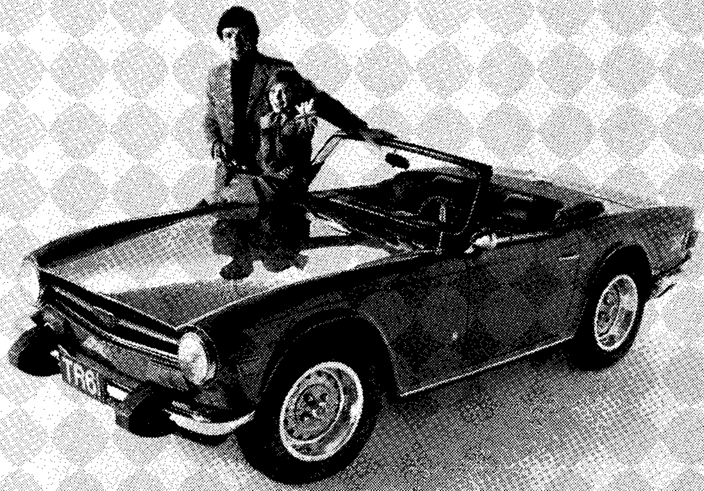

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1913. Spire of the Frederik Church
1914. Sparrows in tree
1915. Danish landscape
1916. The Shepherds in the field
1917. The Tower of Our Saviour's Church
1918. The Shepherds
1919. In the Park
1920. Mary with the Child Jesus
1921. Market-place
1922. Three singing angels
1923. Danish landscape
1924. The Christmas star over the sea
1925. Street scene from Christianshavn
1926. View of Christianshavns canal
1927. The ship's boy at the tiller Christmas night
1928. The Vicar-family on the way to Church
1929. The Grundtvig Church, Copenhagen
1930. *Fishing-boats*
1931. Mother and Child
1932. Frederiksberg Gardens with statue of Frederik VI
1933. The Ferry and the Great Belt
1934. The Hermitage Castle
1935. Fishing-boat off Kronborg Castle
1936. Roskilde Cathedral
1937. Christmas scene in Copenhagen
1938. The Round Church in Østerlars
1939. Expeditionary ship in the pack-ice of Greenland
1940. The Good Shepherd
1941. Danish Village Church
1942. Bell-tower of old Church in Jutland
1943. The Flight of the Holy Family to Egypt
1944. Typical Danish Winter Scene
1945. A peaceful motif
1946. Village Church
1947. The Good Shepherd
1948. Nodebo Church
1949. Our Lady's Cathedral, Copenhagen
1950. Boeslunde Church
1951. Christmas Angel
1952. Christmas in the Forest
1953. Frederiksborg Castle
1954. Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen
1955. Fano Girl
1956. Rosenborg Castle
1957. The Good Shepherd
1958. Sunshine over Greenland
1959. Christmas Night
1960. The Stag
1961. The Training Ship Danmark
1962. The Little *Mermaid at Wintertime*
1963. Højsager Mill
1964. Fetching the Christmas tree
1965. Little Skaters
1966. Blackbird and Church
1967. The Royal Oak
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1969. The Old Farmyard
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to have the same kind of nervous undertone.

May 5

SUNDAY. Last night, in Spokane, at the opening of Expo '74, the President referred to Governor Daniel Evans, of Washington, as "Governor Evidence."

•

IN an interview with reporters on Friday, Gerald Ford said that he was "a little disappointed" by the transcripts. He said that this was not the Nixon he had known for twenty-five years.

•

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, JR., a long-time supporter of the President, has come out against the President. Hearst said that the transcripts "add up to as damning a document as it is possible to imagine short of an actual indictment." Someone rushed over to tell me about it at the tennis courts yesterday.

•

A GALLUP poll published yesterday says that by more than two to one the people queried believe that the Judiciary Committee was right to reject the President's offer of edited transcripts instead of tapes. That's higher than the proportion of the Judiciary Committee who thought so.

May 6

TIME to try to get a sense of the reaction on Capitol Hill. I phoned Senator Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas, who is up for reëlection this year. I began by asking how he was. "Running hard, running scared," he replied. "I really haven't heard much. Last week, we were all going around saying, 'We haven't read it, we shouldn't comment.' Nobody thinks he's better off."

A Democratic senator: "My impression is it's hurting the President bad. I was interested in the poll [the recent Gallup poll on the committee's reaction to the transcripts] after his speech about the transcripts last week, which everyone thought was the best of his career. People will give you a chance. Then you slowly wear out your welcome. Then the burden shifts against you. He has no reservoir of good will. I haven't heard one person say the release of the transcripts was good for him. One pro-Nixon Southerner—at least, I assume he has been pro-Nixon—said, 'That does it for me.' I don't think anyone was surprised except by one thing: I don't think they knew what a small person he was. Senators, like everybody else, have built the Presidency up, and now they see this and don't know what to make of it. The tone and the language are having an impact—a greater impact, even, than what was actually said. The impression will last. So even if he stays in he won't be able to do anything."

May 7

A REPORTER stops me in a Senate hallway this morning. He thinks I would like to know what Hugh Scott just said. Hugh Scott, the Senate Minority Leader, just met with reporters and said that the transcripts reveal "a shabby, disgusting, immoral performance by all those involved." Scott did not say whether he found impeachable behavior in them, and did not say whether he thought the President was in compliance with the committee's subpoena.

•

I GO to see Charles Wiggins. It is clear that this Republican, from Richard Nixon's original California congressional district, will be highly important in the House Judiciary Committee. A defense of the President by him would be powerful and effective. If he ended by voting to impeach the President, it could make the decisive difference among House Republicans. Wiggins is dressed, as usual, in California-sporty style: olive-green trousers, a green-and-white striped cord jacket, a green tie, white loafers that are either Guccis or a good facsimile. Wiggins also has the California style of apparent openness and easiness. What one is looking for is his cast of mind as he goes through this process. One clue: he says he will look to see "whether the totality warrants the kind of drastic surgery that involves the removal of a President."

I ask him what in his mind would constitute ground for impeachment.

"Something damn serious," he replies. "I suppose if I had to define a ground that would be appropriate to all cases, I would define it rather broadly, to prepare for all future contingencies. But the committee isn't called upon to find an answer that is chiselled in stone. In this case, the question is whether the President was deeply and personally involved in serious misconduct that would bar his continuing in office."

I ask him how he came to that conclusion.

"We're dealing with charges here, not hypothetical situations," he says. "The

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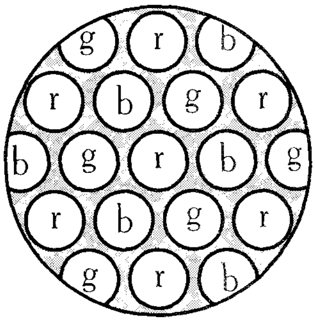

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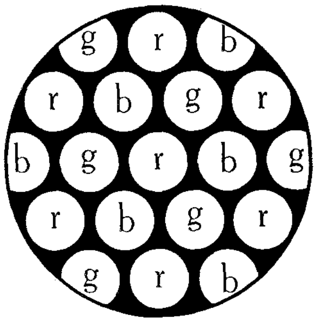

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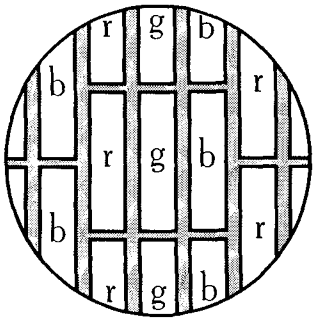

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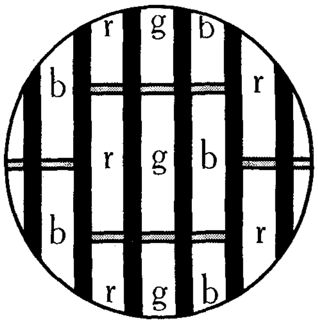

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SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

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Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

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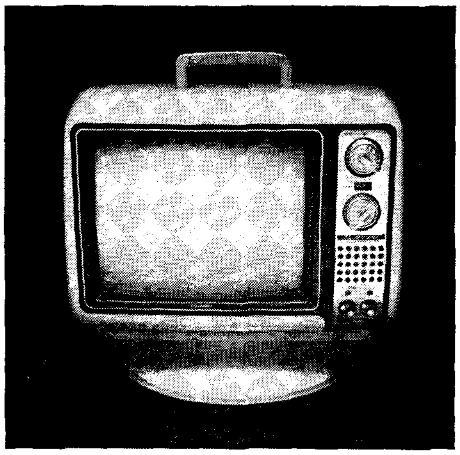

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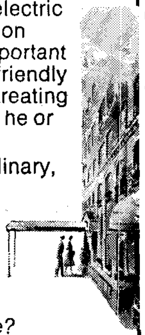

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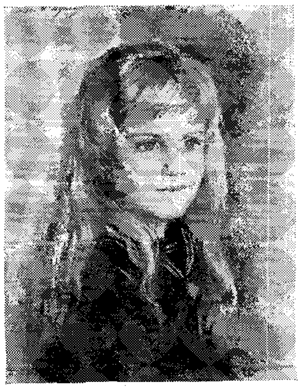

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charges include everything from criminal misconduct to alleged inappropriate exercise of power. The latter would not serve the purpose of this case. That would not be in the national interest. It would be terribly divisive. You'd have millions of Americans lining up behind the President and millions opposed to him. There's a lesson to be learned from the Agnew situation. Agnew was going around the country making speeches, and he had a considerable following. Reflect for a moment on what might have happened if Congress had felt moved to remove Spiro Agnew for his insensitivity to the First Amendment. But Spiro Agnew was caught in criminality, and he has no friends now—except maybe Frank Sinatra. If we impeach on broad, vague grounds, we run the risk of tearing up the country. We have many serious allegations of criminal conduct. If the President is going to be impeached at all, it is going to have to be on these grounds, in order not to have a divided country."

I ask Wiggins if he feels, then, that the issue has come down to the Watergate break-in and coverup.

"I think it will," he replies. "I don't think the other matters are out of the woods yet, but I think it will." Wiggins agrees that the milk issue is one that makes the politicians uneasy. "They would be nervous about expulsion on the ground of a government decision made around the time of a campaign contribution," he says. "If members of Congress in fact vote for impeachment for this, I think they should have to respond to a resolution of expulsion of members of Congress for a similar act. Where you have a hard bargain of action for money, I don't think there's a chance of proving it."

The cover of Wiggins' copy of the transcripts is tattered. He says that he has read up to page 1,247. He continues, "I get another impression—that the President didn't think he did anything wrong. It took a lot of explanations by his attorneys to explain obstruction of justice to the President. I have a gut feeling that generally you know you're doing something wrong. This guy didn't have a feeling of doing anything wrong. Maybe some technicians can point out that he's in technical culpability. From the tough stuff, it would be possible to contrive a technical violation by the President. But it would be only technical. And you weigh that against removal of the President, no matter what his popularity—that involves a lot of policy considerations, as opposed to technical ones. The question of whether a President is to be

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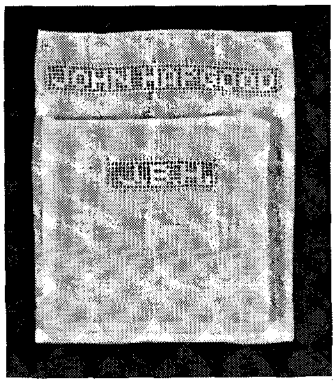

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removed on the ground of some technical violation—that's what it gets down to, or will."

Says Wiggins, "The Republicans, given their bias in favor of the President and the Party, are inclined not to vote for impeachment unless the evidence demands it, and I don't think the evidence demands it."

◆

THIS afternoon, I have an appointment with Peter Rodino. Concerned about the little time I have with him and the little time he has for anything, I sit on the edge of the chair next to his desk, eager to plunge into questions.

"Why don't you sit back?" he asks calmly.

If Peter Rodino can be relaxed, so can I. On Rodino's desk is a leather-bound book of Psalms and Proverbs, with his name embossed on it. I would have thought that Sam Ervin had retired that approach, but Rodino takes the book seriously. "Someone sent it to me," he says. "I just leaf through it. These things have lasted, you know." There is also a book of Robert Frost's poems on Rodino's desk, and a picture of Jesus.

I am hoping, in the limited time, to avoid the "awesome responsibility" and the "sense of sadness" on which Rodino has been quoted so often by now. I tell him that I have read his statements about how he felt upon finding himself in this role, and I do not want to take up his time with that. He smiles gratefully. I begin my questions by asking him if he feels that the White House may be succeeding in defining the issue—narrowing it to the Watergate break-in and coverup, and saying that an impeachable offense has to be a criminal one.

"I think that's what they're attempting to do," he replies. "That's not what our staff is going to do. We have the authorization to conduct an inquiry where allegations have been made, and there are six broad areas. We make the allocations of resources and priorities. We're not being narrowed down because of the White House strategy. The inquiry is being made along the broad lines—which is the only way we can bring the scope of the issues before the committee and the Congress. Maybe it will come down to a criminal conclusion. I can't say that's necessarily the way it will turn out. I believe the members are going to ultimately ask themselves the question: Has the totality of the conduct of the President been such that the abuse of power has had a dev-

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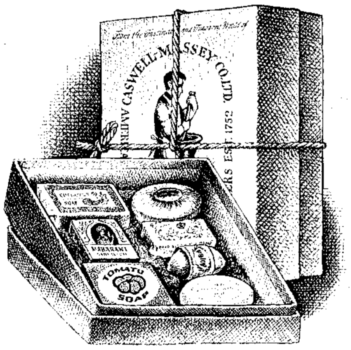

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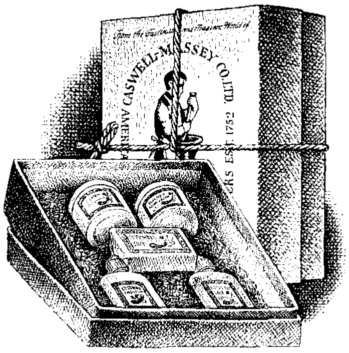

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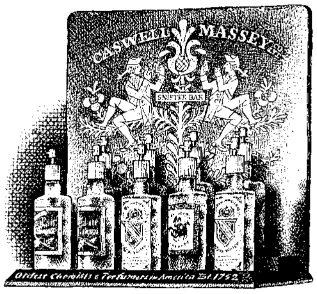
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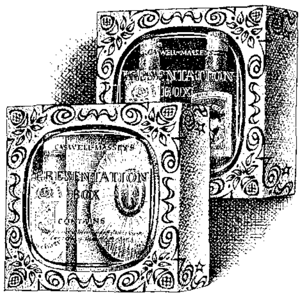

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astating effect on the government? Has it been so scandalous that it prejudices our government?" He is speaking with some intensity, his high-pitched voice strong. "Has the President faithfully executed the laws?" he goes on. "I'm not talking about piddling things. I'm talking about the Presidency as we understand it. I think that's what it will come down to—not just criminal conduct. And there could be a violation of a criminal statute, and in my judgment it doesn't necessarily mean that you impeach for that, because you're talking about removing the President of the United States from office. If there is a violation of the criminal code, the question is: Of what magnitude? How does it relate to his faithful execution of the laws? It's a question of the totality." Rodino is waving his arms, talking animatedly. "You have to consider so many individuals who held high office who are responsible to the President. Have they considered such acts? Is there that kind of involvement on the part of the President?"

I ask Rodino if he accepts the Madison concept, then—that the President can be held accountable for the acts of his subordinates. Almost every politician I have spoken with wants to steer clear of that argument.

Rodino says he could accept the Madison concept, but "one would have to recognize that those acts would have to be serious, and there has to be involvement with the President."

America is unpredictable in selecting its heroes, but it seems that Peter Rodino could become one. He already has a certain cachet, because now he is important. When the "awesome responsibility" landed on him, Rodino was generally viewed in Washington as a "lightweight." But he has earned the respect of the committee and of the press, and one can see his heroic possibilities: the simple man from Newark whose belief in God and country seems sincere. There was a time when Rodino's origins in Newark, a place of flourishing crime, caused uneasiness, but that uneasiness has largely evaporated. The general feeling is that if there were something there we'd have heard about it by now.

I ask Rodino how he will get across his view of the issues, as against the President's view, particularly now that the President's seems to be the prevailing view on Capitol Hill.

He replies, "I think that as we present the statements of detailed information, which will be supported by documents, these will have to be weighed by individual members. Then, in their own minds, they've got to define. While people talk about what 'you can't prove,' what we are doing is getting the relevant data that bear on the question of whether or not the President was involved. We don't have to *prove* as such. We have to establish, as in a grand-jury proceeding, that these things did occur, and determine whether, put together, they in fact show impeachable offenses. Even with the edited transcripts, what do you consider that event to be? Is that a basis for impeachment? There are some parts that show the kind of conduct that would raise the question, I think, in the mind of the individual member: Is this in keeping with the faithful execution of the laws?"

John Doar comes into the office. His suit is, as usual, rumpled, but he has had a haircut. Rodino has another appointment, and has gone beyond the time allotted for our interview, but he is involved in what he is saying now, and wants to continue. He waves Doar away. I have a feeling that Rodino may almost be rehearsing a speech he will deliver on the House floor later this summer. Now *he* is on the edge of his chair.

"Does this contribute to the breakdown of our system of government?" he continues. "Does this bring the office into scandal and disrepute? I think these are the questions that will have to be asked."

I ask him if it is because he wanted the members to go through this entire process of thinking that he has avoided having the committee try to define an impeachable offense.

"Yes," he replies. "You can't expect, with different authorities saying different things—we've had only one impeachment of a President, and that was for a violation of a statute—that the committee could agree."

I say that I gather that he takes the broader view of what is an impeachable offense.

"I do have that broader view, I do," he says. "It's clear in my mind that the offense has to be serious. I'm aware of the fact that we're talking about the removal of the President of the United States."

With Charles Wiggins' dissection of the issues fresh in my mind, I ask Rodino if his problem, then, is going to be to put the picture together.

"That's it," he replies. "That's why you talk about the totality of it. If you separate it, and a member says, 'I'm not going to give any weight to that,' it's still there. We're still talking about the conduct of the President."

I suggest that it seems that the Pres-

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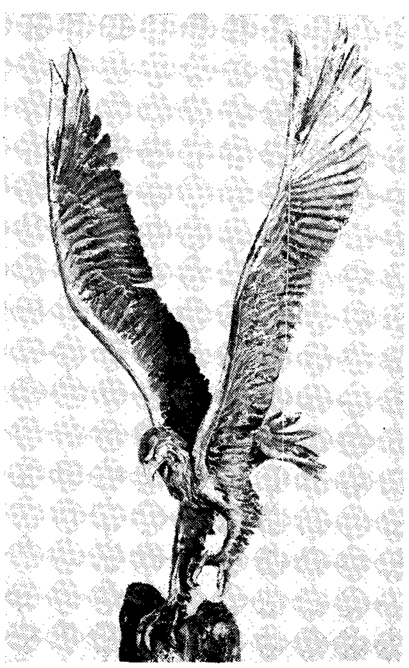

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Rodino smiles. "If the members of Congress recognize, as the people do, that the House has the sole power of inquiry, this is the question that *we* have to answer," he says. "We have to get it across to the people by doing a careful job, by being deliberate, by being thorough, by showing that we mean to come up with conclusions, whether we absolve the President or find him guilty. I think the people will see it in the way we handle ourselves. *We* have that responsibility to inquire. The President in this situation is a person who is being inquired into. I think, more and more, that the people are getting it. More and more, the people are beginning to respond. They do misunderstand in equating impeachment with the removal of the President, but I think they are learning. They have a sense of awe of the Presidency. We all have. I would have hoped that this would never come about. But if we are to prove that the system really works—that this is a government of laws, and not of men—then, by golly, we have to do it that way. The cynics say it's a lot of rhetoric. With me, you know, if the Constitution has any meaning—if this concept of democracy, which we've fought for, which we've fought several wars to protect, has any meaning—then we can have confidence in this process that the framers of the Constitution established. Terrible as it is, it's part of our Constitutional system. If we believe in it, we've got to go forward. There are no guidelines, no precedents. I knew when it happened. I knew that it was grave and would be awesome. I said I accepted it with a sense of sadness."

Finally, the interview ends. Rodino tells me that he is going off with Doar to see Wilbur Mills, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee.

"Mills?" I ask.

"You have to keep your bases touched," Rodino says. And he smiles.

•

As I reach Tom Railsback's office, word comes that St. Clair has announced that the President will not give up either to the committee or to Jaworski the subpoenaed tapes relating to the Watergate break-in and coverup. This is formal notice that no more tapes will be given to the committee, and also indicates that negotiations with the Special Prosecutor have broken down. In one stroke, the President is defying both the committee conducting an inquiry into his impeachment and the Special Prosecutor conducting an investigation of his Administration. Events are piling

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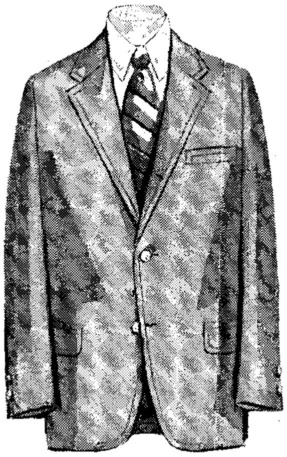

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up fast again. Perhaps the President has no choice. Perhaps he has found that he is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. Perhaps it's a preface to another retreat. We never know anymore. He may have decided that he is more damned if he does. Quotes from the transcripts are on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and no one seems to be saying they have helped him. I had wanted to see Railsback about last week's events. Now they have been overtaken by the events of the past five minutes. Calls are coming into Railsback's office for his comment on the latest development, and he is getting a statement ready. Callers are being told that a statement will be ready shortly. Railsback is wearing a pale-blue short-sleeved shirt and a bow tie. He asks an aide for two Diet Pepsis, and waves me into his office. He is obviously perturbed.

"You know what that's certain to do?" Railsback says. "It's certain to provoke a confrontation. It's going to contribute to the problems of the country. It's certainly going to hurt the Republican Party. It's really bad, I think. You know what I think? I think he's going to propel people here into voting for his impeachment, because the American people are going to be so outraged that he won't coöperate with the investigation."

Railsback takes a telephone call, and reads his statement, which will be broadcast over the radio: "I think the White House announcement is most unfortunate. It's certain to provoke a confrontation between the two branches of government, and the consequences will be bad for the American public and for the Republican Party as well."

Talking to me again, and perhaps to himself, Railsback says, "He's sounding the death knell for the Party. He's killing the Party. Have you seen the latest poll? Fifty-two per cent would vote for the Democratic candidate for Congress, twenty-nine per cent for the Republican. It's devastating. It's worse than '64."

I asked Railsback why, precisely, this latest Presidential move would hurt the Republican Party.

"The American people are going to take out their wrath on the Republican candidates for what they can't do to the President," he says.

And then he says, "It may be that eventually our difficult decision will be made for us. Who knows?"

MAY 8

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A FRIEND here says, "The great defeat for the President is coming in the field of public opinion. The erosion of confidence is enormously significant in terms of what he can do, what he can get away with. Public opinion is getting more and more negative. It's not just the Nixon-haters but the middle people, who began to surface a year ago. That's where the reaction to the transcripts comes in. Even a legal proceeding can never be totally insulated from the great tides of concern." There is a connection between atmosphere and fact. Atmosphere is substance. Everybody seems to have his anecdotal example of someone who had been for Nixon who has "had it," and says what "did it"—Agnew, taxes, tapes, too much. The shift of opinion has been marked, and the politicians sense it. Through their nerve fibres, it will affect the impeachment process. Powerful currents of public opinion go through those nerve fibres and are expressed in policy. When the public isn't interested, the politicians can be superbly arrogant—manipulated and manipulative, careless of the public interest. But let a real current start running, and their nerve endings respond. It is unrealistic to think that political men and women are not going to be influenced by the climate when they assess the phrase "high crimes and misdemeanors."

•

ON our television screens tonight we see Father John McLaughlin, a Jesuit priest who works in the White House, saying that the President has given the nation "outstanding moral leadership."

•

THE Omaha *World Herald*, a conservative paper, has called on the President to resign.

•

TONIGHT, the President has gone on a cruise on the Sequoia with General Haig.

May 9

THE Chicago *Tribune*, one of the strongest Republican and previously pro-Nixon papers, has called on the President to resign. It says that the transcripts show the President to be "immoral," with "a lack of concern for high principles," and to be "devious" and "vacillating." "He displays dismaying gaps in knowledge," it says. The *Tribune* says that the President made a strategic error in releasing the transcripts and his income-tax returns. "Both stripped the man to his essential character," it says, "and that character could not stand that kind of scrutiny."

•

IT is a gray, chilly, rainy day. The presentation of evidence against the President begins today in the House Judiciary Committee. The networks had prepared to give extensive coverage to the presentation of evidence, but now it has been decided that that process will be closed, for both legal and strategic reasons. Some of the material comes from still secret grand-jury proceedings. And Doar wants a chance to lay out the scope of the case before the committee members without interruption by television and whatever distractions, and behavior of the members, it might cause. Some committee strategists were also worried that, because he must begin at the beginning—members of the press and much of the interested public are more familiar with the material than are members of the committee—Doar's presentation would come across as "dull," offering little that was "new." And that this, too, would affect the atmosphere. St. Clair will be present. Some Democrats thought that, in the interests of fairness, he should be, and Rodino, not sure he had the votes to prevent St. Clair's participation, and eager to appear fair, yielded. But the networks are televising the opening ceremonies, which take place before the presentation of evidence begins. Running as a leitmotiv through this broadcast are reports of the President's deteriorating situation. It is announced that John Anderson, of Illinois, the chairman of the House Republican Conference, has said today that the loss of confidence in the President has assumed "truly tragic proportions," that the transcripts show the President to be "totally lacking in moral sensibility," and that the President should resign. John Rhodes is reported to have told reporters at a breakfast briefing today that the President should resign, and then to have issued a clarifying statement that what he meant was that the President should consider resignation as one of his options.

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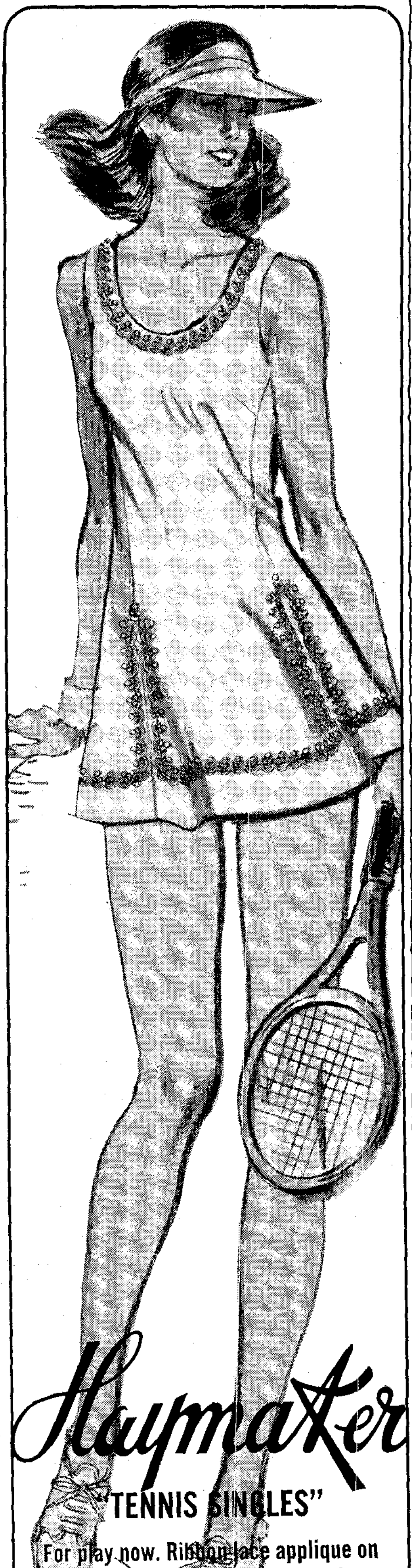
DURING the day, word comes that Ford has given a speech, in Charleston, Illinois, saying that there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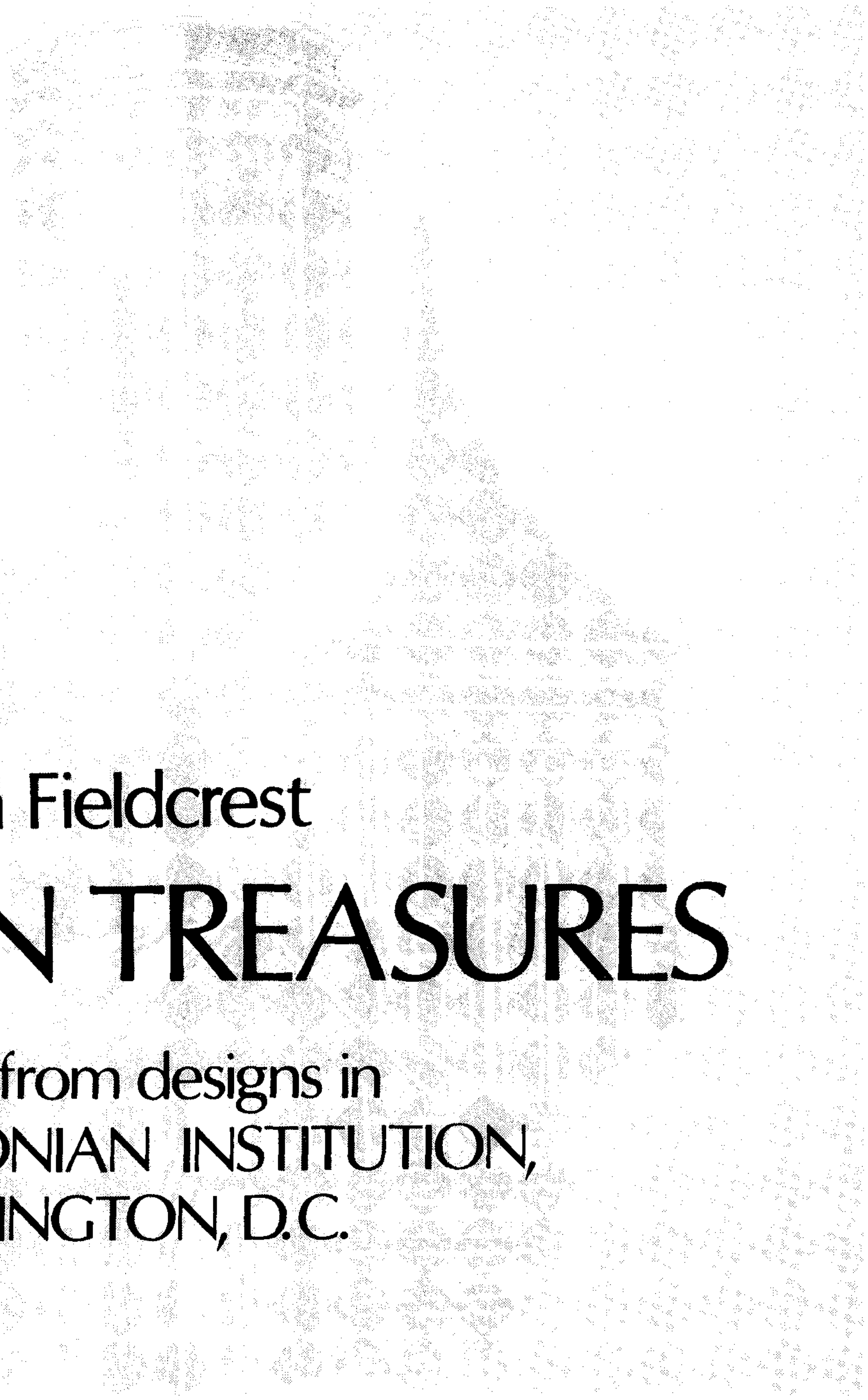

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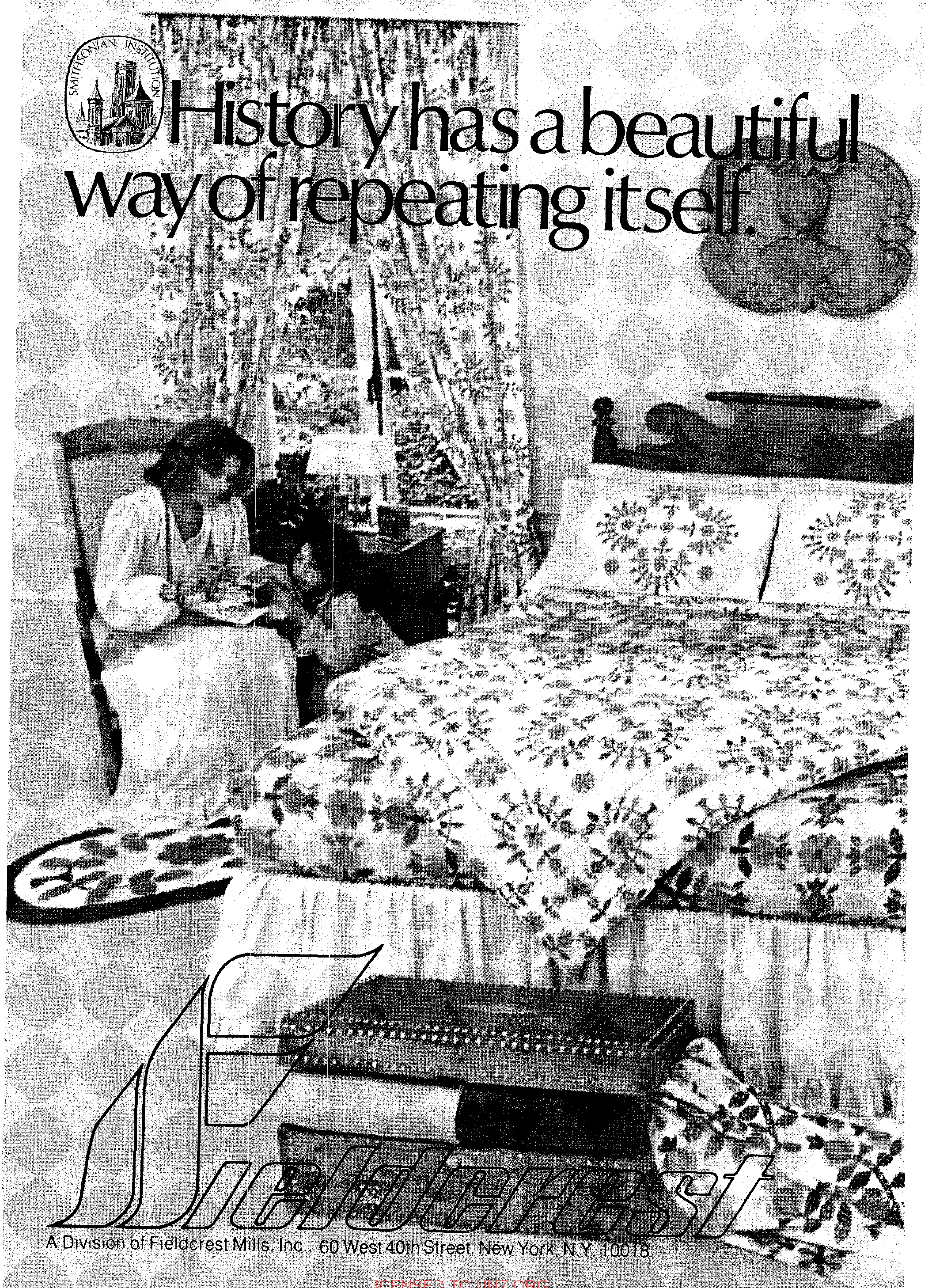

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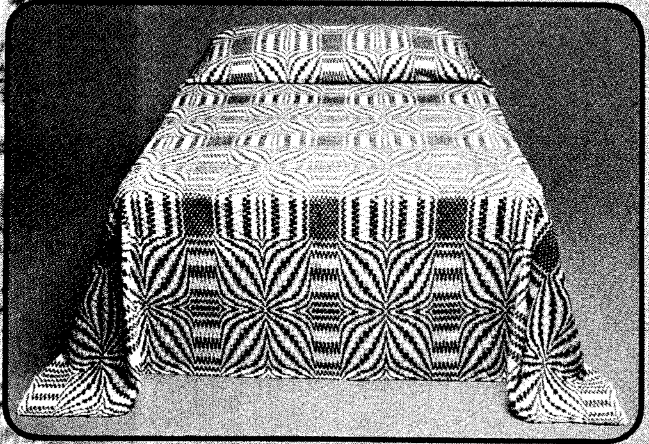
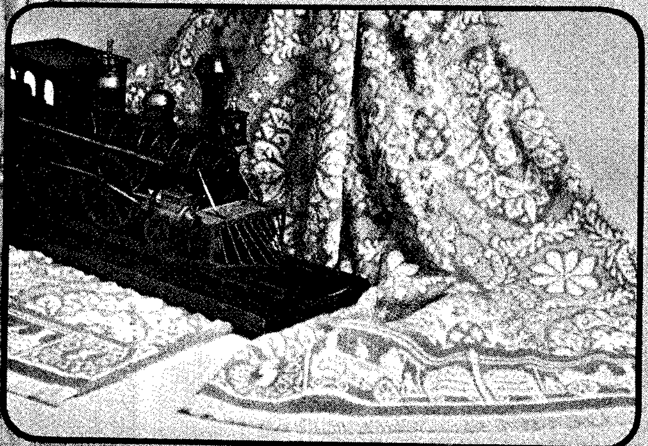
A girl named Patience was 13 when she made a small quilt for her dowry in the 1840's. More than a century later, one of her descendants gave it to the Smithsonian. Fieldcrest has adapted her carefully stitched flower pattern into this elegant design for no-iron sheets, blankets, comforter; also towels and rug.

(The window curtains in this picture were especially made from Patience Rose sheets. Write Fieldcrest for directions.)



DOUBLE BOWKNOT • Original coverlet was made about 1867 in Jackson County, Ohio, and based on a popular geometric pattern of the time. Fieldcrest recreates this surprisingly contemporary-looking design in a bedspread and matching towels. Both in brown, navy, green; bedspread also in red.



HEMPFIELD RAILROAD • When the railroad hit town, it was an event to be celebrated. In 1851 a weaver in what is now Wheeling, W. Va., made a coverlet to commemorate the building of the "Hemfield" Railroad. Fieldcrest has copied his locomotive design—and misspelling—in towels (gold, blue, red) and a bedspread (blue only). Locomotive in picture is from the Smithsonian's collection of train models.

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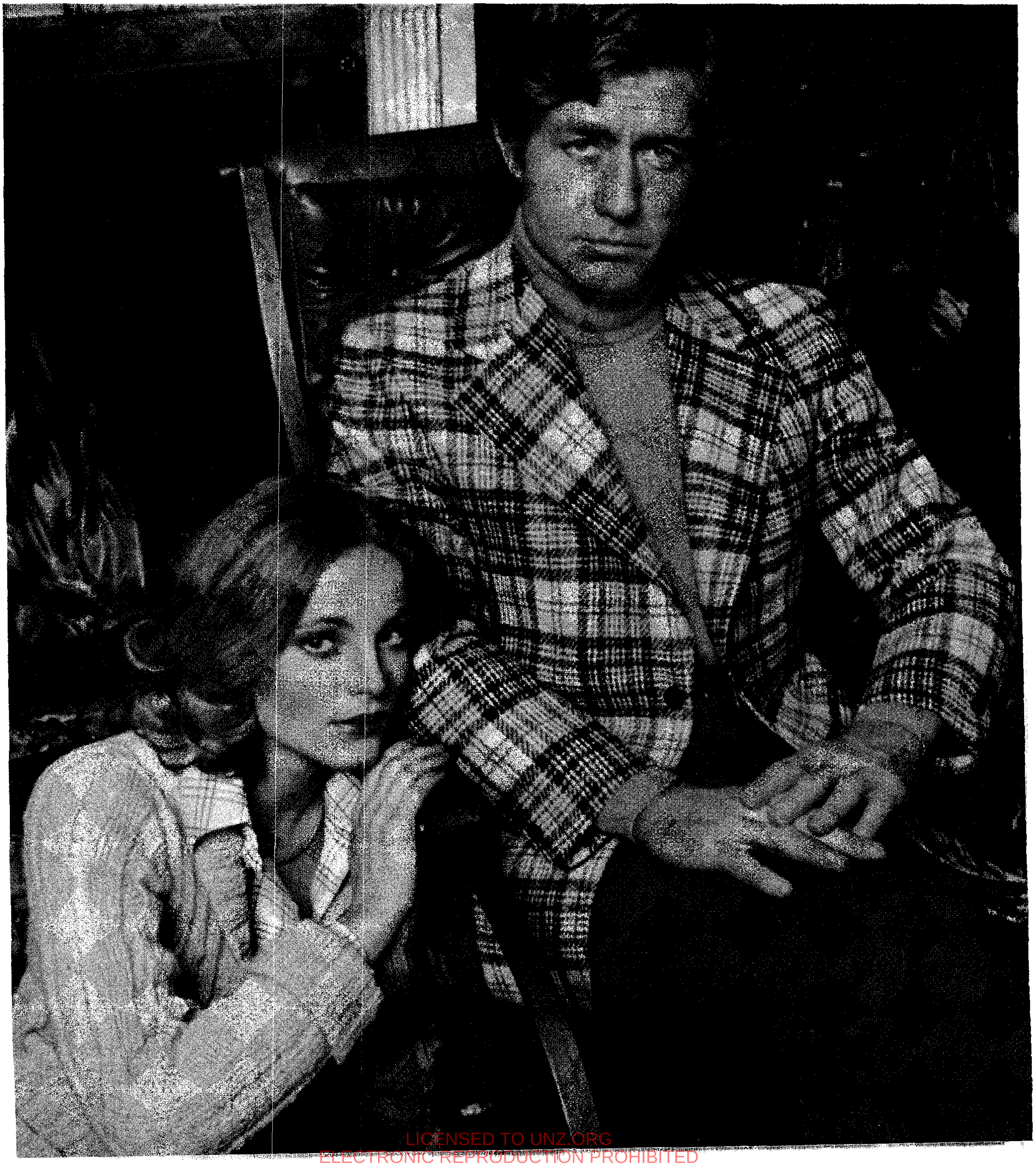

is "a crisis of confidence" in our government. The smoke signals that other Republicans have sent up this week are unmistakable. There is talk again of a delegation of Republicans going to the White House. But there is something that causes unease about the thought of a delegation going to the President and demanding (if that's the way they would put it) his resignation. On whose authority? We have Constitutional procedures for taking care of such problems. That is the point of having a Constitution. "While it may be easy to delete characterizations from the printed page, we cannot delete characterizations from people's minds," said Ford in his speech. Later, Ford said he was not "obliquely referring" to "the transcripts."

•

I PHONED the moderate Republican House member I have spoken with from time to time, and he sounded more agitated than usual. "There are people who have said it's impossible to have a resignation, because that would set an intolerable precedent," he said. "Now there are people, including me, who still say that it is impossible to have a resignation but say that the present situation is even more impossible. The transcripts have been devastating. I thought we had a cool, calculating bandit there. Now it doesn't look as if there was even the competence I thought there was. The Republicans are very upset. It's not the thought now that he'll hurt us in the elections—it's on a moral basis, it's people saying, 'I wonder if I want to be in the same party as that guy.' It's a deep feeling. It's 'Can we stand it?' One of my colleagues took a poll and found forty-eight per cent of the blue-collar workers in his district for impeachment, and sixty-seven per cent of the Republicans. That describes the erosion of Republican support. It's a new kind of quiet outrage. It's not like the reaction to the Saturday-night massacre [the term that has come to be applied to the firing of Cox and the departure of two Attorney Generals last October 20th]. But the talk is nondirectional: We think it's terrible, but what can we do? A lot of members talked with Rhodes before he made that statement. Who knows? By the end of next week, you may see something concrete. I think it will move very fast once it gets going. There is a very fast erosion of Republican support for the President. Pretty soon, you'll see no Republican support for him. You won't hear the little rats' feet going down the ropes, but it's pretty sure there will be nobody on the ship. The only ones left will be the retirees from Congress who want ambassadorships."

•

KEN CLAWSON, the White House director of communications, issued a statement today that the President would not resign "even if Hell freezes over." Ron Ziegler, the White House press secretary, discouraged reporters from using Clawson's statement, and issued one of his own. Ziegler said that the President was determined "to remain in office and fight the matter," and continued, "He feels he has a Constitutional obligation to do that." Ziegler also said that "probably the most disturbing aspect is the tendency of some to draw an erroneous picture of the morality, especially when they are those who have known him well for a long time and should be in a position to place this in better perspective." Clawson released a letter from Dean Burch, a Presidential counsellor, to the Chicago *Tribune*. It said, "What emerges from the transcript is life as it is. It is life in government and politics, life in industry and business—and, yes, life in the editorial offices of every newspaper. It is how things actually are, warts and all." There had been rumors that the President was depressed. Gerald Warren described him as "positive and forceful and looking to the future." Some aides put some of their statements to reporters on a background basis, to guide the reporters in their thinking without having the statements attributed to them. One said, "The President is not going to be driven out of office by one-sided interpretations of morality."

•

ON tonight's news we see, among other things, pictures of Bebe Rebozo on his way to appear before the Ervin committee. Rebozo, speaking to CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr about the President, says, "Public opinion sometimes can be distorted in such a fashion as to even make one wonder about himself."

MAY 10

MORE reporters than usual are at the White House today. The presence of each reinforces the feeling of the others that something is up. The

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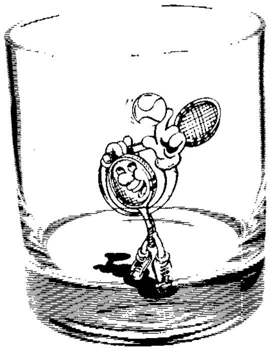

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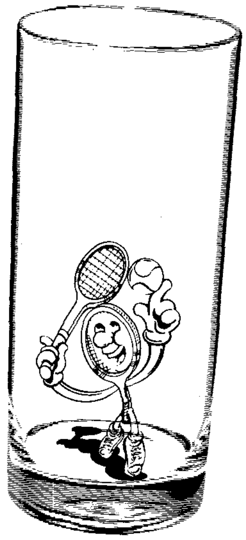

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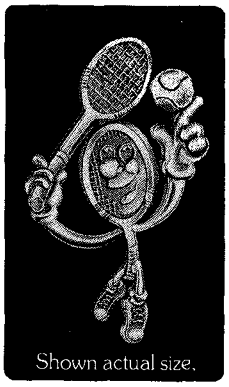
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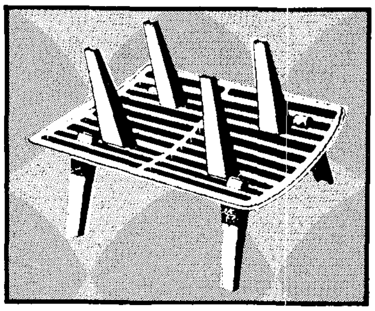

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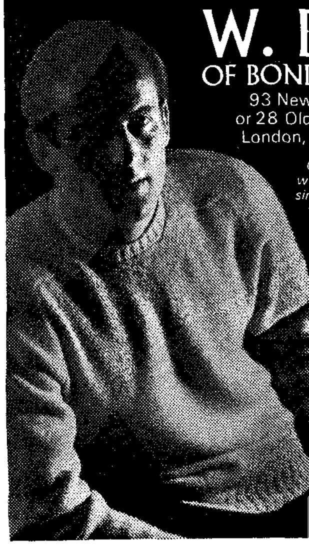

President and Ford are meeting in the Executive Office Building. The rumor is going around again that the President might resign. Even some of the President's aides are wondering how he can stand the pressure. Word reaches the pressroom that Ford has left and will hold a press conference in Buffalo. A couple of reporters have received calls from stockbrokers wanting to know if the reporters think that the President will resign; the market rose yesterday, and the stockbrokers say that the thought that he might resign is what sent it up. The White House will release a message to the Congress on housing today; the "governing" goes on. Now, even when the President tries to govern, or appears to, there is skepticism. (At the beginning of the year, when the President busied himself with programs and legislative proposals, one reporter called his efforts "Operation Run-the-Country.") Shortly after 11 A.M., it is announced that there will be a "photo opportunity" in the Oval Office. We are led through a series of corridors and are suddenly in the President's office. There he is, at the end of this turbulent two weeks, sitting at a desk that is nearly bare. Nixon's face looks fatigued and puffed. His eyes seem sunken in his tired face. He is talking with James Lynn, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, who is sitting in a gold chair beside the desk. Nixon is sitting in a blue leather chair and making conversation about housing with Lynn while the photographers take their pictures. The pictures will be on tonight's news and in the papers. The rug in the office is bright blue with gold stars around the border. It is a wonder that the President can go through this. His words seem forced. "What about your department?" he asks Lynn as the cameras whir and click, and he says, "Don't overlook the long term."

•

MILTON YOUNG, the conservative Republican senator from North Dakota, has said, "It would be a whole lot easier for members of Congress and myself . . . if he [the President] used the Twenty-fifth Amendment and stepped aside until this thing is cleared up." The Twenty-fifth Amendment provides for a transfer of authority to the Vice-President in the event of Presidential disability. (This way, Nixon would remain immune from prosecution. The idea, which could spare the

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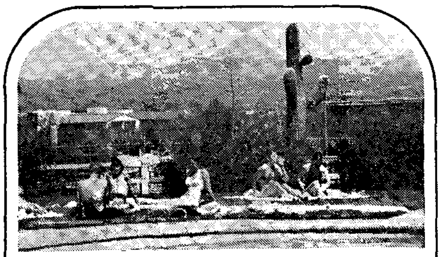

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politicians as well as the President much difficulty, has been bruited about.) Republican Senators Marlow Cook, of Kentucky, and Richard Schweicker, of Pennsylvania, have also called for the President's resignation. Cook, Schweicker, and Young are all up for reëlection this year.

•

TONIGHT, the President went out on the Sequoia for a cruise with Mrs. Nixon and Julie and David Eisenhower.

•

IN January, when Nixon emerged from a period of seclusion, he said—according to a member of Congress who quoted him—"There is a time to be timid. There is a time to be conciliatory. There is a time to fly and there is a time to fight. And I'm going to fight like hell."

MAY 11

GERALD FORD told reporters in Buffalo yesterday that the President had suggested to him that "maybe I was working too hard and should do less travelling."

•

DEAN BURCH, Anne Armstrong, who is also a Presidential counsellor, and Mrs. Nixon's press secretary have made statements saying that the President will not resign. General Haig told the Associated Press, "I think the only thing that would tempt resignation on the part of the President would be if he thought that served the best interests of the American people. At this juncture, I don't see anything on the horizon which would meet that criterion."

•

YESTERDAY, the *Times* quoted Rogers Morton, the Secretary of the Interior, as having said in a speech, "We have seen a breakdown in our ethics of government which I deplore and which I am having a very difficult time living with." Today, the Washington *Post* quoted Rogers Morton as saying, "I'm not going to jump off the ship until there's evidence that the ship is sinking."

•

BILLY GRAHAM, in a telephone interview with an Associated Press reporter yesterday, said that we should pray for the Judiciary Committee and for the President. Dr. Graham said

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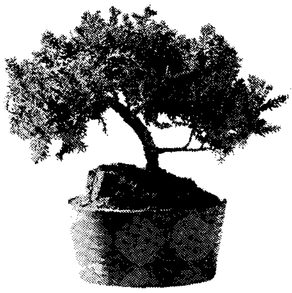

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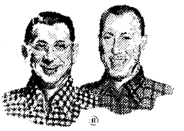

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that the language in the transcripts is "not the language I've ever heard him use," and then he said, "The Lord is listening all the time. The Lord has got his tape recorder going from the time you're born until you die."

•

TONIGHT, the President is speaking in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

•

JULIE and David Eisenhower held a press conference in the White House garden this afternoon. The President cannot hold a press conference now. There are too many questions.

"Absolutely not, no," Mr. Eisenhower replied to the question of whether the President would resign.

The President's daughter said, with some determination in her voice, that they had discussed the question of resignation last night on the Sequoia. "He had a very great quote—that he would take this 'Constitutionally down the wire,' " she said. "He said he would go to the Senate, and he said if there were one senator that believes in him that that's the way it would be."

Asked whom she blamed for the President's "predicament," Mrs. Eisenhower responded, "You begin with a break-in, third- or fourth-rate burglary."

Through his children, the President is sending a message to the politicians that he is not going to resign.

MAY 19

THE President, in an interview with James J. Kilpatrick, a conservative columnist, said that he would not resign "under any circumstances." The interview was published this week. Nixon said that those who proposed that he step aside under the Twenty-fifth Amendment were making a "fatuous suggestion." The President told Kilpatrick that, having learned from earlier crises, he has been able to survive his current one without "tingling nerves and a churning stomach." He would accept a House verdict of impeachment "with good grace," he said, and could conduct his job and undergo a Senate trial, because "I am a disciplined man."

•

THIS week, Dwight Chapin, once the President's appointments secretary, was sentenced to a prison term of from ten to thirty months for perjury before the Watergate grand jury investigating "dirty tricks."

•

ON Thursday, the President went to Key Biscayne, and on Friday he went to Grand Cay, Robert Abplanalp's island retreat, with Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo.

MAY 20

THIS morning, I talked with William Cohen, the Judiciary Committee Republican from Maine. "I think it was a mistake for the committee to begin the presentation with Watergate and the coverup," he said. "It will take many more days, with many conclusions and ambiguities unresolved. The time pressure will be on us, and the impact of the other material will be diffused. The White House strategy of releasing the transcripts might be working. The purpose was to limit the scope of the inquiry to Watergate and the coverup. After it played in the press long enough, people would become insensitive to it. Who cares about the eighteen-and-a-half-minute erasure now? The other issues will seem subordinate and insignificant. House members will say, 'You don't have it on Watergate, so you're trying to patch it up with these other things.' "

I asked him if he thought, then, that the White House would succeed in limiting the scope of the impeachment inquiry.

"I think it already has," he replied. "Members of the House are getting very, very anxious, getting distressed. They feel the forces that are pulling them toward a precipice. They have no control over this, and know that a number of them won't be back after November. The House won't act until the middle or end of July. Meanwhile, there is this pall hanging over the members. It's providing some very anxious moments. Other members say to us, 'Why can't you guys give us an answer sooner?' And we say, 'We can't, we don't have the evidence.' And when we ask for more evidence the White House says we're delaying. So we're squeezed by the members and the White House. The pressures to wind it up now come from members of the House. The later the vote, the more trouble they'll have, the less time to make amends. If I had to predict, I would say he's going to make it. There's not enough time. We haven't heard enough evidence yet. And there's going to be unbearable pressure exerted. There's St. Clair saying the Judiciary Committee has all the evidence

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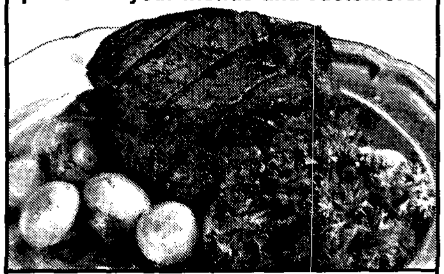

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to find the President innocent. It's Orwellian. We're caught in the catch phrases, the symbols, the emotion, the media, the Presidency, the life forces that drive people. It's not a judicial decision—it's a political one. I think you'll hear more and more about how impeachment will tear the country apart. It will if they keep saying it will. But we live by symbols and catch phrases, and we're stuck with them."

•

TODAY, Judge Sirica ordered the President to turn over the tapes of sixty-four conversations requested by the Special Prosecutor; the White House said that it would appeal; and Leon Jaworski, in a letter to the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, said that in a secret hearing last week St. Clair argued that the Special Prosecutor, as an employee of the executive branch, cannot compel the President to produce documents. That seems to bring us back to where we were last fall. Jaworski says that it makes his position a "farce." The Senate Judiciary Committee has called a meeting for tomorrow. But what will or can it do? Other than sputter? It would seem to be too late now to try to establish a Special Prosecutor's office by legislation. That idea had wide acceptance just after Archibald Cox was fired, but as time wore on, and complications in writing such legislation arose, and other issues came along, and Leon Jaworski expressed concern that the President might use the opportunity of new legislation to get rid of him, the legislation was set aside. Senate leaders said that such legislation held in abeyance would be like a "sword of Damocles" over the President.

•

IN an interview in this week's *Newsweek*, Barry Goldwater, Republican senator from Arizona, said that the President himself has to "seriously consider" the questions "Will his remaining in office be the death knell of the Republican Party? Is it best for the country that we maintain a viable two-party system?" And Goldwater continued, "I happen to believe very strongly in the two-party system. As of this moment, he is not about to resign. But if he begins to see that there is no way out, I think that rather than put the country through two or three months of televised horror, he would seriously consider stepping down." When Goldwater was asked if a delegation should go to the White House to urge the President to resign, he replied,

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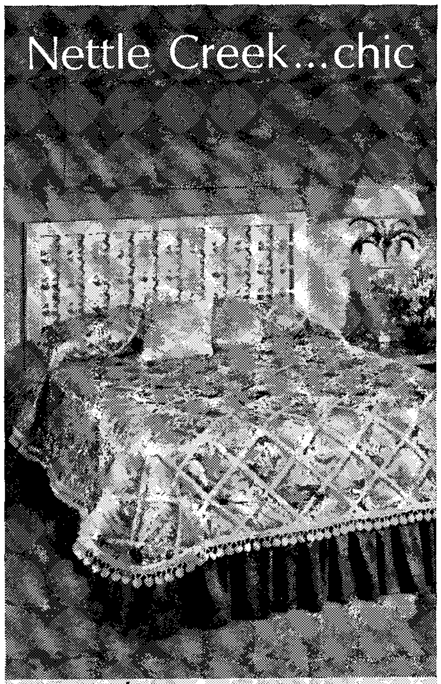

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"If I became convinced that this should be done, I would have no qualms about doing it. But I don't think the time is here yet. It could come at any time." If the House leadership thinks there will be "an overwhelming decision in favor of impeachment," he said, "then I think we might have to consider going to the White House before the vote."

MAY 21

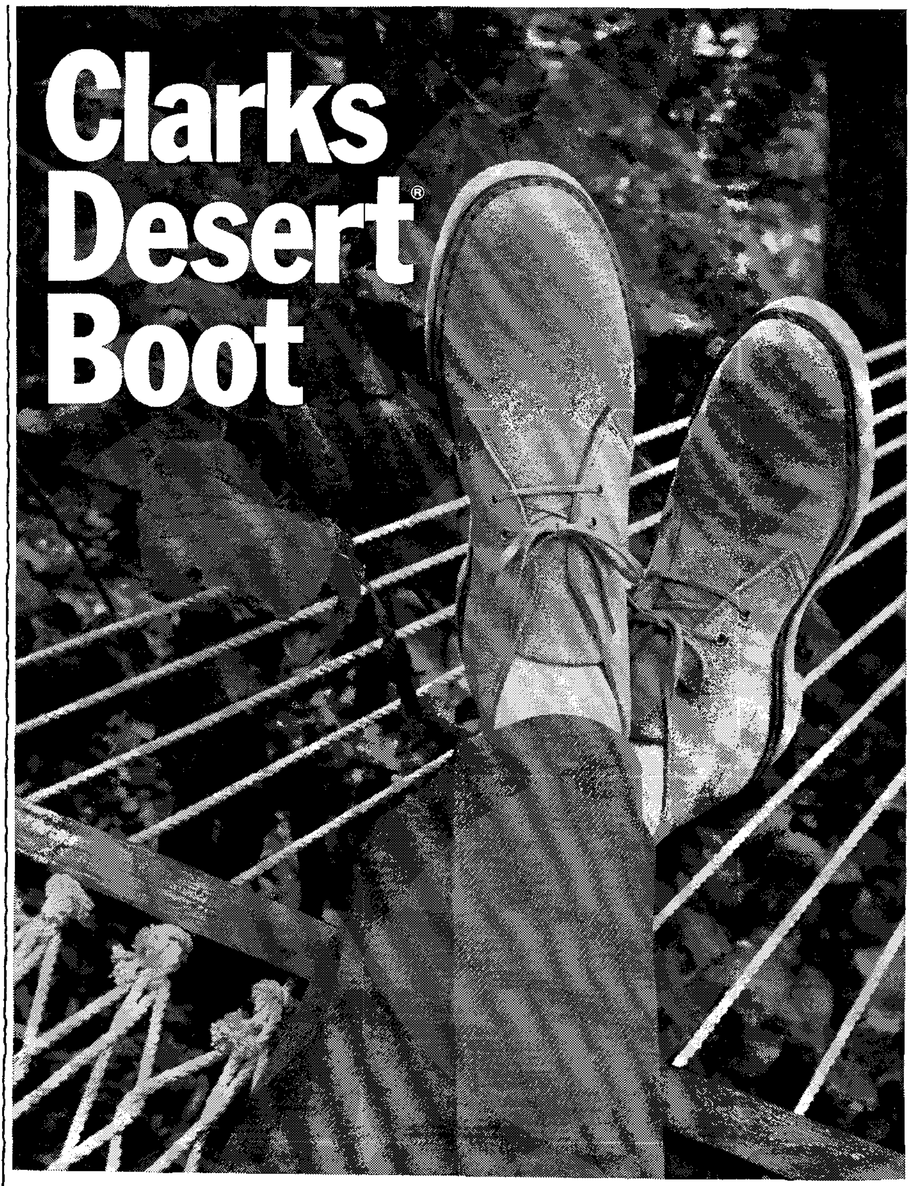
THE Senate Judiciary Committee met this afternoon and adopted a resolution saying that Jaworski is "acting within the scope of the authority conferred upon him." St. Clair has said that he will fight the issue of Jaworski's power all the way to the Supreme Court.

MAY 24

JAWORSKI has asked the Supreme Court to intervene on the question of his power to subpoena material from the President, skipping the Court of Appeals. A Supreme Court review now is critical, Jaworski argued, because the issue must be settled promptly—before the Court's term ends for the summer.

•

JUDGE GESELL, in a decision issued this morning, ruled that the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unwarranted breaking and entering cannot be suspended in the name of national security. It was one of the major events of this entire period—a legal landmark. The ruling was on the pretrial argument raised by Ehrlichman and Colson that they could defend themselves on the ground that the break-in at the office of Dr. Fielding was a legitimate national-security operation. The courts had never ruled on such a question. The President, in various statements, implied that they had, and that they had indicated "inherent power in the Presidency to protect the national security in cases like this." Today, Judge Gesell ruled that even for reasons of national security the President could not authorize a break-in without a search warrant. He also rejected specifically what he termed the "fall-back position" of Ehrlichman and Colson that—since neither defendant has claimed to have been given this authorization by the President—the President could properly delegate the authority to approve national-security break-ins. "Whatever accommodation is required between the guarantees of the Fourth Amendment and the conduct of foreign affairs," Judge Gesell wrote, "it cannot justify a casual, ill-defined assignment to White House



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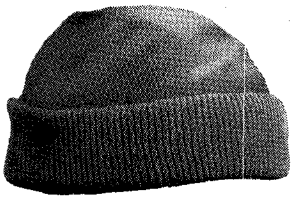

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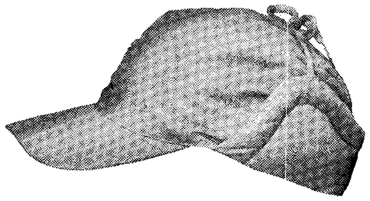

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aides and part-time employees granting them an uncontrolled discretion to select, enter, and search the homes and offices of innocent American citizens without a warrant." The Fourth Amendment "is not theoretical," he wrote. "It lies at the heart of our free society."

May 27

GERALD FORD let it be known at a press conference in Danbury, Connecticut, yesterday that he had told the President at last Thursday's meeting that his "stonewall attitude" could increase the possibility of "an emotional institutional confrontation." Much is being made of this by the reporters in Ford's entourage, apparently at the instigation of Ford or his aides. "Ford has now indicated that he won't defend the President's defiance," says Phil Jones on CBS tonight. On the other hand, in a front-page story in this evening's Washington *Star-News*, Ford is quoted as saying, "We've had dirty tricks campaigns in years gone by. We've had all kinds of things comparable to I.T.T., to the milk thing. This is not an unusual situation. But there is an effort being made by some, in my judgment, to undo the 1972 election." The Vice-President added, "Most Democrats are not [involved]. . . . But you've got a few of the crazies who are undertaking an effort, I think, beyond responsibility."

•

IN an interview today, Ron Ziegler said that a recommendation by the Judiciary Committee to impeach the President "will come as no surprise—[considering] the nature of the committee and the approach of the House Judiciary staff."

May 29

FOR the moment, the House Judiciary Committee has finished hearing the staff presentation on the Watergate break-in and coverup, and on television tonight, once more, we see the members at the microphones.

Robert Kastenmeier, Democrat of Wisconsin: "A very compelling case was made."

Henry Smith, Republican of New York: "I haven't heard a compelling case."

Tomorrow, the committee will hold a business meeting, and next week the presentation of evidence by the staff will turn to the I.T.T. and milk cases. It will return to the coverup later. The order in which the material is being presented has more to do with which areas are ready for presentation than with logic. The search for the "best evidence" has taken the committee inquiry down the evidentiary, legalistic trail, and seems to be reinforcing the idea that criminal culpability on the part of the President must be found. Even people who saw the question of impeachment as requiring a political judgment about the abuse of power have begun to think of it in terms of finding "proof" of criminal acts, in order to make the most persuasive case to the House and the Senate. And even members of the committee staff, in the process of looking for proof of a criminal act, have helped slip the definition of impeachment over into the area where the President wanted it. The question now is whether anyone will be able to pull it back.

May 30

ON the radio this morning, it is announced that Gerald Ford has said that the President is justified in not giving more material to the House Judiciary Committee until it has digested the material it has and until it has called witnesses.

•

TODAY, the Judiciary Committee is to respond to the President's refusal to honor its last subpoena (dealing with conversations that might have been about the coverup), and is to issue another one (this one dealing with possible conversations about both the coverup and the plumbers). Rodino calls at the outset on Walter Flowers. That's interesting: Flowers, the conservative Alabama Democrat, will sponsor a letter to the President. Flowers says to the committee that the President's "open and continued defiance" of the committee is "a disturbing matter." He continues, "I say this committee is moving forward fairly, and I mean in every respect, including the issuance of subpoenas." He then says, "Under the Constitution, it is not within the power of the President to conduct an inquiry into his own impeachment." The committee letter, after some revising of language, warns the President that "committee members will be free to consider whether your refusals warrant the drawing of adverse inferences concerning the substance of the materials, and whether your refusals in and of themselves might constitute a ground for impeachment." The vote to send the letter is twenty-eight to ten—nine Republicans and Conyers opposed. Conyers had wanted to recommend that the President be held in contempt. It is a stronger letter than the one sent to the President after his release of the transcripts, and it has received more Republican support. The last time, Cohen was the only Republican who voted to send a letter. This time, he was joined by Smith, Fish, Sandman, Hogan, Butler, McClory, and Railsback.

•

DURING the lunch break, Hamilton Fish, Jr., and his wife, Billy, who has been attending committee meetings, and I eat sandwiches in Fish's office, in the Longworth House Office Building. Fish—a tall man with wavy hair—is the fourth generation in his family to occupy a seat in Congress. He is, as it happens, the man who recommended that G. Gordon Liddy, whom he defeated in a primary, be given a government job. (Liddy first went to work at the Treasury Department, then at the White House, and then as counsel to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President.) Fish is considered one of the swing votes on the committee.

"I have been helped enormously by Mr. Jenner," he says. "In Republican caucuses, he has helped me in my thinking, which certainly has evolved. The scholarship and professionalism of Mr. Doar and Mr. Jenner made it easy for me to accept their memorandum about impeachable offenses. But the evidence is such a morass, and has been presented with objectivity—we'll have to get counsel to give us a theory of the case."

This morning, Fish voted to send the letter to the President, though he voted against the letter sent on May 1st. "Looking back, I don't think I'd vote that way again," he says. "I had no idea of the symbolic effect of the letter. I did think it was premature. We hadn't had a chance to look at the transcripts. We should have waited, as we did this time. Today was ten days after we received the President's refusal to honor the subpoena." Fish says that the fact that Doar and Jenner, at party caucuses, took members' suggestions for the letter, instead of having the letter presented to the committee at the last minute, also made a difference. "Another difference was that members were talking in terms of Constitutional grounds," he goes on. "The subject of the President never came up. Now there are only eight or nine members who have not bought the argument that we are proceeding according to our Constitutional authority, and that there is no counter-

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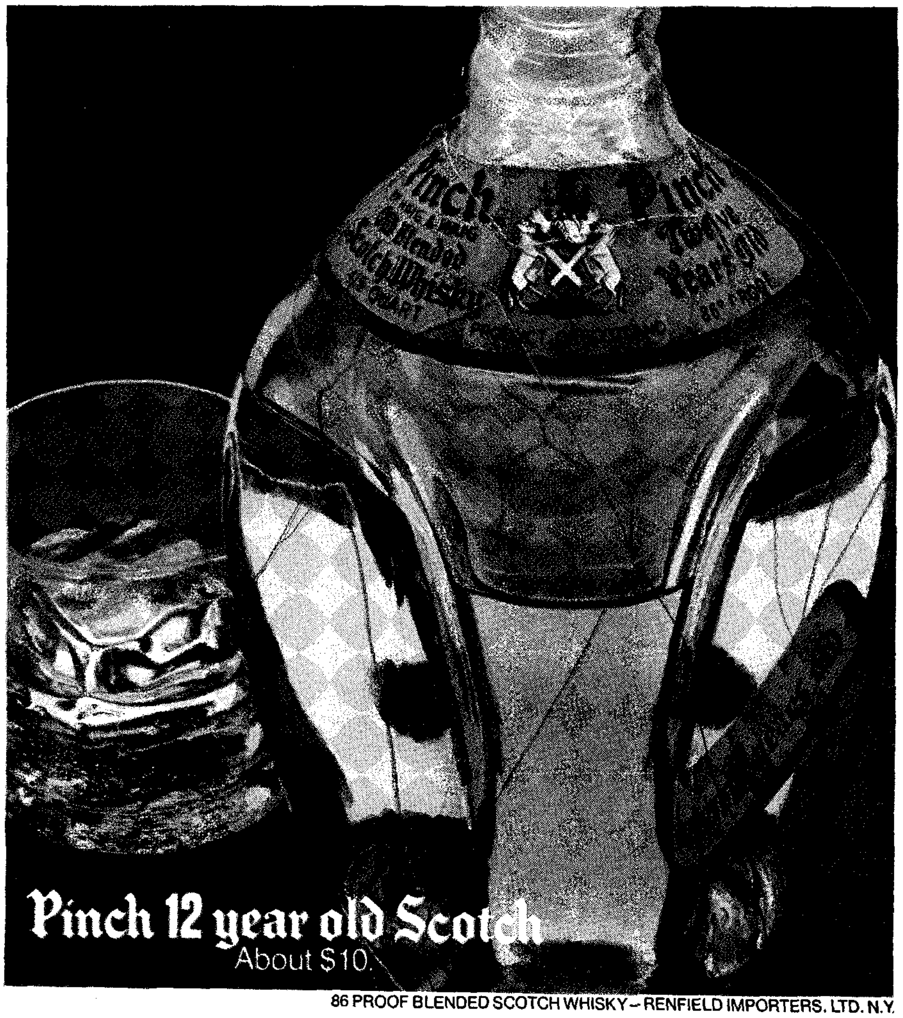

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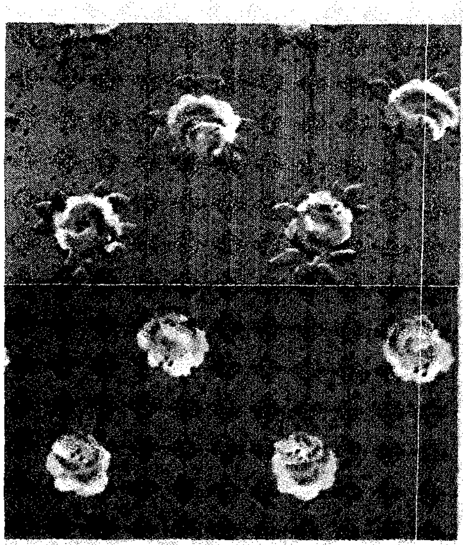

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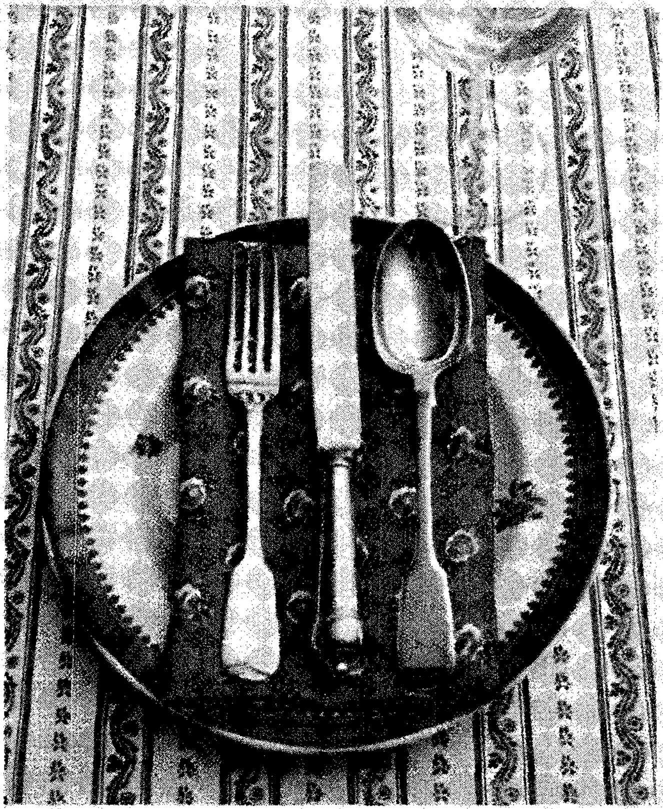

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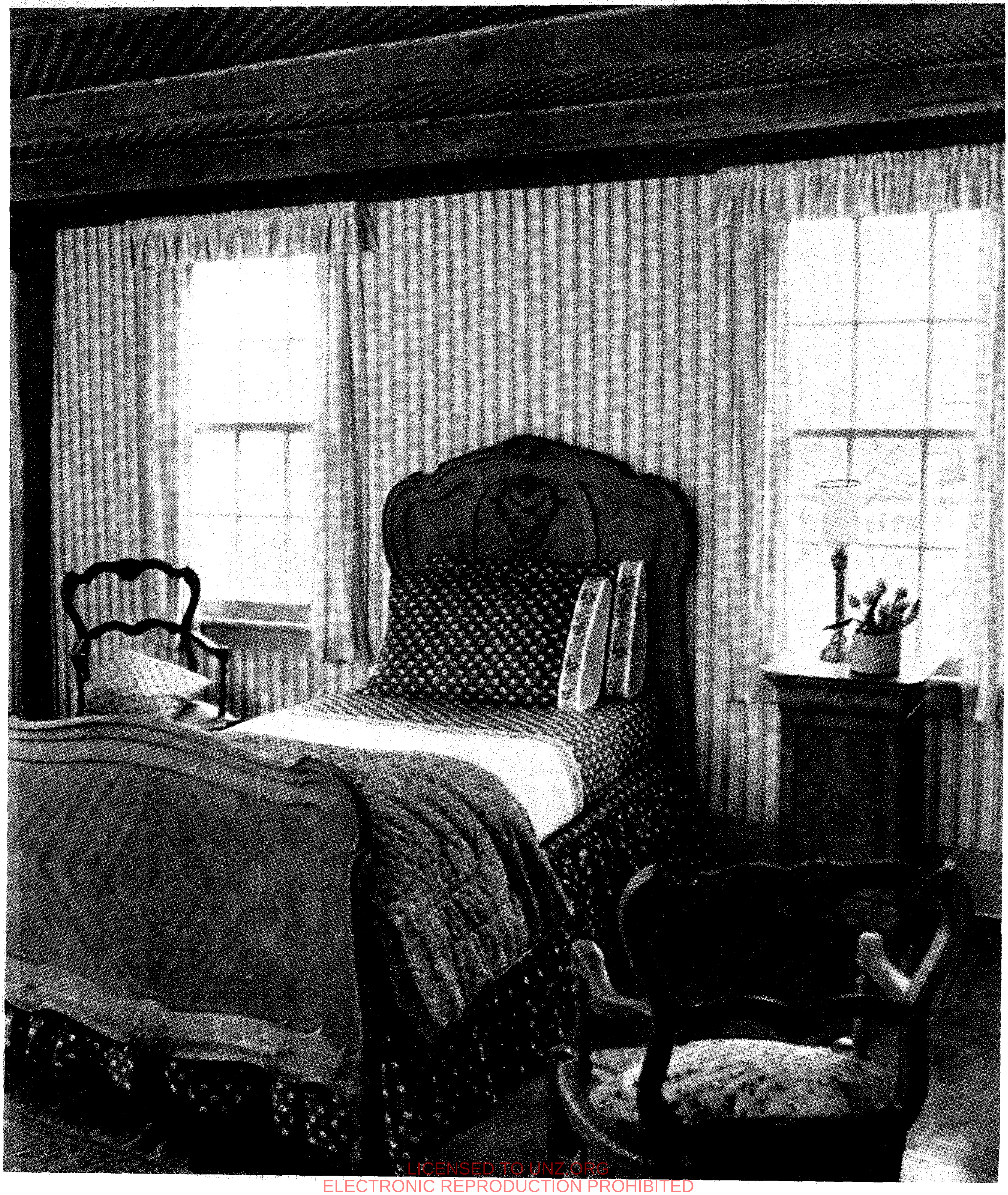

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Constitutional authority. Some of them equate the principles of attorney-client privilege, confidentiality, with the Constitutional principle of our authority. They haven't taken that leap, which is almost a religious leap of faith. It gets down to the matter of your acceptance of Mr. Jenner's position, which he gave this morning. [At the committee meeting this morning, Jenner advised the members that their "sole power" to conduct an impeachment inquiry could not be delegated to the courts, and a proposal by Railsback to submit to the courts the issue of the President's obligation to comply with the committee's subpoena was roundly defeated.] It's a novel theory that hasn't been used in a hundred years, and takes getting used to."

I ask Fish how he accounts for the differences of viewpoint among his colleagues on the question of whether there must be evidence of crime if the President is to be impeached, as opposed to a finding of general abuse of power.

He responds without hesitation, "It depends on your congressional district. Who it is that you are selling your conclusion to. People like Rangel [Charles B. Rangel, New York Democrat] and Drinan [Robert F. Drinan, Massachusetts Democrat] have no problems. We went through the same thing on the confirmation of Ford. Were we surrogates for our constituents? What did our districts think? What these political animals are concerned with is not so much the way it's going to end up as how they're going to justify it."

June 1

Gerald Warren has refused to answer reporters' questions on whether the President would obey a "definitive" decision by the Supreme Court on the subpoenaed tapes.

•

Representative William L. Dickinson, Alabama Republican and one of the President's guests on the Sequoia a few nights ago (the President has been taking important Republicans and Southern Democrats cruising lately), says that the President vowed "there are some tapes that are so sensitive to national security that he wouldn't release them under any circumstances, even if it meant that he had to leave office."

June 2

At a dinner, a Cabinet officer says to me that recent events have not affected the management of his department. When it is necessary, he says, he can still reach White House aides, and even, on occasion, the President, for a decision. Actually, now that Haldeman and Ehrlichman are gone, their *apparat* for trying to gain total control over the executive branch is in a state of disrepair, and Cabinet officers are freer than they might have dreamed possible in the past. (Some of the Haldeman-Ehrlichman *apparatchik* are still in the bureaucracies, though, and some officials, still unsure about how this will all turn out, are on guard.) "But you ask me how it is," the Cabinet officer says. "When your kids come home from school and say they were asked how their dad could work for a crook, that's when it's tough. That's when it's tough."

JUNE 3

THE bulletin crackled through Washington this morning: Colson has copped a plea. There had been earlier rumors of possible pleas prior to the trials, but in the rush of events we had forgotten about that. Colson has pleaded guilty to a charge of obstructing justice by scheming to defame and destroy Daniel Ellsberg and thus influence the outcome of Ellsberg's trial. The charge—a new one against Colson—is a felony, and could cost Colson a penalty of five years in jail or a fine of five thousand dollars, or both; his pleading guilty to it means that he will be prohibited from practicing law. In exchange for this plea, the charges against Colson for the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office and for the Watergate coverup have been dropped. He has promised to coöperate in other investigations and trials of his former colleagues. Colson seemed to take some pains not to know things—to establish deniability—but still it is widely assumed that Colson has a lot to tell. Whether he has and whether he will tell it are in question as of now. (In the transcripts, Nixon said, "Colson would do anything.") In court today, Colson said, "I now know what it is like to be a defendant in a celebrated criminal case," and he went on to say that he had "come to believe in the very depths of my being" that official threats to defendants' rights "must be stopped." Colson likening himself to Ellsberg. Tonight, we see Colson on television saying, "I have watched with a heavy heart the country I love being torn apart these past months by one of the most divisive and bitter controversies in our history."

Colson's problem now is that he is caught in his own trap. He may mean

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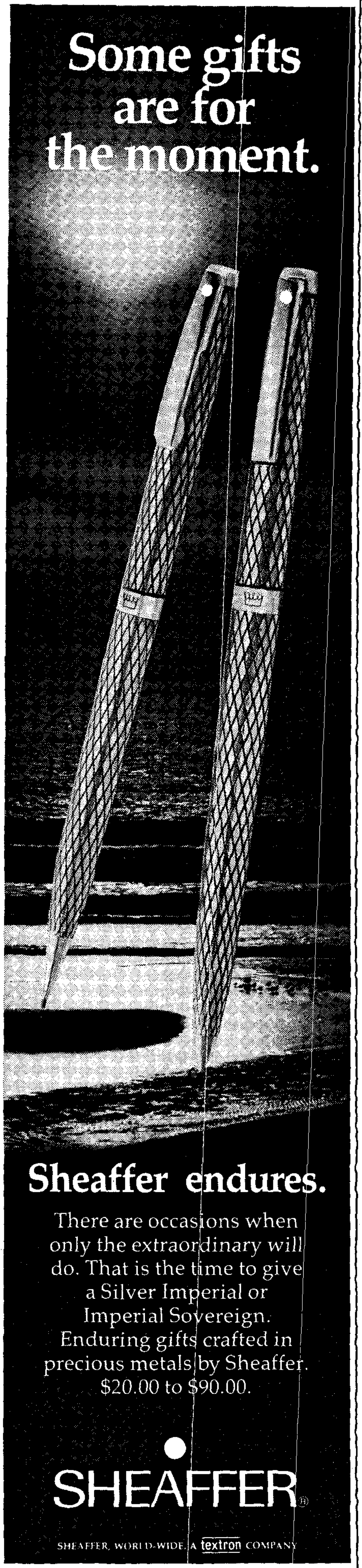

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everything he says. He may feel contrition. His recent, publicized turn to religion may be sincere. He may be distressed at what is happening to his country, which he may truly love. When John Mitchell was exonerated, he said he loved his country, and so did Egil Krogh when he pleaded guilty. The people who surrounded Richard Nixon probably do and did love their country, and had their own peculiar sense of what that meant. It is still not clear that Colson understands why his country is being "torn apart." It is as if these people were utterly detached from what they did. And, having manipulated the symbols—country, flag, religion—they are inevitably suspected of continuing to do so. When Colson turned to religion, he was seen as engaging in the ultimate manipulation. That he then talked as enthusiastically about Jesus as he had once talked about Richard Nixon does not mean that he has not believed firmly in both. The religiosity of the men around Nixon was and is a striking thing, and it is something very hard to deal with. It is not polite to mock or suspect people's religious beliefs, and these men used that on us. They made their patriotism and their piety part of their politics. All of which gives fresh meaning to the point that we have a government of laws.

•

GERALD FORD has replied to those who say he "zigs and zags" in his defense of the President, "Zig and zag, that's what a good broken-field runner does."

JUNE 4

FOR the third time, the panel of experts approved by the White House and the Special Prosecutor's office last fall has reported that the eighteen-and-a-half-minute erasure was done manually, probably on a White House recorder. This is presumably its final report.

•

TONIGHT, on the news, we see Jeb Stuart Magruder entering prison, and reporters asking him thoughtful questions about the morality and meaning of it all. This is getting to be a familiar scene. Watergate has given us a new generation of moralists.

•

THE Associated Press reported today that at least sixteen members of the House Judiciary Committee—nine Democrats and seven Republicans—received contributions from the dairy coöperatives. Tomorrow, the committee is to take up the subject of the President's receipt of campaign contributions from the dairy industry.

JUNE 5

IN California yesterday, the voters approved Proposition 9, the most rigorous campaign-reform measure adopted by any state, by a margin of more than two to one. In Seattle this week, the nation's governors, at one of their biannual meetings, adopted a resolution calling for reform of campaign financing, disclosure of conflicts of interest, and open meetings in state government. Both measures were backed by Common Cause. How long this reform wave will last and what changes it will leave in the landscape cannot be known now, but it is unquestionably having an impact. The more sophisticated reformers know that there is no perfect world and that there will be backsliding, but they recognize that this is their moment in history to move.

JUNE 6

IT was revealed today that last February, when the Watergate grand jury returned the indictments for the coverup against the President's former associates, it named the President as an unindicted co-conspirator. The news stories say that it had wanted to indict the President but had been told by Leon Jaworski that there was a Constitutional question of whether a sitting President could be indicted. The rumor that the President had been indicted circulated last March but was not published. According to tonight's reports, the grand jury concluded that the President had set in motion a payment to Watergate defendant E. Howard Hunt. The story, broken by the Los Angeles *Times*, came out in the course of the negotiations between Jaworski and St. Clair over the subpoenaed tapes. Jaworski had informed St. Clair that he was prepared to argue in court that the President, as an unindicted co-conspirator, could not withhold evidence. It was during subsequent meetings *in camera* that St. Clair said he would still attempt to quash the subpoena, by arguing that Jaworski did not have the authority to subpoena the President. So these maneuvers were even more deadly than we thought.

St. Clair says on television tonight,

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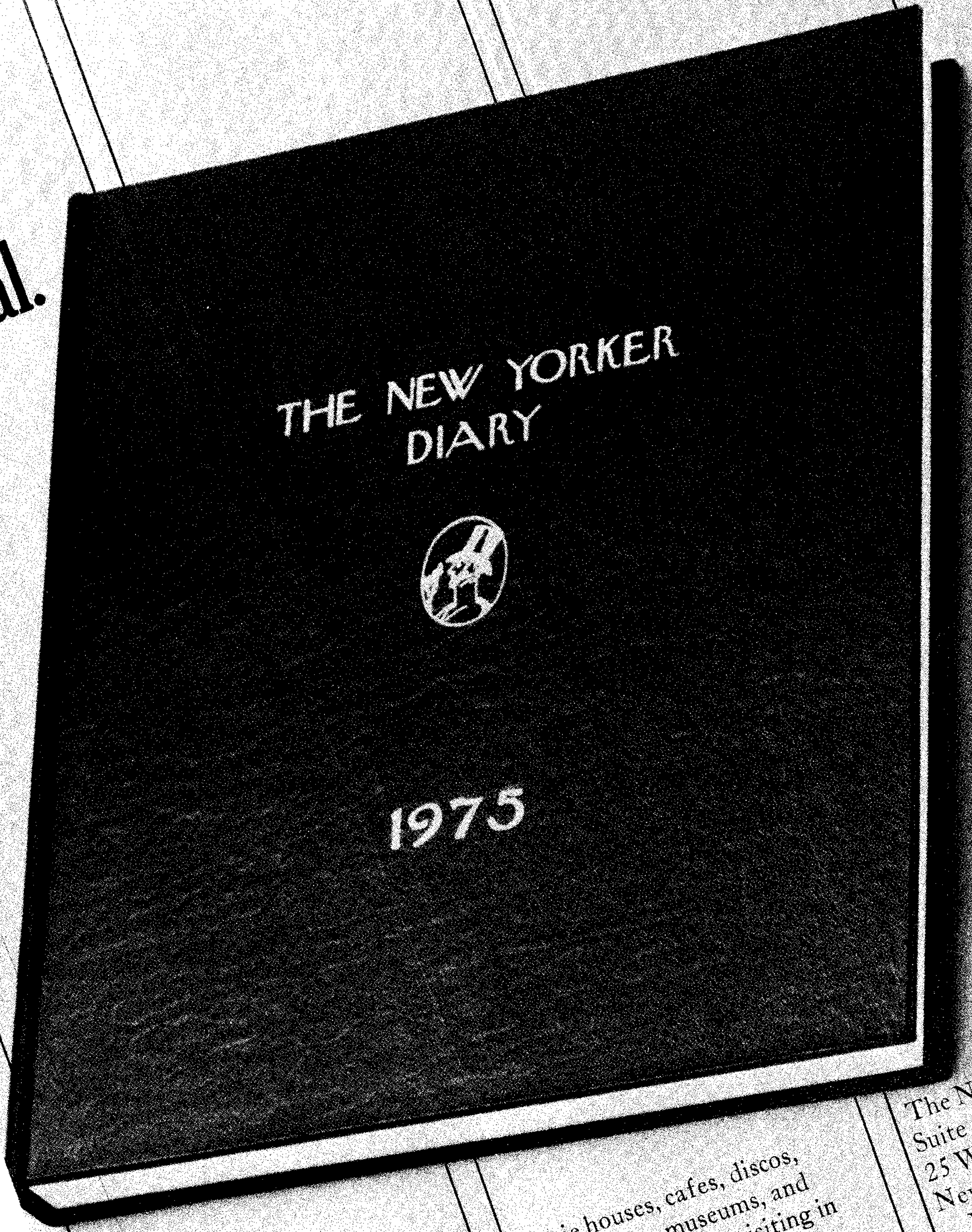

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•

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•

SOMETHING else is happening, seems to be in the air. The President's extraordinary durability is making an impression. It appears to have self-fulfilling effects: he is an endurer; therefore he might endure; therefore what side does one want to have been on in this ultimate struggle over power? Nixon is still the President, and is still feared.

JUNE 7

THE news reports about the Judiciary Committee's presentation of evidence on domestic surveillance say that Administration-instigated wiretaps—and, presumably, some physical surveillance—turned up information such as that one person had been seen at a store that sold pornographic material, another had been seen dining with a woman when his wife was out of town. The Administration, having obtained the records of the taps from J. Edgar Hoover's files, and then having tried to hide them in Ehrlichman's safe, finally admitted to seventeen wiretaps on newsmen and government aides, some of which did not deal with security information. We already know that taps on two of Kissinger's aides were maintained after they left the White House and were working as advisers to Senator Edmund S. Muskie, Democrat of Maine and then a Presidential candidate. The committee learned that information gathered from one interception enabled the White House to know about and make plans to counter an attack on the President's Vietnam policies by former Defense Secretary Clark M. Clifford in *Life*. At a press conference yesterday, Kissinger denied that he had initiated the taps, and said he had simply forwarded the names of those who had access to material that had been

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leaked, and he denied knowledge of the plumbers.

◆

AT lunch, a White House aide says that it is important to make public the material on which the grand jury based its findings against the President, so as to "shoot it down." He says that even if a payment was made to Hunt, perhaps there is only a circumstantial case linking it to the President. He says that even if the President did say to pay Hunt temporarily, he knew that it couldn't be done forever. Should he be impeached for that, the White House aide asks.

The White House aide says that he does not see the "pro-impeachment" group as very strong; only the good-government people, the reform types—what he refers to as the "goo-goos"—are for it, he says. He tells me that John Rhodes, Richard Schweiker, and Hugh Scott all got strong "backfire" after they criticized the President or called on him to resign. The "hard-core" public support for the President is between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent, he says, and for Republicans "that's a lot." The aide feels that the President's case has been handled better legally than it has politically. Politically, there's a problem, he says. It is hard to get people to speak out for the President. They don't know what's going on. The Special Prosecutor does, the Judiciary Committee does, but others don't. And people don't want to go out on a limb. Members of Congress don't, Cabinet members don't, and even White House aides, himself included, have a problem. In effect, he says, the control of the news and events has passed from the White House. "Let's face it," the White House man says. "The press is with the Judiciary Committee. The media have deployed all those people to the Judiciary Committee, to the Special Prosecutor's office, so they have to come up with stories. They have made a big investment in Watergate."

I ask him how he feels that the release of the transcripts has worked out for the President.

He says he feels that either they should have been released in the first place or the President, having "taken the heat" for not releasing the tapes, should have continued to refuse to release any version of them. The transcripts, he says, hurt him with "the spiritual types," and the intellectuals and opinion-molders—"ours and theirs." They hurt him, he says, with

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"the traditional Wasp Republicans but not with the average person, not with the working types." He says he doubts whether George Meany was really as offended as he professed to be. He says he sees the question of impeachment as a fluid one. If a vote had been taken after the Cox weekend, or after the transcripts were released, he says, the President would have been impeached, but he is not sure how things stand now.

•

A FEW days ago, a Washington lawyer, a Democrat, said that he no longer cares what happens. He said the fact that the President has flouted the processes does not mean that they will be flouted again. Nixon, he said, has created both a precedent and a cure. No future President, he said, would want to be accused of "acting like Nixon." The problem, said the lawyer, is that the vindication of the system has become an end in itself. The process, having been begun, has to be seen through. "So you have to go by principle instead of just what's practical," he said, and he added, "Too bad."

I put this to a wise man here this afternoon. He said that the lawyer was being too professional and technical. "You're dealing with two hundred million people who live by symbols and myths," said this man. "And the great national story has to have an ending." He said that the thing has to play itself out not just because of the process but because the whole thing—the whole national enterprise, national spirit, call it what you will—rests on caring people with an idea in their heads of what their society is or ought to be. "If that goes sour, we've had it," he said. "The American people is the ballgame on this. Their sense of equity and the dignity of the nation—the dignity of its rulers. How that comes out—that's the big thing."

•

RICHARD KLEINDIENST, the former Attorney General, was given a suspended sentence of a month in jail and a one-hundred-dollar fine, and placed on one month's unsupervised probation today for the misdemeanor charge of not answering fully when he failed to tell the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1972 that he had been ordered by President Nixon to drop an appeal of a government anti-trust case against I.T.T. Kleindienst pleaded guilty to this charge on May 16th. ("I was not interfered with by anybody at

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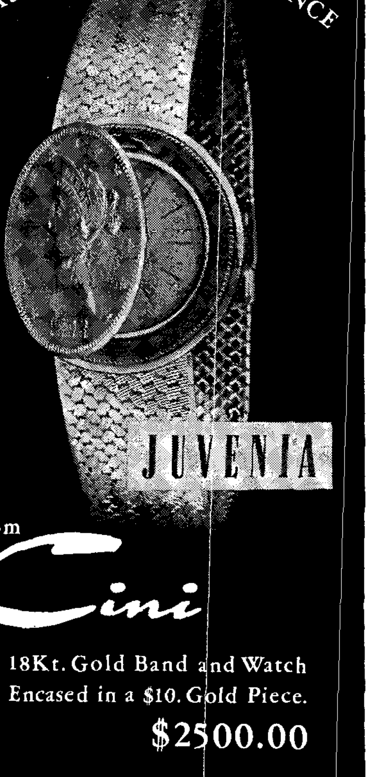

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the White House," Kleindienst had told the committee.) District Court Judge George L. Hart said that Kleindienst's was a "technical violation" of the law which "is not the type of violation that reflects a mind bent on deception" but "reflects a heart too loyal and considerate of the feelings of others."

JUNE 10

WALTER CRONKITE is at the Salzburg airport. The President has gone abroad, and the anchormen have gone with him, lending their importance to the trip. It is another of those airport scenes with which we have become familiar. This one is the first stop on the way to the Middle East. The President and Mrs. Nixon get off a plane. A band wearing tall hats with some sort of fronds dangling from them is playing. We also see a scene of the President on the White House lawn this morning—the Vice-President, the President's daughters and sons-in-law, members of the diplomatic corps, and a helicopter are in the background—just before he departs on what he calls his "journey for peace." They usually don't make journeys for war. This is total theatre, brought to us by the networks. The President's trip may have a serious purpose, but, if so, it's clouded by the lens of impeachment and rendered suspect by the hyperbolic P.R. Nothing the President does now can escape the cynicism engendered by his situation and his style. Someone said recently that he is doing to foreign policy what he did to the Presidency. Shortly after the President departed, the White House released a letter to the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee rejecting the committee's May 30th subpoena for tapes and documents concerning Watergate and the plumbers. That subpoena fell due today. The President also left behind letters from St. Clair to Judge Gesell and Judge Sirica refusing to turn over materials. In his letter to the Judiciary Committee, the President said that this was not, as the committee had said in its letter to him, a case of "the President conducting an inquiry into his own impeachment." He said that he had given the committee "extensive and unprecedented coöperation." The question was, said the President, "where the line is to be drawn on an apparently endlessly escalating spiral of demands for confidential Presidential tapes and documents." The President urged the committee to stop seeking "the chimera of additional evidence from additional

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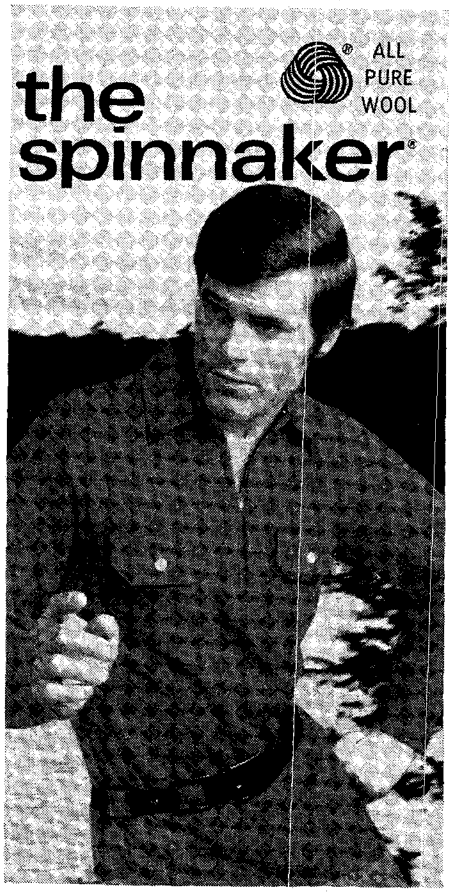

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tapes," and to call "live witnesses," subject to cross-examination. "The executive must remain the final arbiter of demands on its confidentiality," the President said. The President also said that the impeachment inquiry "places a great strain on our constitutional system, and on the pattern of practice of self-restraint by the three branches that has maintained the balances of the system for nearly two centuries." It was essential, he said, to maintain the balance. He wrote, "Whenever one branch attempts to press too hard in intruding on the constitutional prerogatives of another, that balance is threatened."

JUNE 14

THE President viewed the Pyramids today, and promised to give Egypt the capacity for developing nuclear power.

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THE White House is, of course, making the most of the leaks of information from the Judiciary Committee. At the White House yesterday, Vice-President Ford and Dean Burch attacked the committee for the leaks. There have been leaks about Kissinger's role in the wiretapping. And there have been leaks of a series of memorandums from a staff lawyer for the Judiciary Committee (not a member of the impeachment-inquiry staff) to one of the committee members showing discrepancies between the transcripts released by the White House and transcripts of the same tapes made by the committee. One of the committee transcripts shows that on March 22, 1973, the President said to John Mitchell, "I don't give a —— what happens. I want you to (unintelligible) stonewall it, plead the Fifth Amendment (unintelligible) else, if it'll (unintelligible). That's the big point." The President is also shown to have told Mitchell, "Even up to this point, the whole theory has been containment, as you know, John." This material had not been in the White House transcripts.

•

HOUSE MINORITY LEADER JOHN RHODES, who has been coming to the President's defense lately, said a few days ago that if the President defied the Supreme Court he "probably could not survive" impeachment. Rhodes also told newsmen this week that after he had publicly suggested (following the release of the transcripts) that the President should consider resignation, "my mail switched from three-to-one anti-Nixon to eight-to-one pro-Nixon." Said Rhodes, "Any Republican who thinks he can win a congressional election without that hard-core support is more optimistic than I am." He also said that any member "will be in trouble at home" if he votes for impeachment and the Senate "knocks the case down flat."

•

FRED BUZHARDT suffered a heart attack this week and is in the hospital.

•

THE Presidential speechwriter Patrick Buchanan wrote a piece for the Op-Ed page of the *Times* (of all places) yesterday asserting that the grand jurors who voted to name the President an unindicted co-conspirator were from "the most anti-Nixon city in the United States." He pointed out that George McGovern received seventy-eight per cent of the votes in the District of Columbia, that seventeen of the twenty-three grand jurors were black, and that blacks across the nation had voted "upwards of 10 to 1 against the President."

JUNE 17

MONDAY. The second anniversary of the break-in at the Watergate. Herbert Kalmbach was sentenced today to a minimum of six months in prison for secret and illegal fund-raising.

JUNE 19

DOWN the hallway from Room 2141, reporters are standing behind ropes awaiting the emergence of committee members for a quorum call or their lunch break. The members are still hearing the evidence in closed session, and the reporters must do their best to find out what is going on. As members emerge, the reporters chase them, gathering what snippets they can. Representative Thomas M. Rees, Democrat of California and a member of the Banking and Currency Committee, which has rooms adjacent to the Judiciary Committee's, has likened the scene, in a newsletter to his constituents, to the running of the bulls at Pamplona. The reporters know by now which members will be helpful. Some members slip out through a side door, eluding the pack. Others head right for it, and for the television cam-

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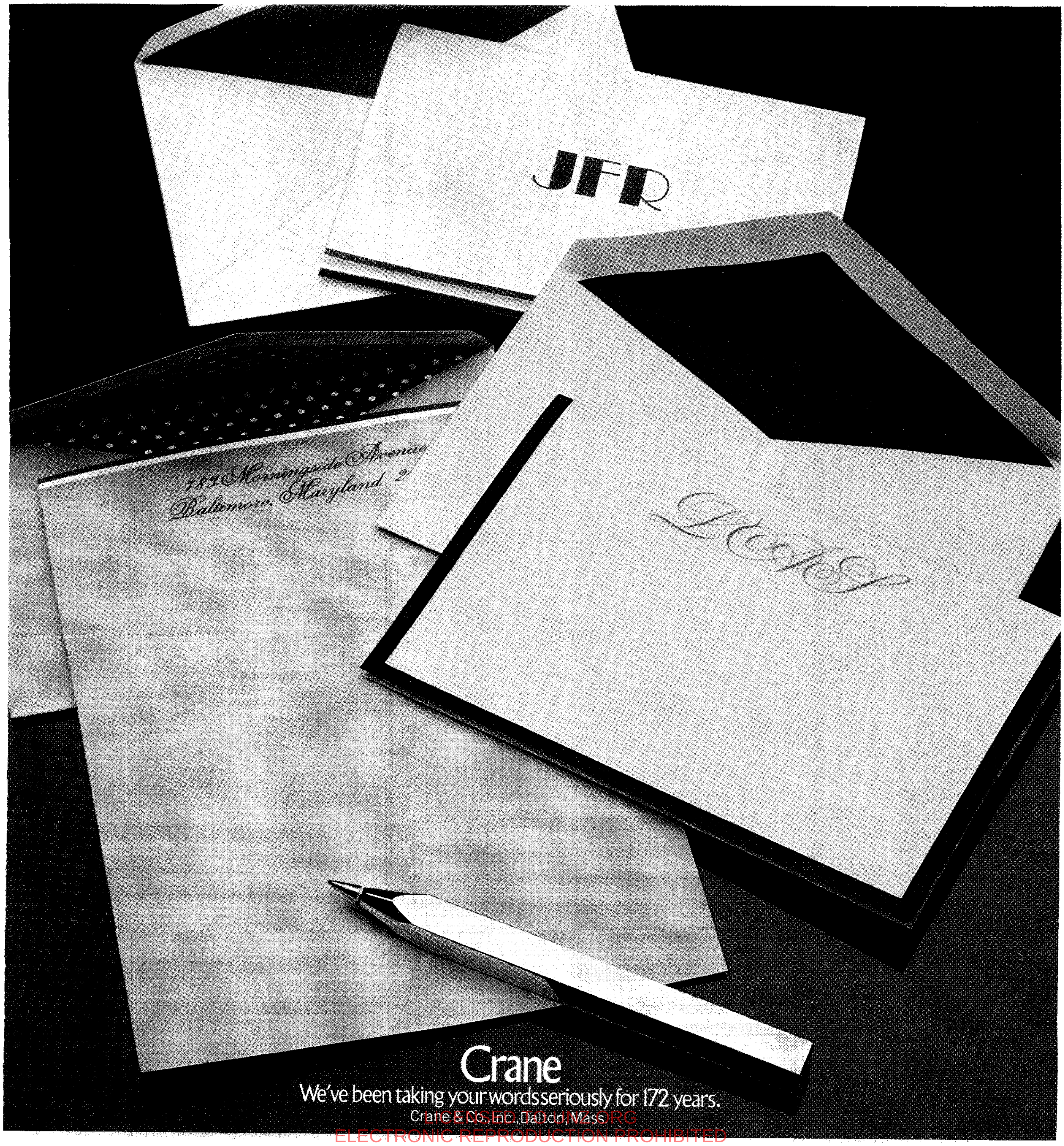

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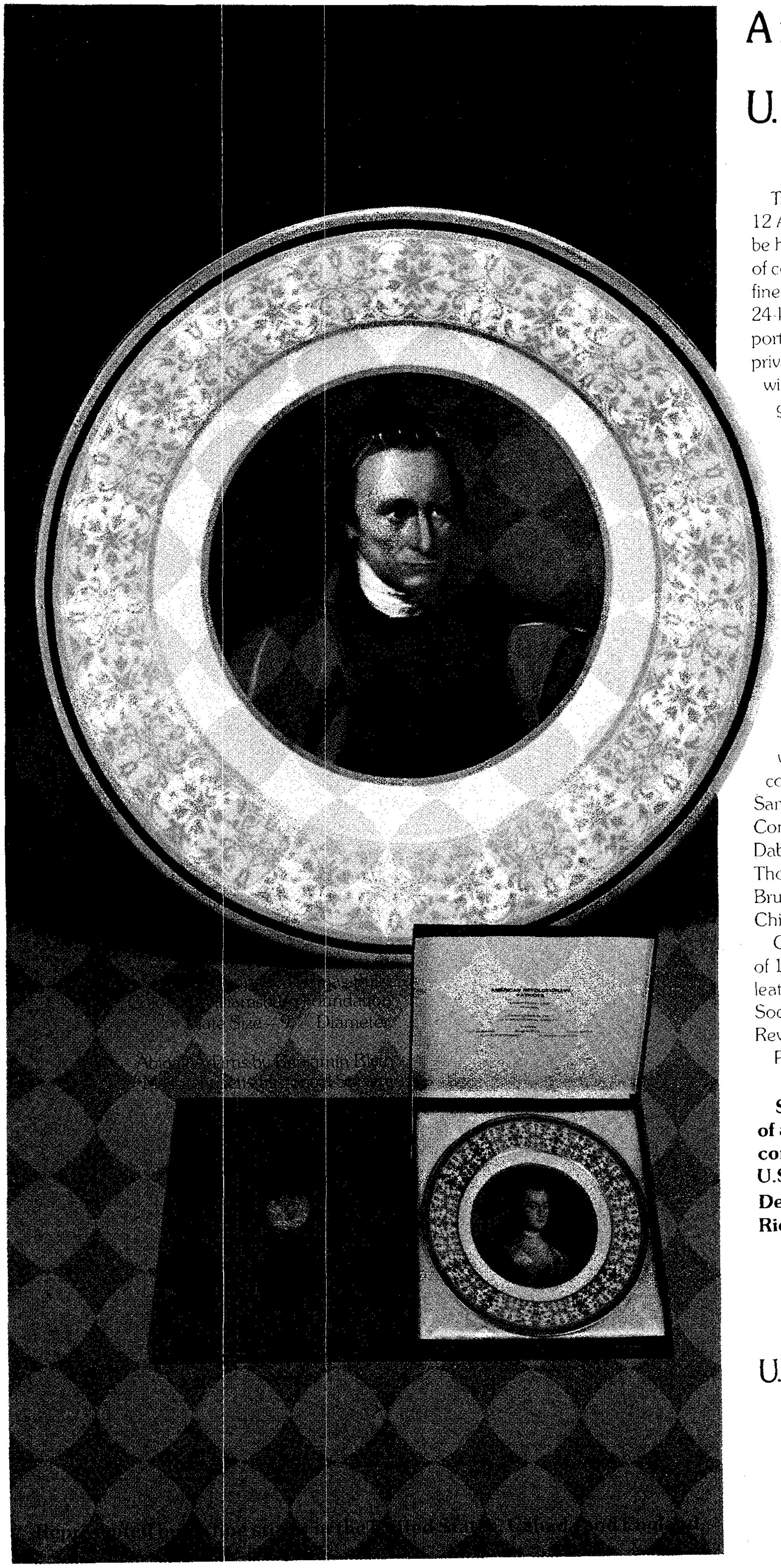

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In the committee's sixth week of hearing the evidence, the members are growing less accessible, more weary. One can see the strain in their faces. It is the strain of having heard so much material and, in the case of some, wondering what they will do with it; the strain of facing, and then having to explain, their vote; the strain of sitting in these long meetings while constituents continue to press for audiences and services, while mail has to be answered, while votes on other issues have to be cast, while campaigns for reëlection have to be run, and while—for those who take the trouble—the material that is put before them in great gobs has to be studied. Early on, Doar saw what he believed to be a pattern of misconduct and abuse of power. Jenner saw it, too. In seeing this pattern, Doar and Jenner were not unlike others who examined the material closely. And such was their reputation for integrity that others could feel that if they saw it, it was there—that their judgment was honestly arrived at. Most committee members felt this. Doar has been building the case before the committee, as one associate puts it, "brick by brick." His neutral presentation of one fact after another, together with his characteristically deliberate and undramatic manner, his delivery, in a monotone—intentionally monotonous—is calculated to have its cumulative impact on the committee members. It is also designed to convince them of his fairness, against the day when he may have to sum up the case for them.

The leaks, the long time that the committee seems to be taking, and the lack of public understanding of what it is doing have cast a pall over the committee's deliberations. It is one of those shifts in mood which have characterized this city's reaction to this issue for over a year now: at some given point, by processes that are not always clear, it becomes the widely received truth that the President's fortunes are up or that they are down, that a particular investigation is going well or that it is going badly, that So-and-So is doing a good job or that he is "blowing it." At lunch today, one member says

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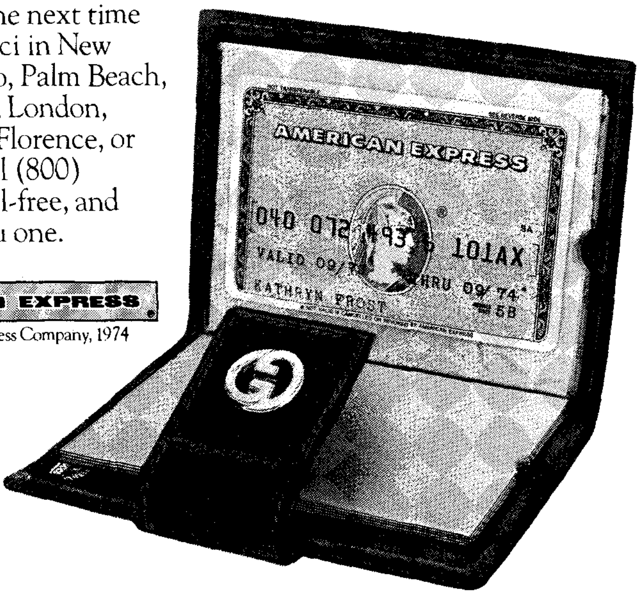

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that the committee is "under a cloud." Moreover, the President's trip to the Middle East appears to have helped him, and from here in Washington, the polls notwithstanding, the public sentiment for impeachment does not seem to be very strong.

JUNE 21

TODAY, Charles Colson was given a sentence of from one to three years in prison, plus a five-thousand-dollar fine, for obstructing justice in the prosecution of Daniel Ellsberg. It was the stiffest sentence yet given to one of the Watergate defendants. Judge Gesell said, "The Court recognizes that men of ambition, affected by blind, impulsive loyalty, react to the atmosphere in which they work and which they helped create. But this does not change the individual responsibility of each public servant. Morality is a higher force than expediency." Colson said after he was sentenced, "I can work for the Lord in prison or out of prison." He also issued a statement in the courtroom, saying that President Nixon "on numerous occasions urged me to disseminate damaging information about Daniel Ellsberg." Later, Ken Clawson issued a statement saying that Colson had been sentenced to prison for doing something that people on Capitol Hill do every day. Colson said in his statement in the courtroom, "During the time I served in the White House, I rarely questioned a Presidential order. Infrequently did I question the President's judgment. . . . I know that my popular image is that of an arrogant and self-assured man who revelled in the ruthless exercise of power. That is not an accurate characterization, and I think it is important that that be realized—not so much for my sake as for the sake of an understanding of how this kind of thing could have happened. Actually, I was often frightened by the enormity of the decisions I was asked to take part in. . . . I lost my perspective to a point where I instinctively reacted to any criticism or interference with what I was doing or what the President was doing as unfair and as something to be retaliated against. . . . I had one rule—to get done that which the President wanted done."

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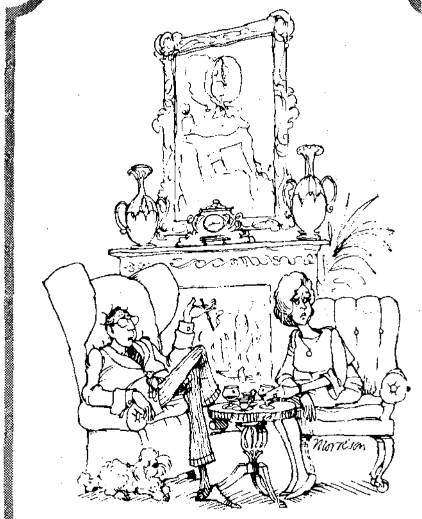
TODAY, the Judiciary Committee completed its six weeks of listening to the evidentiary material. In all, the committee covered seventy-two hundred pages of evidence, contained in thirty-six notebooks, listing six hun-



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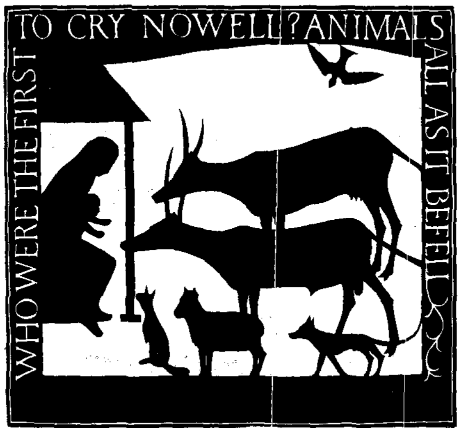

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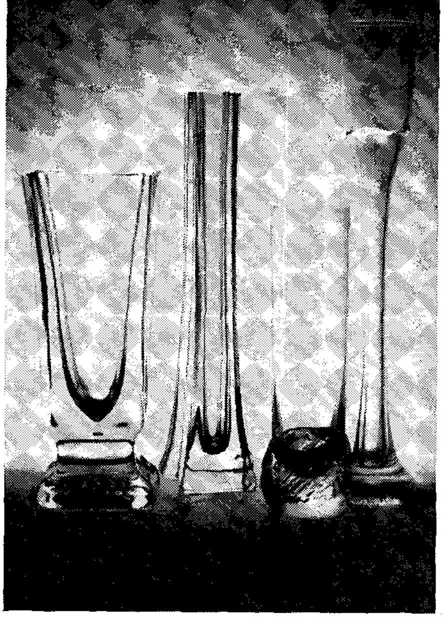

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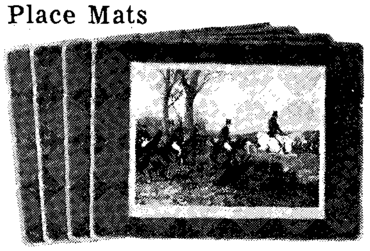

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dred and fifty findings of fact. The very voluminousness of the material seems to have left many committee members confused. Some are still searching for what has come to be termed "the murder weapon" or "the smoking gun"—the definitive piece of evidence that the President committed a crime. Now, too, some committee members have begun to see the pattern of behavior Doar has described—although Doar himself avoided using that term. One question now is how to define a pattern of misconduct as an impeachable offense. The staff has begun to try its hand at drafting articles of impeachment. Many subjects have been effectively dropped, as had been predicted from the outset. The I.T.T. issue has been converted by the staff from one of whether there was a *quid pro quo* between the Administration and I.T.T. to whether the President was aware that Kleindienst was giving misleading testimony—as part of a pattern of Presidential awareness of such conduct by his subordinates. Connections between contributions and agency actions eluded proof, and were not even energetically sought. It was understood that this would be a divisive subject. Moreover, the staff was not in a position—because of the pressure of time—to do much original investigating. It relied, therefore, on investigations conducted by other congressional committees, on the material that the President had given the Special Prosecutor, on the evidence forwarded to it from the grand jury, and on evidence from the F.B.I. about wiretapping. It has, however, held a number of interviews with former Nixon Administration and campaign officials.

•

TODAY is the first day of summer.

JUNE 24

TODAY, Monday, the Judiciary Committee met and subpoenaed tapes of forty-nine more conversations, bringing the total it has subpoenaed to one hundred and forty-seven. The conversations cover the subjects of the dairy industry, I.T.T., domestic surveillance, and the Internal Revenue Service.

•

AT lunch in the Capitol Hill Club, a Republican gathering place a few blocks from the Capitol, Tom Railsback says, "A great deal is going to depend on the testimony of John

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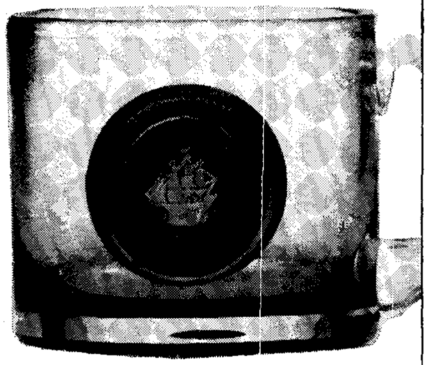

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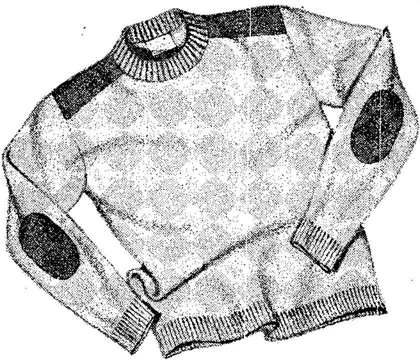

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Dean and Charles Colson before the committee. There are a lot of unresolved ambiguities. Impeaching the President of the United States is serious business, and you'd better have good evidence of his involvement, or it won't sell. I couldn't explain it to my district. I don't feel confident of doing it right now."

I ask Railsback if he accepts the theory that there may be a pattern of abuse.

He replies, "I don't accept the pattern theory. I think there has to be direct evidence of Presidential involvement in a serious offense—not a pattern of small events. But I don't rule out a series of smaller Watergate-coverup events that, taken together, add up to obstruction of justice. That's a serious offense. But when members talk about patterns of misconduct and abuse of the system, a lot of them are viewing acts of subordinates as proved Presidential misconduct. I don't think we can do that. It's really arguable that the President was involved in these acts."

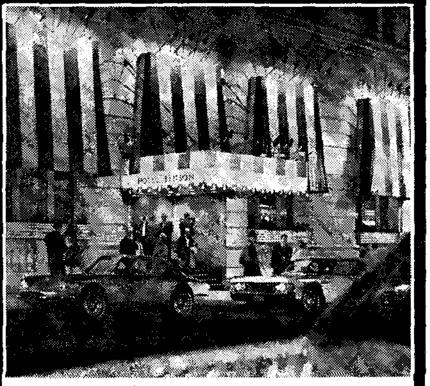
Later, Railsback says, "My constituents are against impeachment. I took a survey recently. A very small percentage favor impeachment. I asked, 'If you favor his resignation and he does not resign, should he be impeached?' and twenty-four or twenty-five per cent were for that and sixty-seven per cent were against. So what it means is I'd better know what I'm talking about if I vote for impeachment."

I ask Railsback what he thinks now about the domestic-surveillance issue.

He replies, "Again, the question is direct Presidential involvement. There are a lot of things I don't like, but you have to find direct Presidential involvement. The attempted manipulation of the F.B.I. and the C.I.A.—that bothers me, because that poses the greatest threat to our freedom in this country that I can imagine."

I ask Railsback what impact the presentation of evidence has had on him.

"It was a very clear account of the abuse of power, not necessarily by the President himself but by people who were in a position to wield great power," he says. "What it means is that there should be more oversight and more accountability. We have to provide for more accountability of the top non-Cabinet people in the White House, as we did for the director of the Office of Management and Budget. We need to provide some



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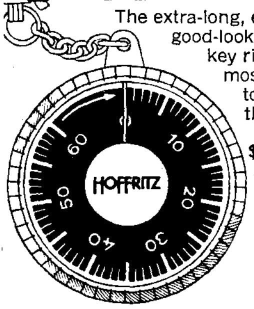

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mechanism for determining the validity of the assertion of executive privilege. The presentation showed us overkill, overconcern, pettiness, vindictiveness, greed."

•

ON the CBS news tonight, Dan Rather reports that the President has phlebitis.

June 28

THE committee broke into a partisan dispute this week over which witnesses—referred to as "live witnesses"—were to be called. Republicans fought for St. Clair's list of six witnesses and for open hearings. Rodino was concerned not so much about who was called as about the prospect that the public's first extended view of the proceedings would be of a string of witnesses defending the President. Dean Burch said that the committee had "sort of the smell of a lynch mob."

The committee staff has interviewed Colson for two days and is very nervous about calling him to testify before the committee. Apparently, Colson is still causing confusion. Earlier this week, there appeared press stories based on interviews with a private detective, Richard L. Bast, who said that Colson had come to him just before he pleaded guilty in court and had told him of his suspicions that the C.I.A. planned the break-ins at the Watergate and at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, and that the C.I.A.'s apparent motive was to discredit the President's advisers. Colson apparently told Bast much of what he had earlier told Senator Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee and ranking minority member of the Ervin committee, about the C.I.A. and the surreptitious passing of White House documents to superiors at the Pentagon by a yeoman assigned to the National Security Council. According to a story in the Washington *Post*, Colson "portrayed the President as a virtual captive in the Oval Office of suspected high-ranking conspirators in the intelligence circles against whom he dared not act for fear of international and domestic political repercussions." Colson was reported to have described the President as "out of his mind over the C.I.A. and Pentagon roles."

On Thursday and Friday, St. Clair made his own presentation of evidence before the committee. St. Clair argued that the President did not know of the Watergate break-in in advance, was unaware of the coverup until

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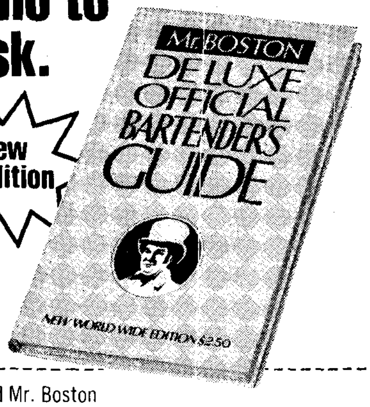

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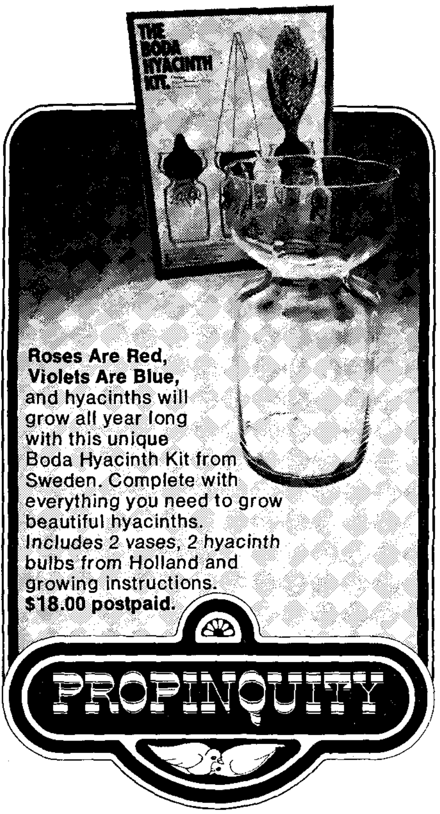
March 21st, and did not approve any payment of money for the silence of the Watergate defendants. St. Clair pointed out that Dean told the Ervin committee that after he discussed Hunt's money demands with the President the question had been "left hanging." St. Clair's presentation was selective, the material offered being unabashedly intended to buttress the President's case. Hamilton Fish said afterward that St. Clair had offered no new evidence but had used available material in "making the President look good." Said Robert McClory, "I wouldn't call it persuasive." St. Clair told the committee members that he had not heard all the tapes. Said St. Clair, "That would not be the best use of my time."

On Friday, it was reported that Rodino had predicted to some reporters that all the committee Democrats would vote for impeachment. Ken Clawson said that Rodino should be "discharged." In the current atmosphere of raw nerves, each of these flurries seems monumental, and is reacted to accordingly. It is as if everything were of the same dimensions: a slip of the tongue by Rodino and a break-in; wiretaps and a partisan dispute over witnesses. There are reasons, having to do with the peculiar nature of Washington and the peculiar nature of the impeachment process, for this disproportionate attention. All that is visible to the eye now is the whitecaps—the leaks, the partisan fights. The deeper processes are going on unseen while we watch the day-by-day events. Moreover, what is seen is fed into what has become an overreactive nervous system. The mood of the moment sweeps through this city and is broadcast by word of mouth, in the newspapers, and on the nation's television screens.

•

THIS week, we saw the President arrive in Brussels, where he was greeted by guards wearing the Graustarkian uniforms that are said to have inspired the ones worn briefly by the White House police, and where he signed a new declaration on Atlantic relations. Then we saw him arrive in Moscow, and saw him and a beaming Brezhnev—Brezhnev wearing a medal and two stars and looking jovial, Nixon looking tired and seemingly forcing the joviality—toast each other. Nixon, raising his glass of vodka, said that past agreements "were possible because of a personal relationship that was established between the General Secre-



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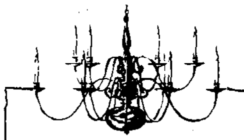

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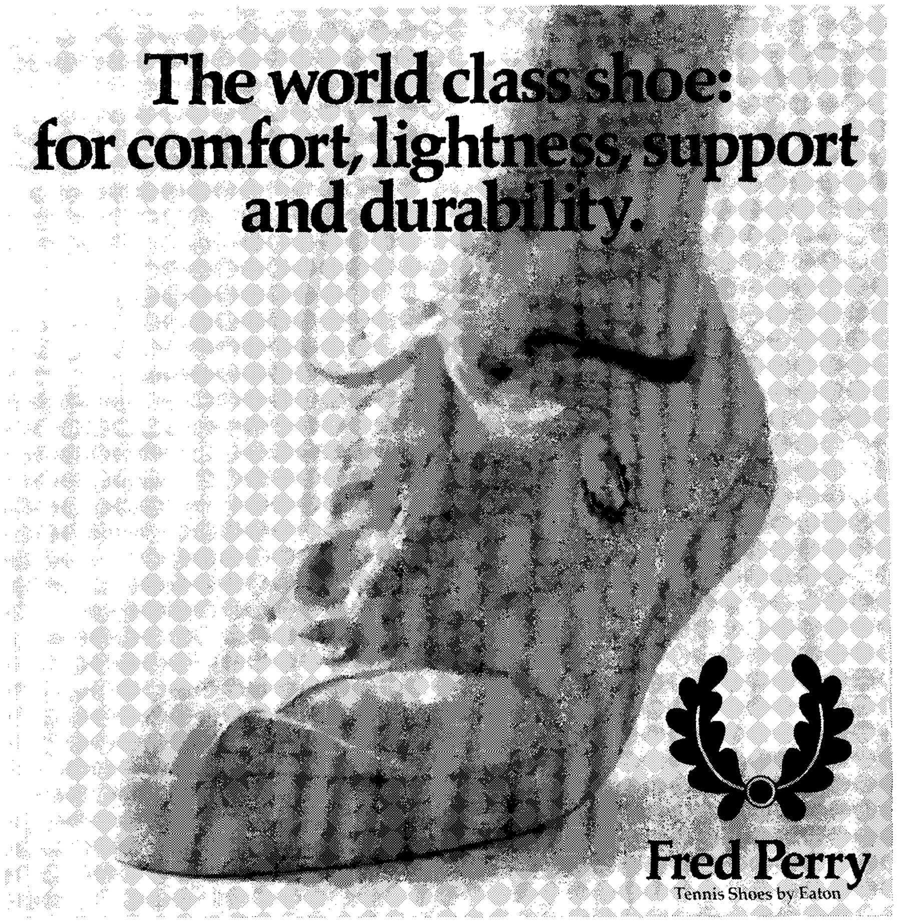
tary and the President of the United States.”

JUNE 29

SATURDAY afternoon. Hamilton Fish’s eyes are red with fatigue. He has spent the day at the offices of the impeachment-inquiry staff, in the old Congressional Hotel, and in a few hours he will return to his district, in upstate New York, to do some campaigning. Some committee members have been taking the evidentiary notebooks home at night to study; some, like Fish, prefer to leave them in safekeeping at the staff offices; some have been going over to the staff offices at night to listen to tapes. It will not be long now before the committee members have to vote, and they must be able to explain their vote. It is particularly important for those who might vote for impeachment to be prepared to document their case. Fish talked with Jenner today and will talk with him again on Monday. Fish is carrying legal pads on which he has made notes comparing arguments offered by the committee staff and by St. Clair. “All of a sudden, we are facing this terminal point,” he says. “We need time to get our thoughts together. We have been thrown the evidence so fast—sometimes three notebooks a day. It was very cursory; some of the material was just referred to and passed over, leaving the questions of what it says and why it’s there. And last week the House met every night until six or seven o’clock. One night, we met until eleven. Committee members can make life very easy for themselves if they accept that the Constitutional definition of impeachment is a criminal act. I don’t think you can do that. They can make it very easy for themselves if they set up a very strict standard. But I don’t think you can. If you accept our staff memo that the ground for impeachment is broader—and I do—it adds a burden for you. You have to find contempt of the Constitutional system, subversion of our institutions. I’m convinced that to the framers ‘high crimes and misdemeanors’ meant subversion of institutions and the Constitution. The other meaning of ‘misdemeanors,’ as you and I know the word, wasn’t known then. ‘Misdemeanors’ meant ‘misconduct,’ in terms of crime against the people. If you take that approach, it seems to me proper to factor in considerations of what’s best for the country. If you include the good of the country, which I do, then you also have to figure the good things he’s done—foreign policy. Granted this is a capital-‘P’ Po-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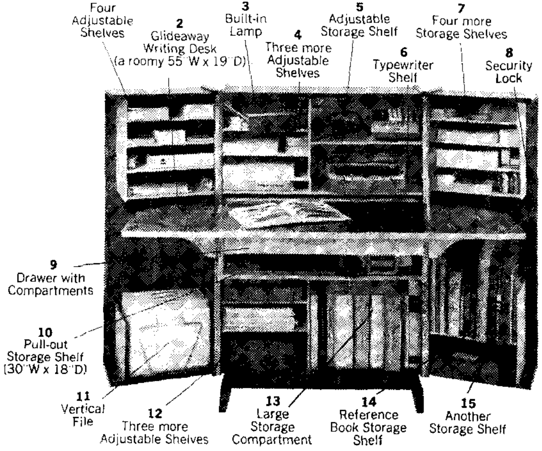
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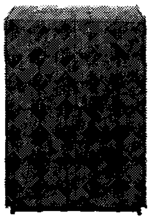

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litical process, would it be better for the nation not to go through with impeachment? You have to consider the state of the nation—to see if it might purify or might be the wrong thing to do."

I ask Fish what, having listened to the evidence, he thinks he has heard thus far.

"That is really what I'm trying to discover," he replies. "I'm trying to go through the evidence and see where things fit. It's hard to pull it all together. You may well ask as a preliminary question, 'Where is the Presidential involvement?' He has refused to comply with our subpoenas, and there is no question that the material subpoenaed is specific and highly relevant. The House is entitled to information in an impeachment. Especially since he produced some materials and not others, we're entitled to make adverse inferences. Still, we don't have much nexus between the President and specific events."

I ask Fish if he thinks he has to find direct Presidential involvement.

He replies, "Republicans have a problem in going back to their districts and saying, 'I impeached him on grounds that he didn't take care that the laws are faithfully executed.' God, some of this stuff is subtle. When you look at the notebooks tab by tab, it *doesn't necessarily show up.* It's a matter of adverse inferences from his failure to produce evidence. The pattern is there. And you take each phase, and you find involvement by all these subordinates, and on the next dates you have meetings of these subordinates with the President, and in each case we don't get the tapes—that goes to his involvement. Then, separate that from the over-all pattern. If you didn't draw the adverse inferences, then you're left with obvious misfeasance on the part of subordinates, which they shielded from him, as your factual nexus. The legal nexus would be his responsibility to be diligent in the prosecution of these matters, insistent on certain conduct, not condoning other conduct. You get back to that pretty rarefied business of the responsibility to protect the institutions of government, their integrity. I'm just beginning to think that through. Of course, there is a pattern in the actions by the White House staff and CREEP after June 20th to control the investigation; the attempts by the President to influence Petersen; the Cox firing; the President's 'stonewalling' of the committee. The Fielding break-in bothers me very much. You have that in September, 1971, the Liddy plan in the winter of 1972. Domestic surveillance is something we'll have to go into a lot deeper."

Fish says, "It has become very uncomfortable to keep reading in the newspapers that the House will not impeach unless three or four committee Republicans vote for it. Every time someone draws up a list of three, four, or five possible votes for impeachment, I'm one of them. I'm on an open-minded search for the truth. I'm sorry more Republicans aren't that way. The week before last, I felt people firming up, people becoming unveiled defenders of the President. They had decided that the evidence didn't add up. Of course, the question is 'Didn't add up to what?' "

JULY 4

THE President returned from his trip to Moscow last evening—on the eve of the Fourth of July—landing in Limestone, Maine. The arrival, exquisitely timed for 7:30 E.D.T., was broadcast on the television networks. Last night, President Nixon said, "It's always good to come home to America. That is particularly so when one comes home from a journey that has advanced the cause of peace in the world."

The United States and the Soviet Union failed to reach a comprehensive agreement on arms limitation. There are a number of indications that this failure resulted from the domestic troubles of the President, who is staking so much on the argument that he is indispensable to our foreign policy. It appears that, with Kissinger in the Middle East for much of the spring, and the President otherwise preoccupied, preparations for these talks were not accorded the necessary priority. Moreover, it appears that the President did not wish to risk giving further offense to conservatives, who opposed substantial arms-limitations agreements, and who also could decide the President's fate in a Senate trial.

•

SENATE Republicans have retained an outside lawyer to help them prepare for a trial of the President in the Senate.

•

THE inquiry staff of the House Judiciary Committee has completed a draft of articles of impeachment.

JULY 5

DR. WALTER TKACH, the President's personal physician, said in an interview today which appeared in

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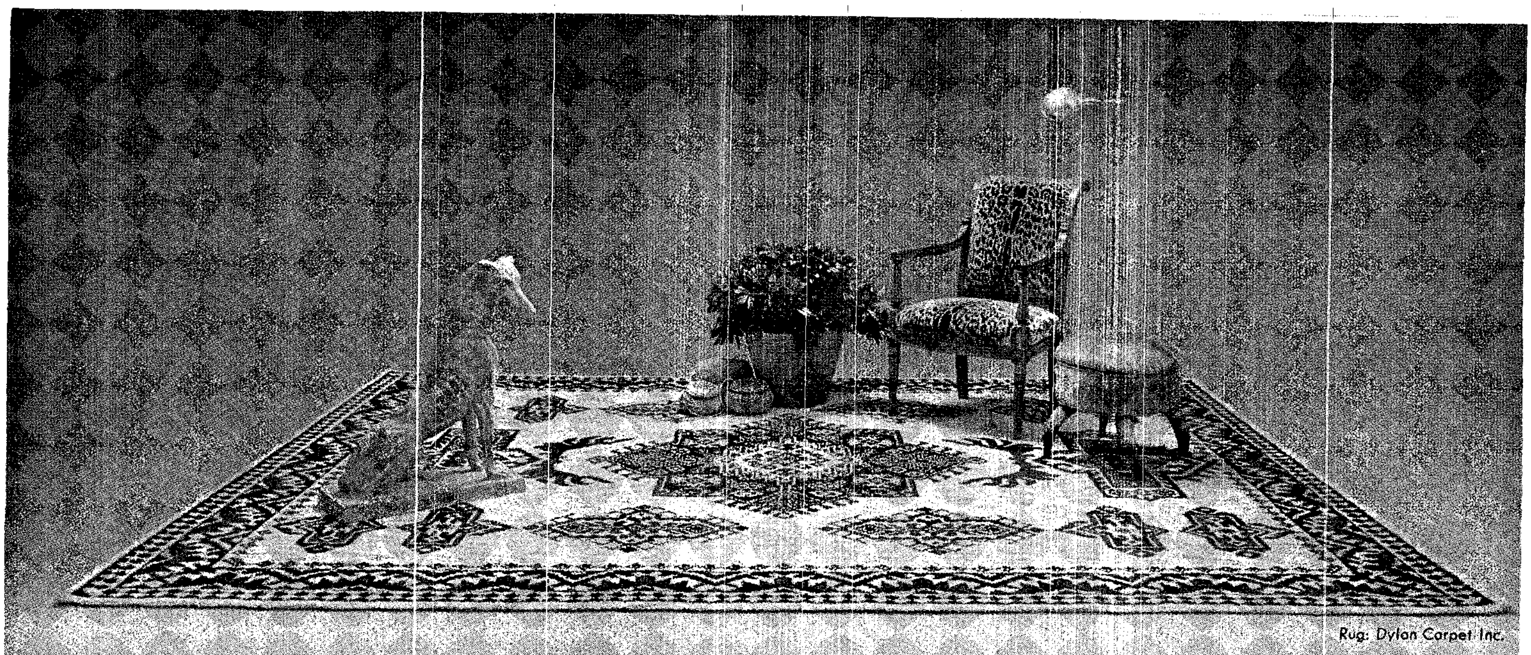

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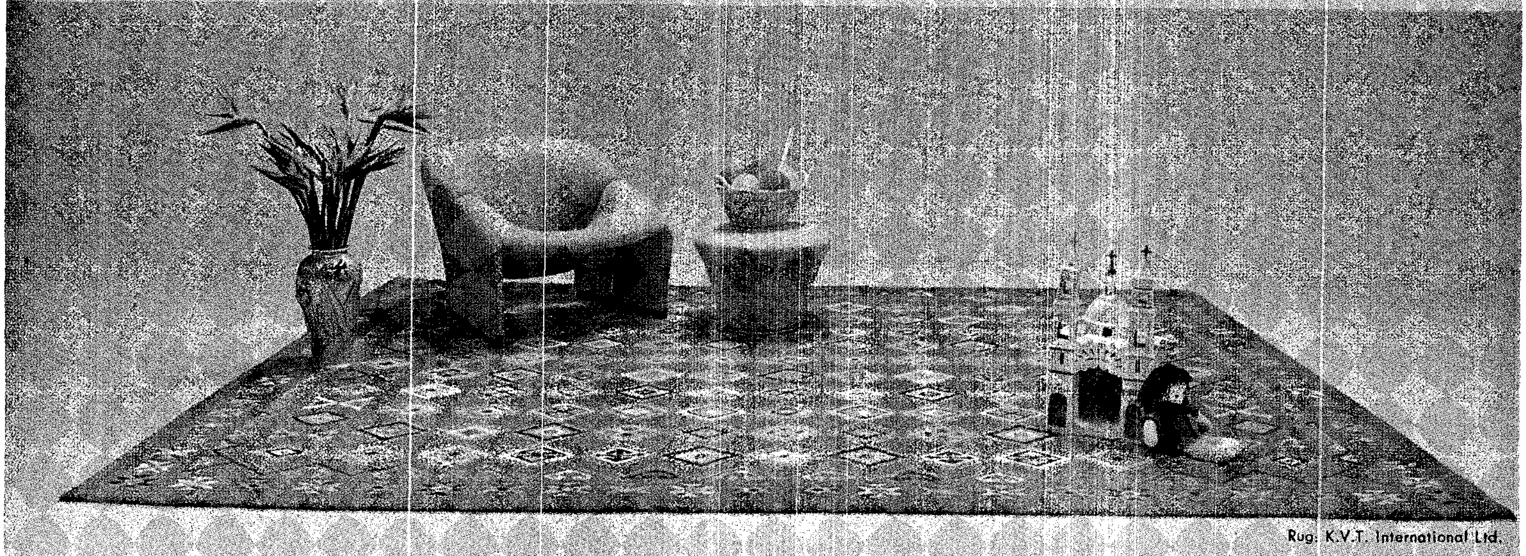

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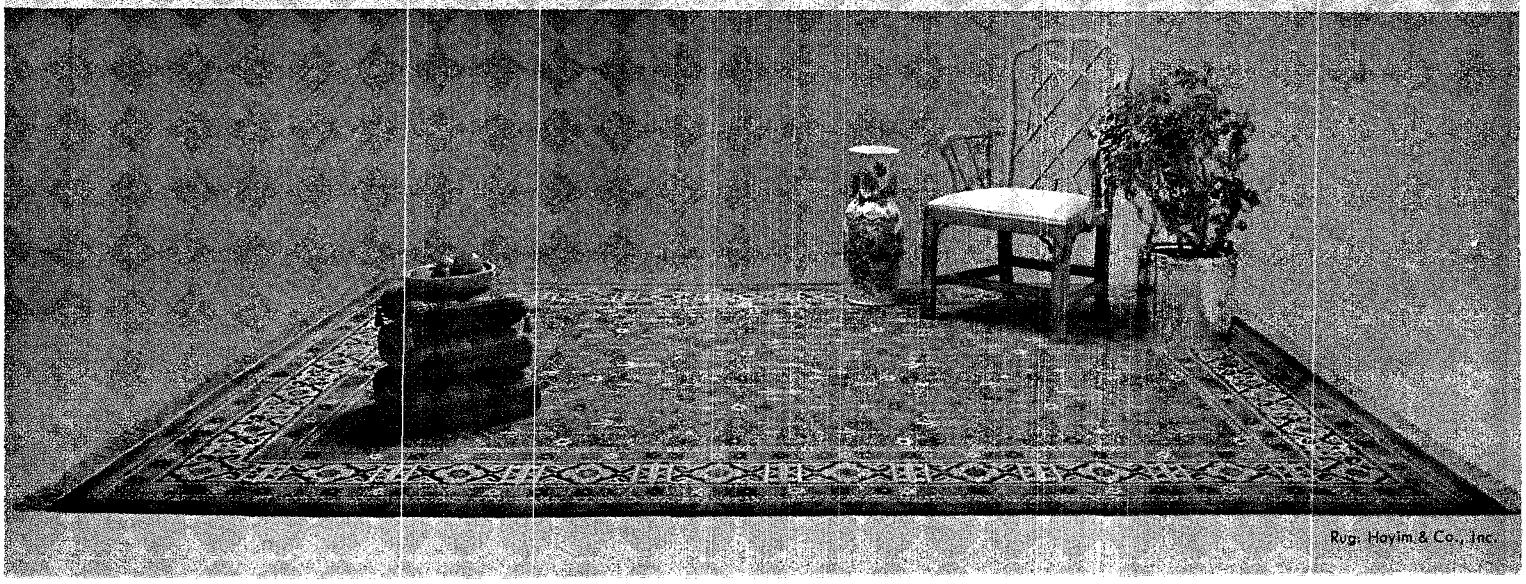

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the New York *News* that the President had risked his life in making the trip to the Middle East: "He took a calculated risk. It could have killed him."

JULY 8

ONE of those really hot Washington days. Even in the early morning, one feels the moist heat, and knows that it will get worse as the day goes on. On days like this, it is almost too hot to move. Cars break down. Tennis is out of the question. Shortly after nine, the Popsicle man is doing a brisk business with the crowd that has been waiting—some of it for two days—in front of the Supreme Court for a chance to hear the argument today of the cases of United States of America v. Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, et al., and Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, et al. v. United States of America. When Leon Jaworski, the Special Prosecutor, arrived this morning, the crowd cheered, and someone in the crowd shouted "Go, U.S.A.!" Inside this building, with its marble hallways, there is a special coolness—one would feel it whatever the temperature outside. It is as if this were a sort of temple, and people in it conduct themselves accordingly. They do not behave as if this were just another government building, or even another court. It is the supreme court. Inside this building, voices are hushed and steps are measured. We have come to think of this court as the guarantor of our safety, as the last refuge when other remedies fail. Sometimes, it has even performed as that. We do not think of it much as being composed of nine human beings, whose temperaments and degrees of intelligence vary—human beings appointed to lifetime terms by different Presidents for different reasons. One cannot help thinking today of what Nixon tried to do to this court. Of how he insulted it with his attempted appointments of Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and G. Harrold Carswell, both defeated in the Senate, and with the other highly undistinguished names that were floated—and perhaps even seriously considered. After the uproar, the two most recent vacancies were filled by Lewis Powell, the conservative and respected Virginia attorney, and William Rehnquist, the highly conservative Justice Department official. Referring to his Supreme Court nominations, Nixon used to talk about the need to "strengthen the peace forces as against the criminal forces." As it happens, he has filled four of the

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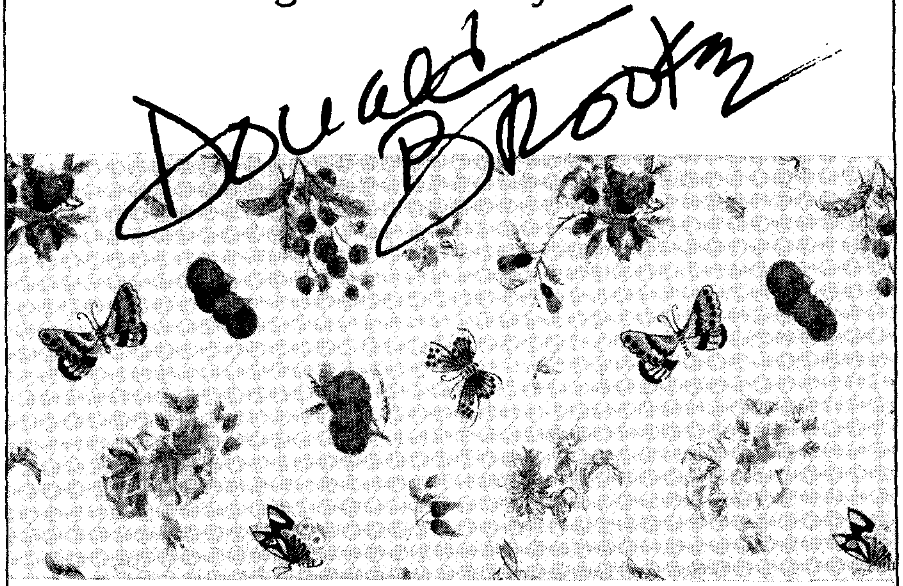

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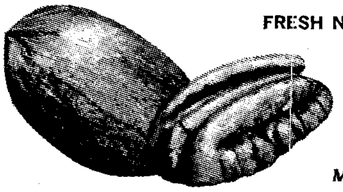

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nine seats on the Court, almost a majority, and, as a result, on questions of civil rights and civil liberties the Court has, as he intended, become more conservative.

The issue of how to establish accountability for what has been done in the Nixon Administration has taken us to the Congress, to the White House, to the Justice Department, to the District Court, and now here. Once more, Nixon has drawn a line that must be put to institutional tests. To be argued here today is a mélange of issues of great Constitutional import, and also, perhaps, of great consequence to the fate of the President—for we are here because Nixon clearly does not want to surrender some tapes that Judge Sirica has ordered him to turn over to the Special Prosecutor for the coverup trial. Whether it is something about those particular tapes or it is that the President has simply decided that a line must be drawn somewhere, we can't know. The President has not said whether he would obey an order of the Supreme Court. Last fall, when it was thought that a similar issue might have to be brought to this court, he said he would obey a "definitive" decision. That pledge has not been repeated. The principal legal issue before the Court today is whether the President's right to invoke executive privilege is absolute, even in a criminal proceeding—an argument that was rejected by the District Court (and, in the tapes controversy last fall, was also rejected by the Court of Appeals).

The White House, in its brief to the Court, argued that only the President has the right to decide what information is privileged, and that the District Court cannot substitute its judgment. It argued that if the President is deemed to have abused this privilege, the only appropriate remedy is impeachment (in which proceeding the President is also invoking executive privilege). "The President is not subject to the criminal process," the brief says. The White House also argued that the court process was "being used as a discovery tool for the impeachment proceedings," because the material turned over to the District Court would go to the House Judiciary Committee. (This is not automatically the case. The President made the decision in March to give the House committee material he had given the Special Prosecutor, though perhaps as a practical matter he had no choice.) The White House brief also asserted that the dispute between the Special Prosecutor and the President is an intra-executive-

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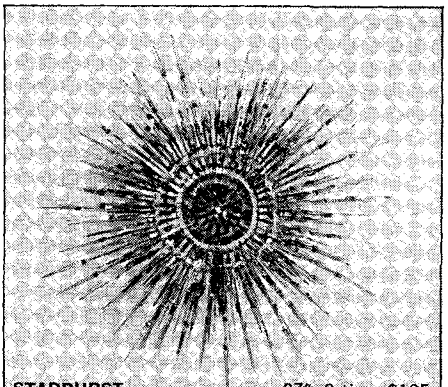

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branch dispute, in which the courts have no role, and, because of the impeachment inquiry, is a political matter, in which the courts should not intervene. The White House asked the Court, further, to review the grand jury's right to name the President as an unindicted co-conspirator.

The Special Prosecutor argued that because of the congressional arrangements with the Attorney General he has independent authority; that the courts do have the right to decide this issue; that "the public purpose underlying the executive privilege for governmental deliberations precludes its application to shield alleged criminality." The Special Prosecutor's brief asked, "Shall the evidence from the White House be confined to what a single person, highly interested in the outcome, is willing to make available?"

Beneath all these nice, and important, legal arguments is a very tough political and legal struggle, being fought by some very determined people. The President does not want to give up those tapes. Leon Jaworski, the Special Prosecutor, is determined to call the President to account. It was Jaworski who suggested to the grand jury that, since the question of whether a President could be indicted was unsettled (and could therefore be tested, and could upset the entire proceeding against the coverup), Nixon be named an unindicted co-conspirator, and that the information on which the grand jury based its conclusion that the President should be indicted be sent to the House Judiciary Committee. The naming of the President as an unindicted co-conspirator then became another weapon that Jaworski could use to make evidence involving the President admissible in the coverup trial, and to strengthen his argument that the President should not have the privilege of withholding evidence.

There were questions about Jaworski when this prosperous and well-connected Texan, a former president of the American Bar Association, succeeded Archibald Cox as Special Prosecutor. The main question was whether he would be as independent as Cox or would be deferential to the office of the President. But the Special Prosecutor's staff was still in place and had been gathering evidence, and it would have been difficult for any new Special Prosecutor to turn his back on it. And, something seems to have happened to people who examined this case closely—some determination seems to have seized them. Beyond that, some-

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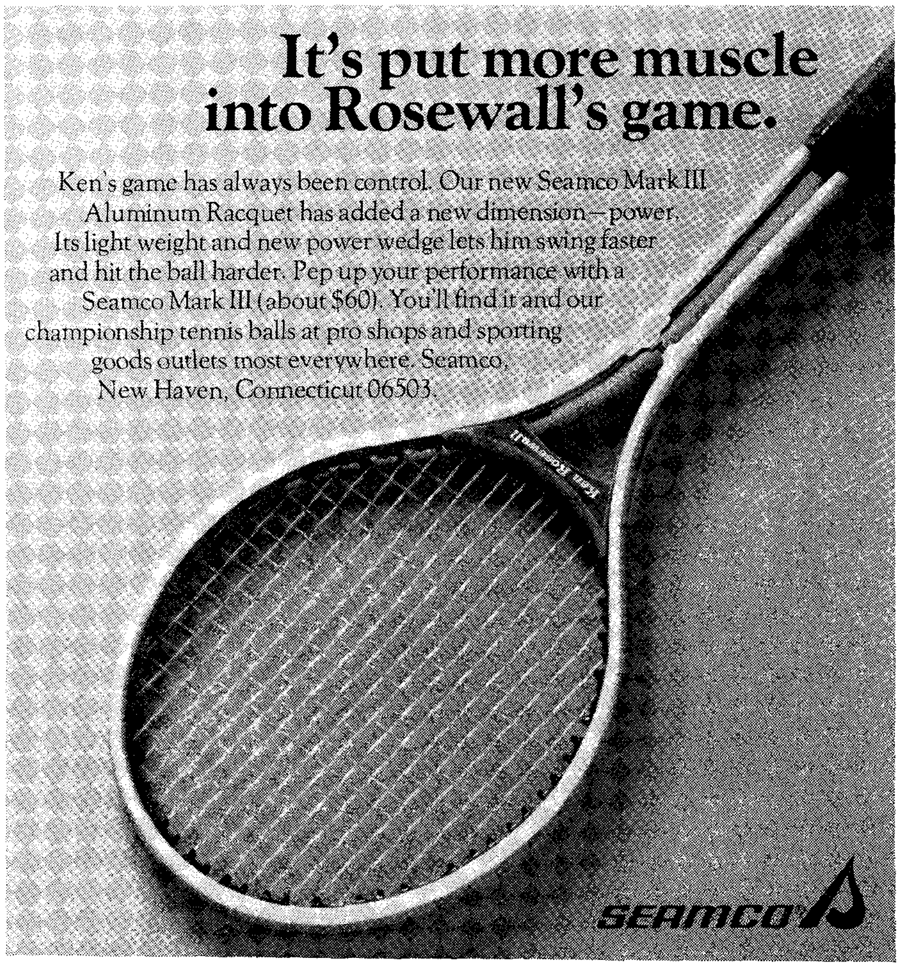

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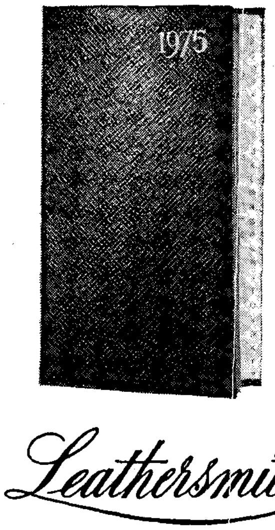

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thing else was working in the mind of Leon Jaworski: his experiences as one of the Nuremberg prosecutors. As he examined the evidence of what had taken place during the Nixon Administration, Jaworski came to believe—and he privately let some people here know that he believed—that there were some analogies between what had happened in Germany and what had happened here. He saw parallels in the way power is accrued, and the way the rights of individuals are undermined, and the way the public is apathetic until it is too late. The loss of freedom takes place incrementally and rather unostentatiously, he concluded; if it were attempted through a sudden great uprising, there would be great opposition, and it would fail. It begins, he came to believe, by small steps—by gradual erosion of the institutional safeguards. He felt that what Egil Krogh and Charles Colson said when they were sentenced indicated that it had begun to happen here—and how far it would have gone nobody knows. (Both Krogh and Colson talked of how the President's interest was seen as being paramount—of greater importance than individual rights.) What struck Jaworski in his experience in Germany, and stayed with him—and what he thought about, and talked about privately, as he proceeded as Special Prosecutor—was the seemingly inconsequential way that it began there, and how it grew, and also how the German people kept their eyes closed until it was too late. They were not bad people, he felt, but they had become indifferent to what was moral and right—had preferred not to think about it.

The Supreme Court chamber holds only about three hundred people. Those of us who do not regularly cover the Court have to rotate seats, and are placed behind the row of massive marble columns at the left side of the courtroom. If we as much as rise slightly from our seats to peek around a column to see which Justice is speaking, one of the superintendents sternly motions to us to be seated. If one is not an expert at distinguishing the voice of Byron White from that of Potter Stewart, there is a problem. Haldeman is here, and so is Henry Petersen. Haldeman is seated next to Mrs. Leon Jaworski. Representatives Railsback, Cohen, and McClory are here. A few members of the public who waited and waited in line are also here. The Justices, in their black robes, listen intently as the arguments proceed; several rock back and forth in their chairs. At the far right of the dais where they sit is the empty chair of Rehnquist, who has excused himself from this case because of his former association with the Administration. The tall marble columns on both sides of the room, the marble walls, the floor of red-and-black marble, the burgundy carpets, and the burgundy velour drapes along both side walls and behind the Justices add to the majesty of this chamber. People sit here reverentially, hushed, as if they were in fact in a temple.

"If there is any one principle of law that Marbury v. Madison decides," Jaworski says to the Justices, "it is that it is up to the Court to say what the law is." We are back to that, and this case could be just as important. Jaworski stands there—the familiar shock of wavy white hair above the round face with the bulbous nose, and the dark-rimmed glasses. He is asserting his right to sue for the tapes, saying that the office of the Special Prosecutor "to some degree could be described as a quasi-independent agency." Justice Stewart asks if Jaworski is arguing that "there is no right of executive privilege." Jaworski responds that he is not, and says, "It has been traditionally recognized, and appropriately so, in a number of cases, as we see it. We do not think it is an appropriate one in this case. But, we certainly do not feel that it has any Constitutional base." Powell, in his soft Virginia accent, asks, "Is it your view that there are no inferences to be derived from the doctrine of separation of powers?" Jaworski says that "the privilege" as recognized judicially may have been tied to a separation-of-powers doctrine but that "the separation-of-powers doctrine in the exercise of and calling for executive privilege has not been applied in a number of instances." Jaworski goes on to say, "What it really narrows down to is a somewhat simple but very important issue in the administration of criminal justice, and that is whether the President, in a pending prosecution, can withhold material evidence from the court, merely on his assertion that the evidence involves confidential communications." (The more narrowly the point is drawn, the easier it might be for the Court to decide in his favor.) Jaworski adds that, "painful as it is"—and he lowers his voice slightly as he says that—the grand jury's finding that the President was to be named as an unindicted co-conspirator is "sufficient to show *prima facie* that the President was involved in the proceedings in the course and in the continuation of the particular conspiracy that was charged." In order to get around the

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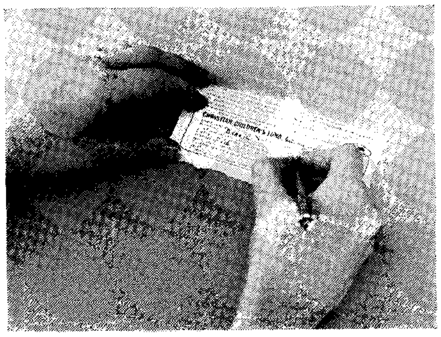

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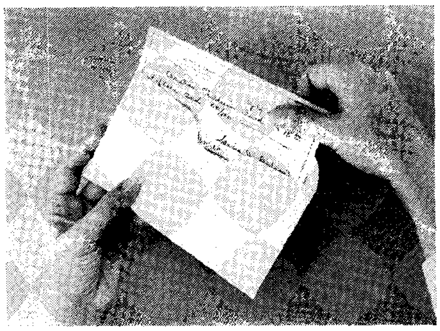

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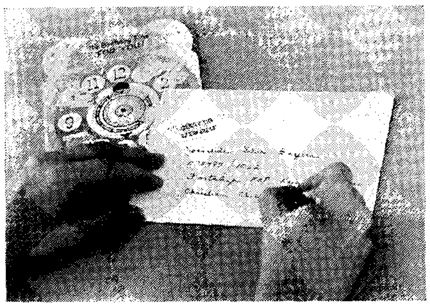

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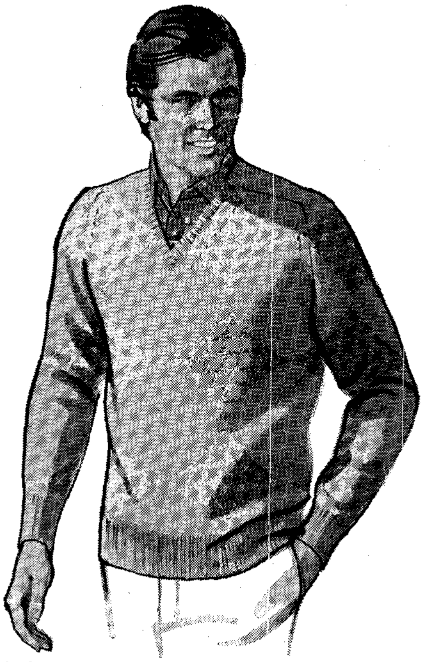

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sticky problem of whether the Court must approve the grand jury's finding of the President as an unindicted co-conspirator in order to find that the President must surrender the tapes, Justice Stewart takes Jaworski through a series of questions designed to separate the two issues. Even if that finding had not been made, Justice Stewart suggests, "you would still be here." "That is right," Jaworski says.

A Supreme Court oral argument is not, as many often expect, like a declamatory contest but is conducted more in the low-key style of reasonable men talking over interesting questions. The Justices have usually read the briefs, and they want to pursue with counsel the questions that trouble or interest them. There is an art to appellate arguing—it requires skills different from the pyrotechnics of convincing a jury—and this is the Wimbledon of appellate arguing. Counsel must be prepared to drop his line of argument, answer the Justices, perceive what is troubling them, and refashion the argument to deal with what is in the Justices' minds. Today, the Justices have clearly read the briefs and have undoubtedly discussed the issues with their clerks, and they are particularly active in asking questions. Jaworski is not conspicuously good at dealing with this form of courtroom argument, and St. Clair is only slightly better. They have not trained for it. But this case will be decided on the issues, not on the style of the argument. Sometimes the Justices help the counsel out of a difficult spot, sometimes they make a point by way of asking a question. Both Jaworski and St. Clair are in business suits. (I remember seeing Archibald Cox some years ago, as Solicitor General, arguing here in a swallow-tailed coat. Government attorneys usually wear swallow-tailed coats when they argue here, but Jaworski has chosen to wear a suit today as an illustration of his point that he is not a member of the executive branch.)

St. Clair, slightly stout and in a blue suit, talks about the "co-pendency" of the impeachment inquiry and about the value of the tapes to that inquiry.

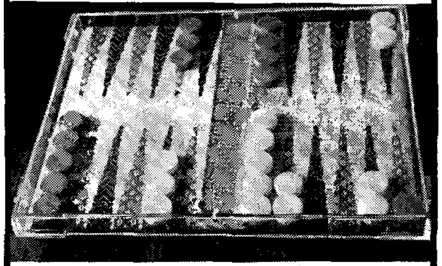
Justice Thurgood Marshall observes, "I don't know what is in the tapes. I assume you do."

"No, I don't," St. Clair responds.

"You don't know, either?" says a puzzled Justice Marshall. "Well, how do you know that they are subject to executive privilege?"

St. Clair, speaking more forcefully than Jaworski, says that they are subject to executive privilege because

A GAME FOR ALL SEASONS



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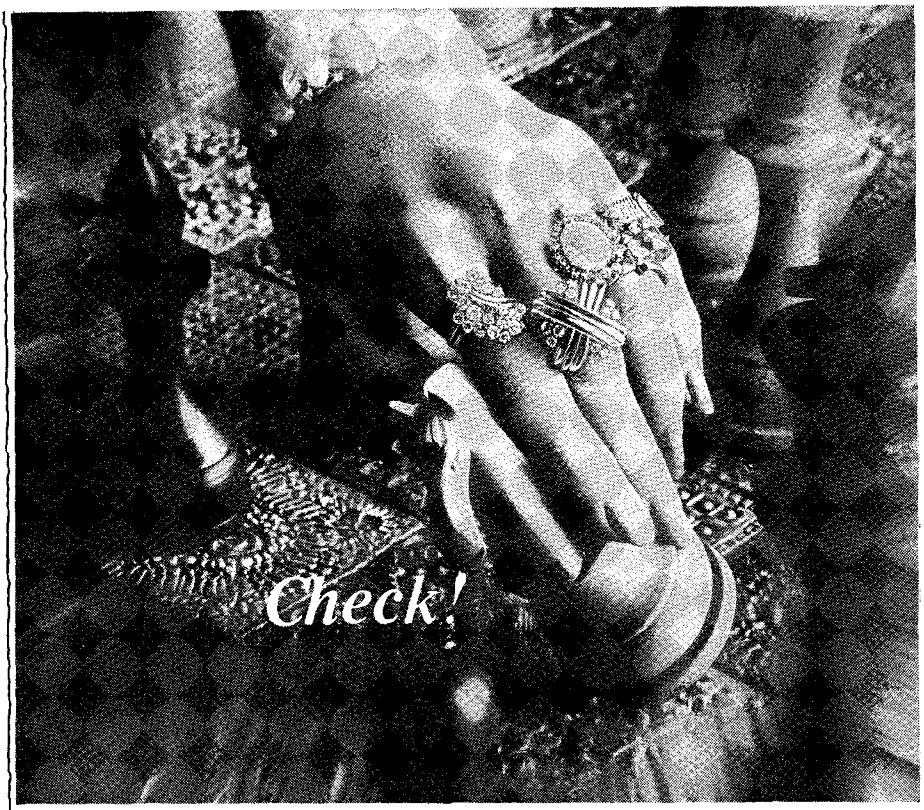
"there is a preliminary showing that they are conversations between the President and his close aides." St. Clair takes off and puts on his glasses as he speaks, and refers to Jaworski as "my brother." (All lawyers are "brothers" at the bar.) St. Clair argues that there are only three branches of government, and that the President is "the chief law-enforcement officer," adding, "He shall take care to see that the laws are enforced. The executive power is vested in him, in one man."

Justice Stewart, who usually votes with the conservative bloc, says, "Your argument is a very good one as a matter of political science, and it would be a very fine one as a matter of Constitutional and probably statutory law—except hasn't your client dealt himself out of that argument by what has been done in the creation of the Special Prosecutor?"

All this makes one wonder whether a President in trouble would ever again establish a Special Prosecutor. St. Clair argues that the President is the prosecutor, and that only he can decide what material is needed. "If anything, a decision in this case against the President would tend to diminish the democratic process," St. Clair argues. He continues, "This President ought not to have any less powers than any other President ought to have," and he says, "One of the necessary results as I view them from my brother's argument is that because of the circumstances of this case, Richard Nixon is, let's say, an eighty-five-per-cent President, not a one-hundred-per-cent President. And that can't be, Constitutionally. The framers of the Constitution had in mind a strong Presidency."

St. Clair is doing his best, using his wits, but he has a difficult argument to make. He served as a staff assistant to Joseph N. Welch, the special Army counsel at the McCarthy hearings in 1954. A member of a highly regarded Boston law firm, he went to work for Nixon in January, and now he is here. Gray-haired and gap-toothed, St. Clair is more portly than he appears on television. One often wonders what he really thinks. Other lawyers tell me they would insist upon seeing (or hearing) their client's best evidence, even if the client were the President. How has he felt in serving not just as the President's lawyer but also as his public-relations man? How does he really feel about making the circular argument he is making here—that the Special Prosecutor has not shown that the tapes are relevant to the case,



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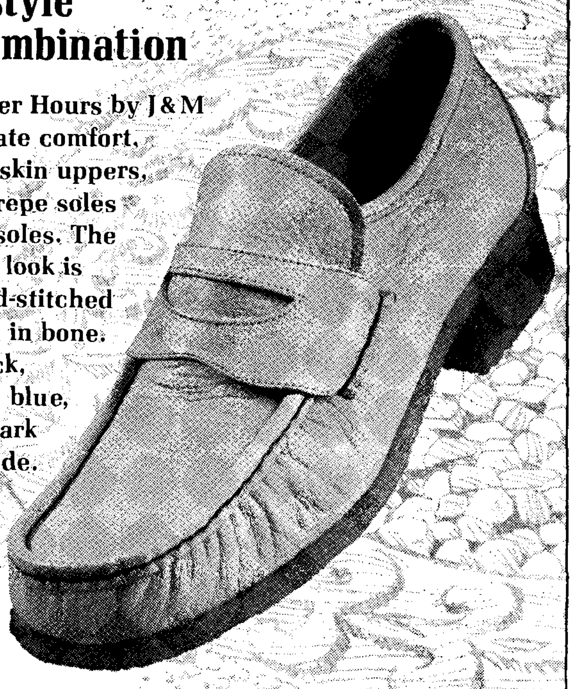

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and that the Prosecutor cannot show that the evidence he seeks is relevant, because he doesn't know what is in the tapes?

Justice Powell, whose conservative philosophy embraces a feeling for the preservation of institutions, is the focus of much attention today. Powell has a good mind, and will be influential with the Court in this case. And so it is noticed in this courtroom when Powell asks, "What public interest is there in preserving secrecy with respect to a criminal conspiracy?"

St. Clair says, "The answer, sir, is that a criminal conspiracy is criminal only after it's proven to be criminal."

It is also noticed when Chief Justice Warren Burger, Nixon's appointee, asks if Judge Sirica couldn't screen the tapes, to withhold material that is irrelevant or involves sensitive material.

Philip Lacovara, a thirty-year-old attorney in the Special Prosecutor's office, mustachioed and wearing steel-rimmed glasses, makes the rebuttal argument for the Special Prosecutor's side. Lacovara, who has served in the Solicitor General's office, knows how to deal with this court. He takes the Justices' spoken concerns, and points that St. Clair may have scored, and weaves them into a flowing argument for his side of the case. Responding to Justice Powell's concern that this case might set a precedent for other grand juries to name a President as an unindicted co-conspirator, and so might give "a politically motivated prosecutor . . . a rather far-reaching power," Lacovara concedes that this could be a problem but argues that "grand juries usually are not malicious" and "even prosecutors cannot be assumed to be malicious." He goes on, "We have a resilient society, where people can be trusted to sort out truth from falsehoods. . . . And I think the inherent dignity of the Presidential office on any incumbent provides him with a notable check against being defeated, or, as my colleague says, impeached by the action of a grand jury." He says, "This is perhaps the most notorious event—notorious case—in recent times." He says, "The President has not been displaced from office—he still is President, he still functions in accordance with his Constitutional powers." A subpoena is "a traditional, ordinary, prosaic remedy," he says, for "a trial that was brought to a head without regard to the impeachment inquiry." And he argues that the fact that there might be political consequences should not prevent a court ruling—that that argu-

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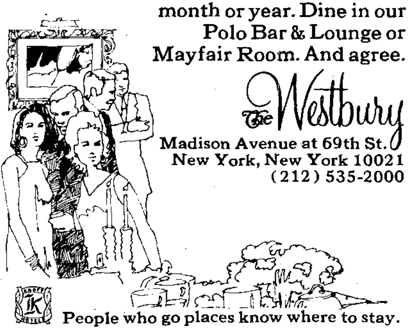

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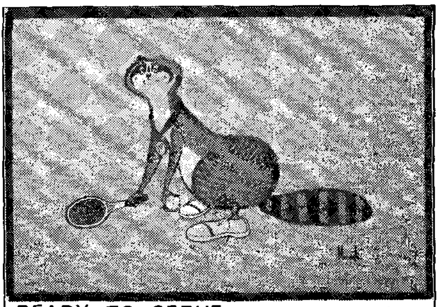

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ment would have prevented the court from deciding Marbury v. Madison. He cites the late Justice Felix Frankfurter, and he even manages to cite Rehnquist. He cites momentous decisions by the Supreme Court over the years, and says that in those cases "the Court understood its duty to interpret the Constitution." He continues, "That's all we ask for today. And we submit that this Court should fully, explicitly, and decisively"—he pauses, and then adds—"and definitively" uphold Judge Sirica's order that the tapes be produced.

◆

COURTROOM 6 of the United States District Court House, on Constitution Avenue, a short distance from Capitol Hill. The second courtroom of the day—the décor plainer and the proceedings more routine. But this afternoon John Ehrlichman is on the stand. Once, he was in virtual charge of the government. Now he is on trial here for his role in the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office. Ehrlichman is wearing gold-rimmed aviator-style glasses, which seem new, and he is tanned and looks a bit heavier than when he was in power. But he has the same sure, confident style as before. He juts his chin forward and nods as he says, "Yes, sir," or corrects William Merrill, the Associate Special Prosecutor, who is trying this case, or even chastises Merrill. ("You have generalized from the specific; and I've watched you do it.") Merrill, a fifty-one-year-old attorney from Detroit, is low-key, undramatic, and unruffled. He has wavy graying hair and wears dark-rimmed glasses; a Midwestern accent is detectable in his quiet voice. He reads from papers atop a briefcase atop a table, sometimes pausing at length between questions. Each man, in his own way—Merrill's unassuming, Ehrlichman's confident—is performing for the jury, the six men and six women who are the regular jurors, and who sit, with their six alternates, in the box on the left. Nine of the regular jurors are black. Ehrlichman's chief attorney is William Frates, a middle-aged man with wavy hair and a Southern accent—Bebe Rebozo's attorney. (Ehrlichman has dropped John J. Wilson, who continues to serve as Haldeman's attorney.) Ehrlichman has also retained two black attorneys for this trial. The arrangement in this courtroom is like a scene from "Separate Tables." Ehrlichman's table is in the front. Behind it is a table where two other defendants, Bernard Barker and Eugenio Mar-

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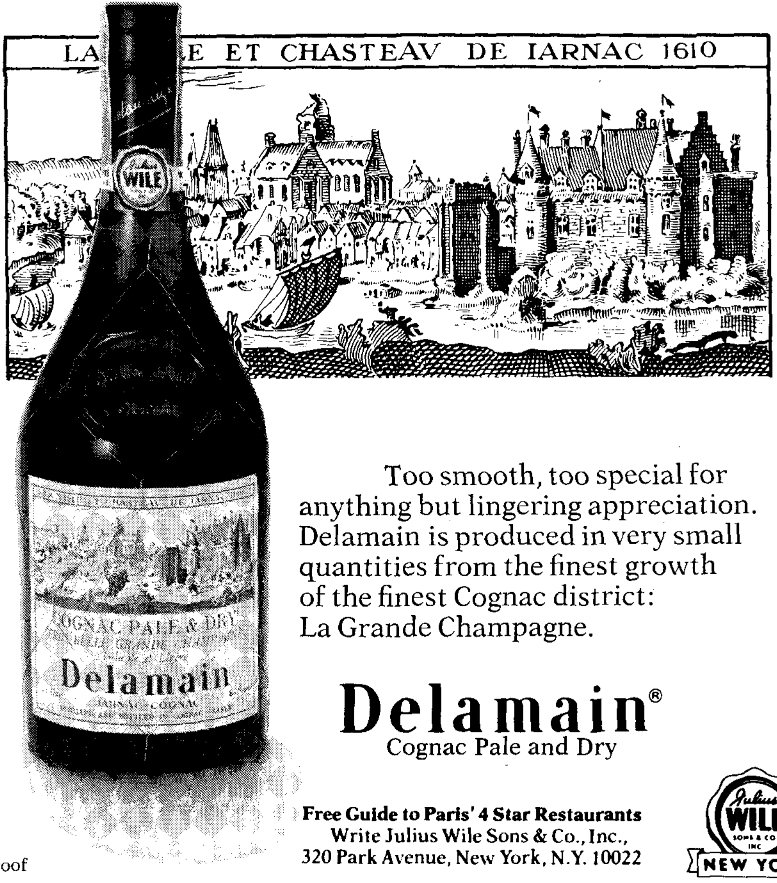

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tinez, are seated with their attorneys. Martinez is slight, with curly gray hair and olive skin, and is nattily dressed. It has recently been reported that in connection with his various C.I.A. activities Martinez participated in some three hundred break-ins. Bernard Barker has a seedier look; he is stumpy and wears thick, tinted glasses. These historic figures—veterans of the break-ins at the Watergate and at Dr. Fielding's office—are suddenly very human-looking, not very interesting, and rather sad. Last week, E. Howard Hunt testified here that when he hired them for the Ellsberg break-in he told them it was an operation against a "traitor" to the country. At a third table, off to the right, is G. Gordon Liddy. Liddy has a prison pallor, dark hair, and a dark mustache. His eyes dart about a lot, and he takes many notes. One wonders about the silent Liddy: what he knows, what he did, why he is keeping quiet. Judge Gesell's pinkish face is slightly rounder than it appears in photographs, and his glasses sometimes slip down his button nose. Ehrlichman is charged with, among other things, lying to the grand jury when he said he did not know that before the break-in the C.I.A. had been asked by the White House plumbers to prepare a psychological profile of Ellsberg. (The profile said that Ellsberg had acted out of patriotic motives in leaking the Pentagon Papers, so the C.I.A. was asked to prepare another psychological profile. The second profile said that the leaking of the Pentagon Papers was an "act of aggression" against his father, against Lyndon Johnson—whom he identified with his father—and against his analyst.) Ehrlichman is asked about the memorandum in which Egil Krogh and David Young, the directors of the plumbers, proposed "a covert operation . . . to examine all the medical files still held by Ellsberg's psychoanalyst"—a memorandum that Ehrlichman initialled, adding the notation "If done under your assurance that it is not traceable." This memo is one of several "overt acts" cited in the indictment.

Today, Ehrlichman says that he did not explore the "philosophical or deeper meaning" of the word "examine." Ehrlichman also says, "I was simply reasserting our understanding that these people would not be identified as White House people."

Ehrlichman says that when Krogh told him of the break-in, Krogh said that Hunt and Liddy or people obtained by Hunt and Liddy had gone into Dr. Fielding's office to get Ellsberg's psychiatric records, that they hadn't found them, that they had attempted to mask what they had done by tearing up the place to make it look as if a burglar had been after drugs. (Krogh has said that he and Ehrlichman were upset when they saw pictures of the damage that had been done to Dr. Fielding's office; it has never been clear whether their perturbation was over the break-in or over the damage.) Ehrlichman says that he told Krogh, "It was incredibly bad judgment."

Liddy grimaces.

And then Merrill asks Ehrlichman a series of questions in rapid succession:

"Did you ever report this to the Beverly Hills Police Department?"

"No."

"Did you ask Mr. Krogh to report it to the Beverly Hills Police Department?"

"No, I certainly didn't."

"Did you instruct Mr. Krogh to write a memorandum about it and how it had all happened?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you write a memorandum about it?"

"No."

"Did you advise the Department of Justice about it?"

"Did I? No, I did not."

Merrill asks Ehrlichman if after that Labor Day weekend in 1971, when the break-in occurred, Ehrlichman informed the President of what happened.

"I discussed it with the President."

"When?"

"In March of 1973."

•

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CHARLES COLSON went to jail today. Asked what reading material he was taking, he replied, "I have a couple of editions of the Bible with me. That's all."

JULY 9

THE partisan lines within the Judiciary Committee are said to be "hardening." The talk is that the "drift" is against the committee, against impeachment by the House, and perhaps even against a committee vote to impeach. The Southern Democrats—particularly Flowers—are said to be uncertain about how they will vote. Barbara Jordan, Democrat of Texas, is said to be uncertain. There are other things—whitecaps, perhaps—strengthening the sense that the current is against definitive action by the committee. What Democratic leaders fear most is a partisan vote for impeachment. There is even some thought among Democrats—not well formed yet, but there—of having the President censured rather than impeached. Around Washington, one is aware of a growing doubt—even among those who have favored impeachment—whether it is worth it all anymore. There is a growing fatigue with the whole thing. There is an increasing desire to turn it off—if the people who wish to could only figure out how. The extent to which the diminished interest in seeing it through is fed by fears of failure is not clear, because people do not express those fears very much. But they are there. Many people feel that it would be worse to lose this fight than not to go through with it. To lose this fight might be to condone the Administration's actions, and to vindicate Nixon. (An aide has said that Nixon would be "magnanimous" if he was vindicated. The transcripts leave another impression.) Some of the fears may result from the realization that decisions of great moment are almost upon us. Decisions are going to be made this summer which will determine what kind of country this will be far into the future.

It is not surprising that many of the Judiciary Committee members are, or appear, indecisive. The decision they face is a formidable one. Moreover, it is in the nature of the political mind—most such minds, at least—to put off the big decisions. The political mind is opportunistic, rides the wave of the moment, avoids the difficult decisions until they must be made. With luck, they may not have to be. The Democrats fear a partisan proceeding. The fears of the Republicans are more complex. The fear of that supposed twenty-five per cent of the Party who are diehard Nixon supporters doesn't quite explain it. I talked today with an important Republican who is in touch with members of various segments of the Party. He predicted that impeachment would fail in the House.

I asked this man what had become of the Republicans' desire to have Nixon out of office.

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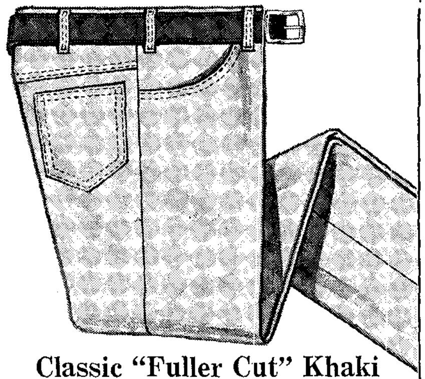

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ence between wishing the President out of office and voting to impeach him—"a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree difference." A Republican member of Congress who voted to impeach, he explained, would have to spend a great deal of time during his reëlection campaign explaining the vote. If he voted against impeachment, the Republican candidate could say that the evidence was not sufficient, and then he could get on with talking about other issues. This man said that the estimate that twenty-five per cent of the Republican voters are unyielding in their support of Nixon is probably too high. He added that Republican politicians like to inflate this figure and exaggerate the amount of mail they receive, so that people will be impressed by the difficult spot they are in. The amount of mail that the politicians are receiving on this issue is not all that high, he said. However, this Republican leader said, it would not take very many Nixon supporters to give a Republican who had voted for impeachment a hard time. All that would be needed would be two or three people at each political meeting raising questions, making the candidate defend his vote. Politicians know that, he said. Furthermore, he explained, Republican leaders across the country—such as the county chairmen—are by no means united on the question of whether it would be preferable for Nixon to leave office. Some do not want Ford as the incumbent in 1976, because they are for Rockefeller, or Reagan, or want to stay loose. Rockefeller has been travelling about the country cultivating local Republican leaders. For Republican leaders, the 1976 nomination is the highest stake. Therefore, this man went on, there are many Republican leaders who, in pursuit of the longer-range goal of the 1976 nomination, would not mind—as the specifically affected members of Congress would—Republican congressional losses in November. In fact, he said, there are those Republicans who would not mind at all if in the next two years there was an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress, on which to place much of the blame for whatever goes wrong.

There is another factor in the county chairmen's minds, this man said. Many perquisites can flow from the party in power, and the person who is in power can determine the course of that flow. Given the right flow, the county chairman can be the one to parcel out such attractive and lucrative federal largesse as the designation of who will do the Federal Housing Ad-

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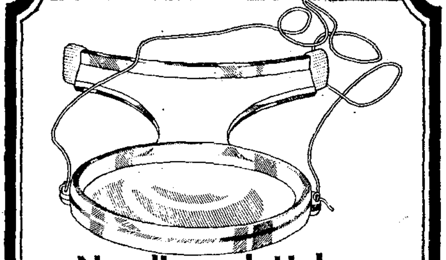

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ministration or Veterans Administration home-loan closings in that area. These perquisites are of more value to the county chairman than such things as federal judgeships, this man explained. Right now, with CREEP demolished and the President clinging for dear life to what remains of his Party support, the county chairmen are doing rather nicely in obtaining such benefits through the Republican National Committee. A new President might—as most Presidents have done in the past—establish his own structure for consolidating power within the Party, with federal largesse as an instrument.

This man, who knows Nixon, said that the President would never resign. He said that he had never met anyone in politics who was as tough as Nixon. He suggested that this might be because Nixon had such a difficult early life—a harder life, this man said, than any other President he could think of. The difficulties of Nixon's early life—the poverty, the tuberculosis-stricken brothers, the father's business failures—had, he said, made the President incredibly disciplined, tough. Trouble can affect people in different ways, and the way it seems to have affected Nixon is to have given him a very hard shell. Said this man, "He is not bothered by things that would get to other men. There is no group he would listen to. No group. No one. Not his wife. Not Bebe. No one. He doesn't read the messages sent to him in the press. God, he's tough!"

•

IT seems possible as of now that the White House is getting through to the people—that its repeated attacks on the Judiciary Committee, its assertions that its problems have been brought about by the "media" are sinking in. This period makes one think about where public relations ends and propaganda begins.

JULY 10

THE committee's version of the transcripts of eight conversations which have already been released by the White House shows the President saying on March 13th, in response to his own question as to whether it was too late to "go the hang-out road," "Yes, it is." The White House version did not have any answer. The committee version shows the President saying, "The hang-out road's going to have to be rejected. I, some, I understand it was rejected." The White

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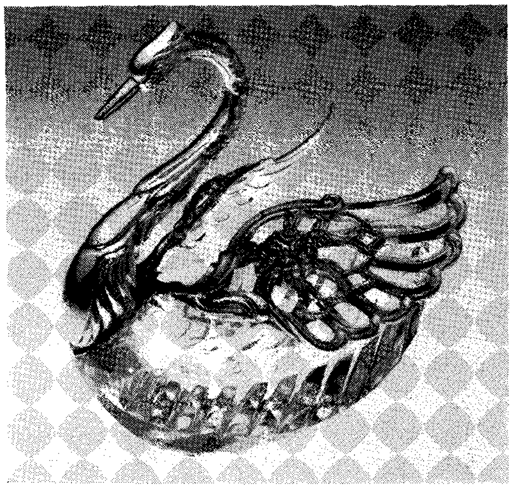

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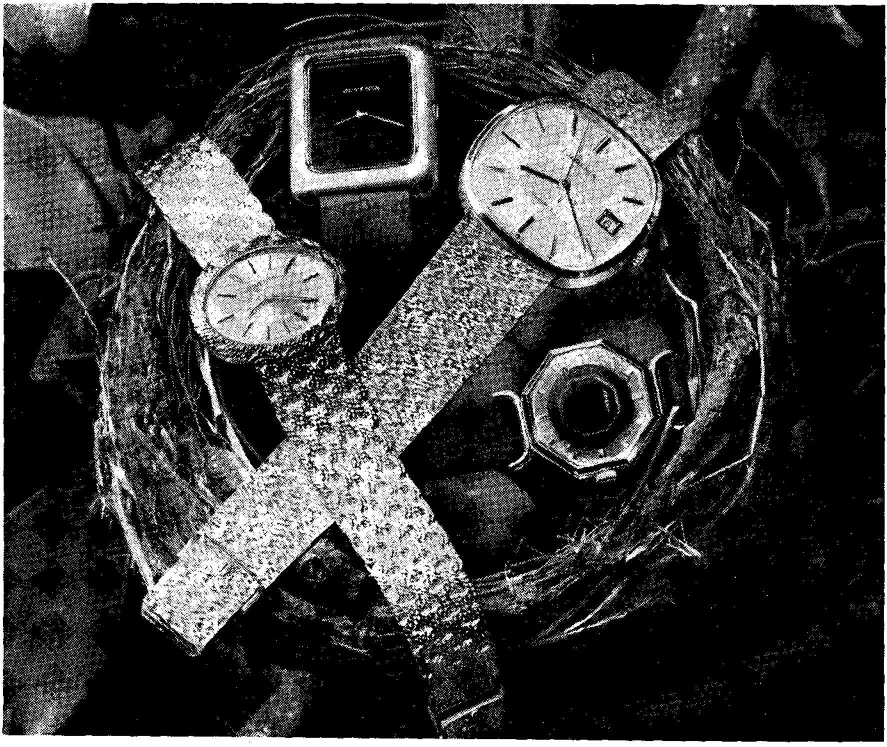

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House version of this was "The hangout road (inaudible)." On March 21st, according to the committee version, the President says about Hunt's demand for money, "We should buy the time." The White House version had the President saying, "We can buy the time." The committee transcript has the President referring to the possibility that Hunt may "squeal." The White House transcript doesn't. The committee transcript also shows that on March 22nd, when the President instructed Mitchell to "stonewall," he went on to say, "On the other hand . . . I would prefer, as I said to you, that you do it the other way. And I would particularly prefer to do it that other way if it's going to come out that way anyway." In the White House transcript, the President, discussing the appearance of some of his aides before the Watergate grand jury, said, "But you can say I don't remember." In the Judiciary Committee version, the President says, "Just be damned sure you say I don't remember."

Yesterday, Ron Ziegler accused the committee of having embarked upon a "hypoed public-relations campaign."

JULY 12

THE amount of material with which we are being bombarded now is simply getting out of hand. The Judiciary Committee has released the first eight of eighteen beige-bound volumes of evidence, and today three fat green-covered volumes constituting the final report of the Ervin committee arrive. The Judiciary Committee volumes, entitled "Statement of Information," lay out the case the way Doar did before the committee: statement of fact and supporting evidence following statement of fact and supporting evidence. The first eight volumes cover the Watergate break-in and cover-up. The Ervin-committee report is for release on Sunday.

On a CBS News Special Report last night about the newly released committee evidence, Ron Ziegler said that "to release all the material dribble by dribble . . . in my view manipulates public opinion." Said Ziegler, "One reason why I can spot a public-relations campaign is I know one when I see one."

•

JOHN EHRLICHMAN was found guilty today of conspiracy and perjury in connection with the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office. Barker, Martinez, and Liddy were also found guilty of conspiracy.

•

I WONDERED what impact the release of all the material was having on House members. The moderate Republican told me, "None. Zero. Nobody really understands it. Nobody but the committee has taken the time to listen or read. Around here, it's the same old refrain: they want to wait until the committee makes its recommendations. When I read in the papers about the comparative transcripts, I nearly jumped out of my skin, but I came down here and found people yawning. There is a feeling that the moment of truth is not here yet. We have given our proxies to the Judiciary Committee. The whole issue still seems kind of remote. It's strange and it's scandalous; it's sort of as if we had parked our morals on some obscure shelf."

JULY 14

SUNDAY. On Friday, when the Ervin committee met with the press for the last time to distribute its report, Sam Ervin, referring to the fact that in the light of the House Judiciary Committee's consideration of impeachment the report refrained from drawing ultimate conclusions about whether the President had carried out his Constitutional responsibilities in an acceptable manner, said, "There are two ways to indicate a horse. One is to draw a picture that is a great likeness. And the other is to draw a picture that is a great likeness and write under it 'This is a horse.' We just drew the picture."

The report raised again a question that we had almost forgotten, and one that the House Judiciary Committee, for its own reasons, is treating only peripherally—the question of whether in 1972 we had a genuine election. Ervin, in a section of the report setting forth his own separate views, wrote that the first objective of the "various illegal and unethical activities" studied by the committee was "to destroy insofar as the Presidential election of 1972 was concerned the integrity of the process by which the President of the United States is nominated and elected." The report covered the extensive intelligence-gathering by the Administration, beginning soon after Nixon's inauguration in 1969 (the committee has also found that John Caulfield and Anthony Ulasewicz, the private White House detectives, carried out some seventy investigations); it spoke of the "misuse of large amounts of money, especially difficult-to-trace cash that was held in secret places in the White House and elsewhere;" it talked of the use of the I.R.S., the F.B.I., and the C.I.A. for political purposes, and of the "Responsiveness Program," in which there was an attempt to shape the activities of departments and agencies in ways that would help the President's reëlection; it dealt with milk and with the sale of ambassadorships; it alleged that some money that Rebozo had sworn was turned over to the Nixon campaign committee was actually diverted to pay for improvements on the Nixon properties (including a swimming pool and a new roof extension) and to buy a pair of platinum-and-diamond earrings (costing $5,650) for Mrs. Nixon.

Among the proposals that the Ervin committee made was one for the establishment of a permanent "public attorney," to be appointed by the judiciary and confirmed by the Senate. The committee also recommended curbs on intelligence-gathering activities in the White House, prohibition of the examination of tax returns of others by anyone in the executive office, prohibition of wiretapping, and a number of new regulations covering campaign activities.

And so this committee, which in its fumbling way fixed in the public mind an indelible picture of abuse of power, has gone out of business, and left the country an agenda worth thinking about. The question is whether the people and the politicians will want to think about it.

•

AFTER meeting with the President at San Clemente yesterday, Vice-President Ford said that there is a "possibility" that the Judiciary Committee may vote to impeach the President but that he does not consider the committee to be reflective of the House, and that he felt "strongly" that the House would reject impeachment, because "the preponderance of the evidence favors the President."

JULY 18

COMMENTING on Charles Colson's elusive testimony before the Judiciary Committee this week, Caldwell Butler, the Republican from Virginia, said, "He seems to be trying to be candid, but he hasn't had much experience in that area." Kalmbach's testimony this week about how the dairy representatives had had to reaffirm their two-million-dollar commitment—in a midnight meeting at the Madison Hotel here—before the price-support

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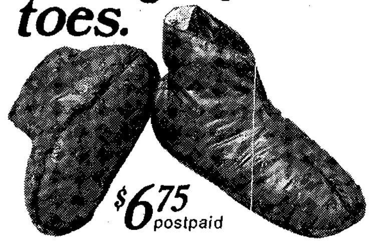

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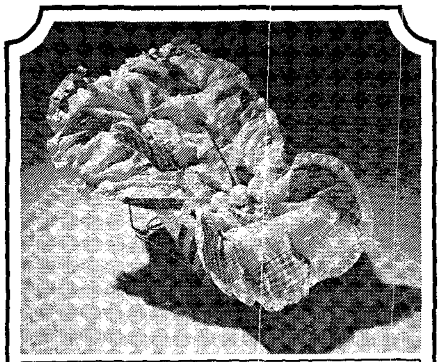

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increase was announced was said by several committee members to have been very damaging. Although the committee is not expected to include the milk episode in its list of charges, Kalmbach's testimony seems to have contributed to a darkening picture in many members' minds of the way business was conducted in the White House. Trent Lott, the Mississippi Republican, who is a strong supporter of the President, remarked that Kalmbach's testimony gave "more of an impression . . . that there was some sort of understanding." Lott added, "I'd just as soon he hadn't said some of the things he said." Kalmbach told the committee of arrangements with three people in exchange for ambassadorships. Of that testimony, Lawrence Hogan, the Republican from Maryland, said, "This is the most damaging stuff I've heard yet."

Many of the witnesses, it may be remembered, were called at the behest of St. Clair, and the Democrats feared a display of them on television. (Rodino achieved the trade-off of closed hearings in exchange for calling all the witnesses on St. Clair's list. One of these—Haldeman—refused to testify.) But if those witnesses were supposed to somehow demolish the case against the President, they have apparently failed to do so. One Democratic member thinks that perhaps the witnesses who might have helped the Administration fell flat because they had nothing new to say. As for Dean, whose questioning by St. Clair yielded little, the member said, "Dean knew exactly what he was going to say. He has been saying it for a long time."

In this, the last week before the committee begins consideration of the articles of impeachment, the tension and the frayed nerves have been even more apparent—and so have the theatrics. One can hear the tension in the voices of the committee members, and even of the usually polite members of their now overworked staffs. The committee has been meeting evenings. Last night, a committee member I had called returned my call at ten-forty-five—he had just returned home after the committee recessed—and said, "I haven't signed any mail. I haven't done a damn thing. We get only a half hour for dinner now. Everybody is kind of on edge now." On Tuesday, Charles Wiggins told reporters that he expected all the committee Republicans to vote against impeachment. Some Republicans (and the committee staff members as well) interpreted this as a form of pressure and went into a state

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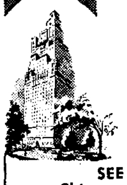

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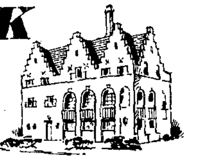
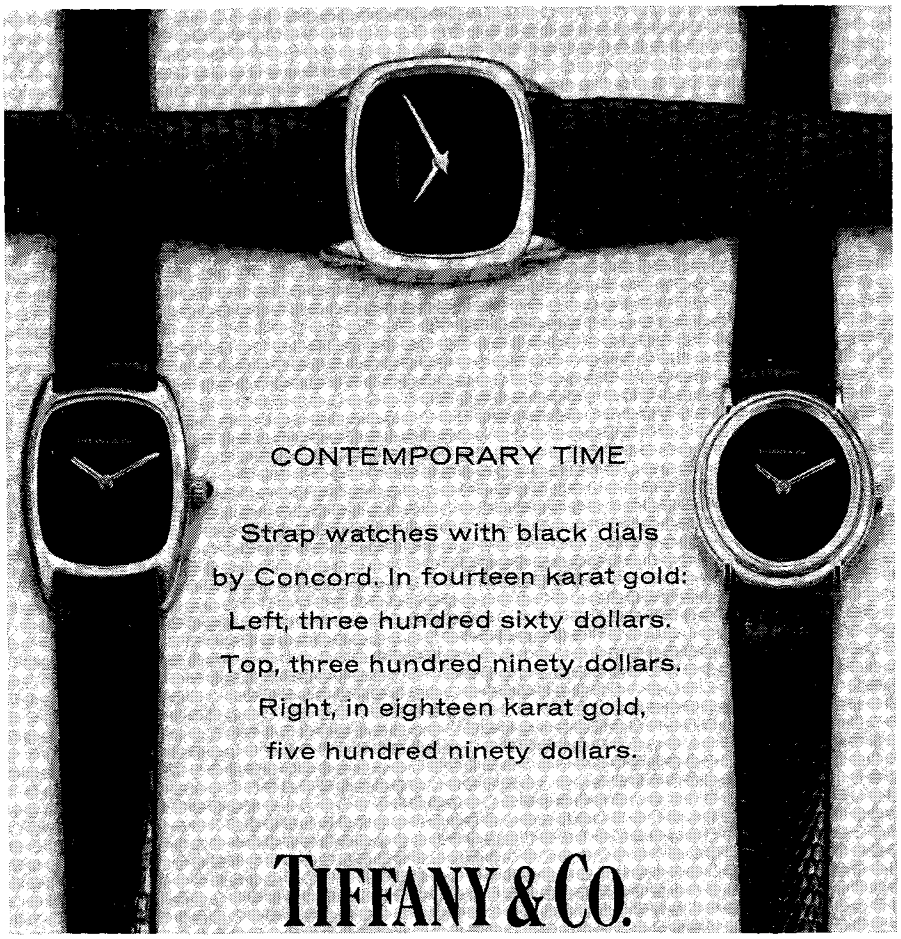


of high dudgeon. Railsback told reporters that he and "at least" three other Republicans—Cohen, Fish, and Butler—would remain undecided until they heard St. Clair's and the committee lawyers' final arguments. Cohen asserted that Wiggins was not speaking for him. McClory told reporters that he wanted to be on the undecided list, too. (Some skeptics thought that this was because the Republican "undecideds" are now the center of attention—might even be on the cover of next week's *Time*.) McClory told reporters he was troubled by the fact that "so many of those who were in the White House are now in jail or have completed their terms or are awaiting sentence." Said McClory, "There was obviously wrongdoing taking place right under the President's nose, and I'm very concerned. Is that any way to run a White House?"

While Albert Jenner conducted the questioning of Kalmbach, John Doar remained in the inquiry-staff offices writing his summary of the case and continuing to prepare articles of impeachment. Doar wants to show the committee the patterns now—to get across such things as the Administration's pattern of establishing deniability. What one staff aide calls "the consciousness-raising sessions"—briefings of committee members by staff members—are taking place in the mornings and at night. Doar has had sessions with Flowers, Mann, Ray Thornton (Arkansas Democrat), and Barbara Jordan. Mann and Flowers are said to be especially uncertain. Doar has shown Mann the articles—referred to as the R (for Rodino) articles—that will be placed before the committee; the other members of the committee have not seen them. Rodino has had talks with Thornton and Flowers. Some Democratic members, including Elizabeth Holtzman, Jack Brooks, and Don Edwards, have prepared articles. Paul Sarbanes (Maryland Democrat) has prepared a sort of outline of the case, covering a spectrum of misbehavior, including the number of times the President has lied to the public about the events that the committee has been looking into. Ad-hoc strategy meetings of Rodino and other Democrats take place just before committee meetings, or on the House floor during votes. This process is still being invented.

Some of the Republican "undecideds" have been talking among themselves. Cohen and Butler, who sit next to each other in committee meetings, have been talking over the case during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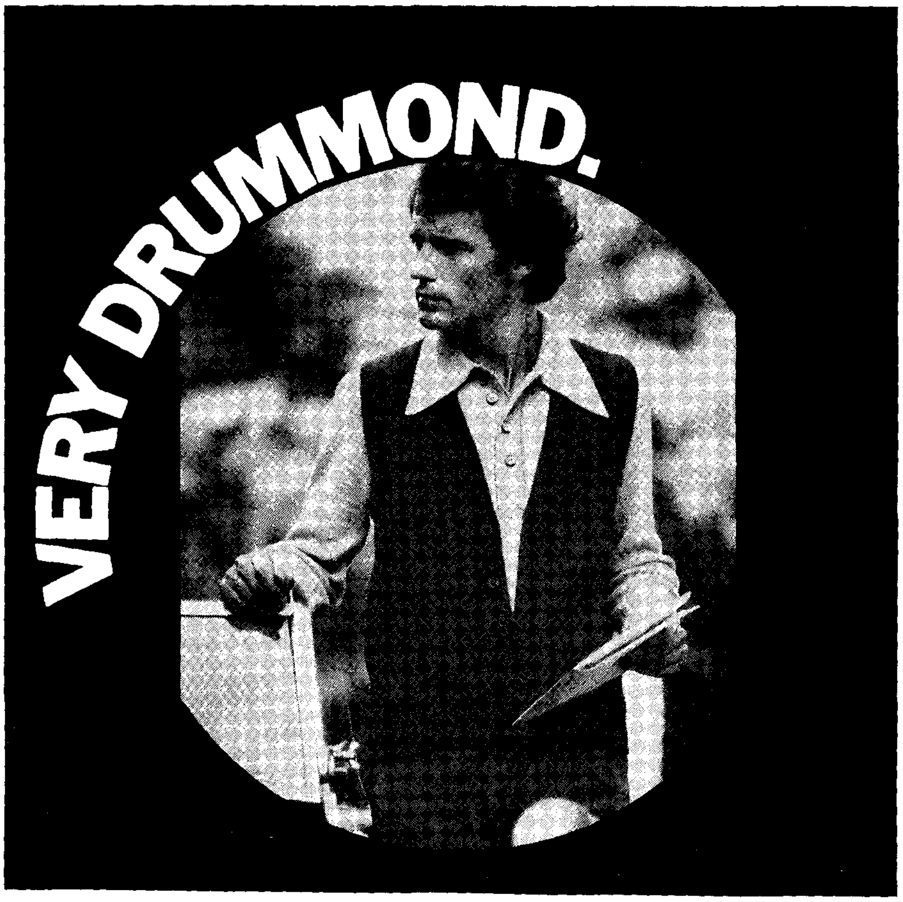
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the hearings. Cohen and Railsback have gone out to dinner twice this week, and one time Charles Sandman joined them. Last Sunday, Cohen and Fish met at Cohen's house with Richard Cates, the inquiry-staff expert on the coverup, and three members of the minority staff. Some members noticed a different, tougher tone in Hogan's questioning of Kalmbach last night.

On Tuesday, Republicans asked Jenner, the minority counsel, to draw up a summary replying to Doar's and making the arguments against impeachment. Jenner refused, saying that his role was to provide "a professional opinion to a client, which is the entire committee." Jenner told reporters that what he was doing was part of a Constitutional process, involving the highest privilege in the Constitution—impeachment—and that what was called for was the judgment of a lawyer with a professional responsibility to the committee and to the people. So now the argument against impeachment is being prepared by Sam Garrison, deputy minority counsel.

St. Clair presented his final argument against impeachment to the committee today, saying that no case had been made against the President on any of the charges. And St. Clair offered an excerpt from a transcript of a conversation of March 22nd—the tape of which was subpoenaed by the committee and refused by the President. The excerpt quoted the President as saying, "I don't mean to be blackmailed by Hunt—that goes too far." St. Clair told reporters that elsewhere in the meeting the President "indicated it would be right to pay money to Hunt for humanitarian purposes." Which doesn't seem to help the President's case.

The volumes of the committee's evidence have continued to pour forth this week. They tell of White House pressures on the I.R.S. to audit a list of McGovern supporters, to place Caulfield and Liddy in sensitive I.R.S. positions, to create tax problems for Lawrence O'Brien when he was chairman of the Democratic National Committee—all of them pressures that, according to affidavits supplied by two former I.R.S. commissioners, were resisted. The committee says that the President met with Haldeman and Dean on September 15, 1972, to discuss "taking steps to overcome the unwillingness of the I.R.S. to follow up on complaints," and Dean has said that he discussed the O'Brien case with the President. The committee evidence also shows that Ehrlichman complained to I.R.S. Commissioner Johnnie M. Walters, when Walters reported that he considered the O'Brien case closed, "I'm goddam tired of your foot-dragging tactics." (The Ervin committee had quoted Ehrlichman as saying in executive session, "I wanted them to turn up something and send [O'Brien] to jail before the election, and unfortunately it didn't materialize.") And that Haldeman invoked the President's name in asking another White House aide to obtain information from the I.R.S. about the tax problems of George Wallace's brother Gerald, which was then leaked to Jack Anderson, the columnist. And that Mitchell, while he was Attorney General, apparently passed on ambassadorships. ("Concerning ambassadorships," Gordon Strachan wrote to Haldeman on December 2, 1971, in one of several memorandums about how the 1972 campaign would be organized, "Kalmbach will get a case by case determination from the Attorney General." In another memo, Strachan wrote that two donations "should be returned, since the European commitments cannot now be met.") The evidence also shows that about January, 1970, Ehrlichman, referring, apparently, to the use of information that the committee said was "contained in one of the summaries of the 1969-71 wiretaps to be used in connection with political action in opposition to persons critical of the Administration's Vietnam policy," wrote in a memo to Haldeman, "H. This is the kind of early warning we need more of. Your game planners are now in an excellent position to map anticipatory action."

•

THE President is in San Clemente.

JULY 19

JOHN DOAR summarized the case against the President before the Judiciary Committee today. He said, "Reasonable men acting reasonably would find the President guilty." Speaking with unaccustomed passion, Doar talked of the President's "enormous crimes," and said that he could not remain indifferent if President Nixon or any other President committed "the terrible deed of subverting the Constitution." Jenner supported Doar's argument, and told the committee members that they had an obligation to live up to the ideals of the nation's founders and to determine "whether that country and that Constitution are to be preserved." In addition to the

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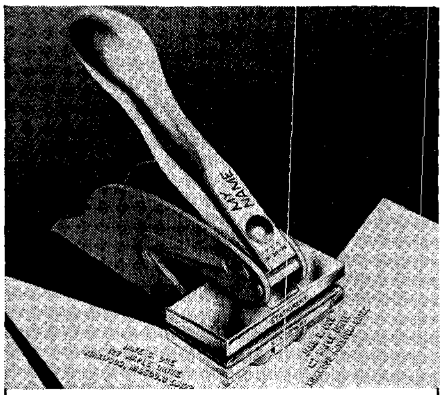

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written summary of the case, Doar submitted several sets of articles of impeachment, of which one set, the work of Doar and the staff, contained four articles—the R articles. They would impeach the President for the coverup; for "a pattern of massive and persistent abuse of power for political purposes involving unlawful and un-Constitutional invasion of the rights and privacy of individual citizens of the United States," including the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office, unlawful surveillance and wiretapping, and use of the I.R.S. for political purposes; for failure to comply with the committee's subpoenas; and for the "fraud" of backdating the deed of his Vice-Presidential papers for the purposes of taking tax deductions. The article on taxes is a surprise, but Rodino and his staff feel that the tax issue is an "attractive" one, and also one that, since the Special Prosecutor is now looking into the matter of the President's taxes and finances, should be kept alive until the case reaches the Senate. The tax article says that other investigations—by the I.R.S. and the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation—were thwarted "solely by reason of the fact that Richard M. Nixon was President of the United States and that impeachment proceedings against him had been instituted."

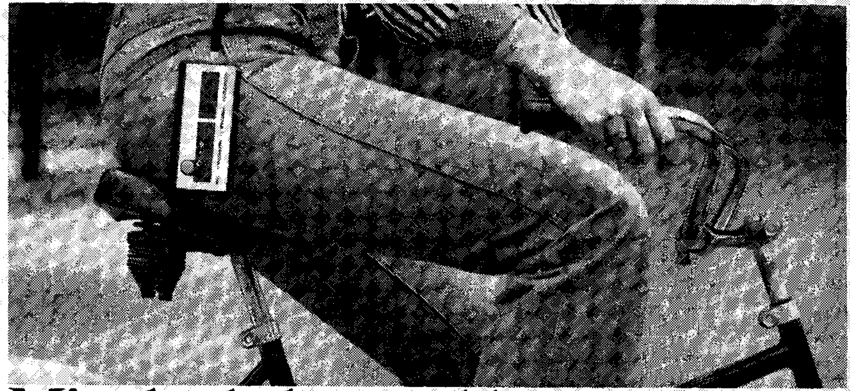
A second set of articles, also drafted by the staff, makes similar charges against the President, each article charging that the actions were in violation of the President's oath of office and his "duty to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The staff has still other drafts, which it has not submitted. And articles drafted by members have been submitted. The idea now is to put articles before the members, for them to talk about and think about over the next few days, and see what sort of consensus might arise. The committee will meet again tomorrow—Saturday.

●

ON television tonight, Ron Ziegler, at San Clemente, is clearly much upset. He looks stung. He calls Doar a "partisan ideologue," who has been proceeding in a "partisan, duplicitous, false way." Ziegler says that there is no justification for the fact that the articles were drawn up before all the evidence was presented, and that Doar has proceeded as if he were operating "a kangaroo court."

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the second of a series of three articles on the spring and summer of 1974 in Washington.)



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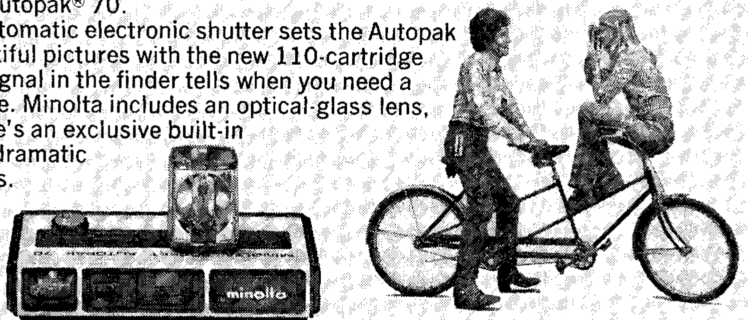

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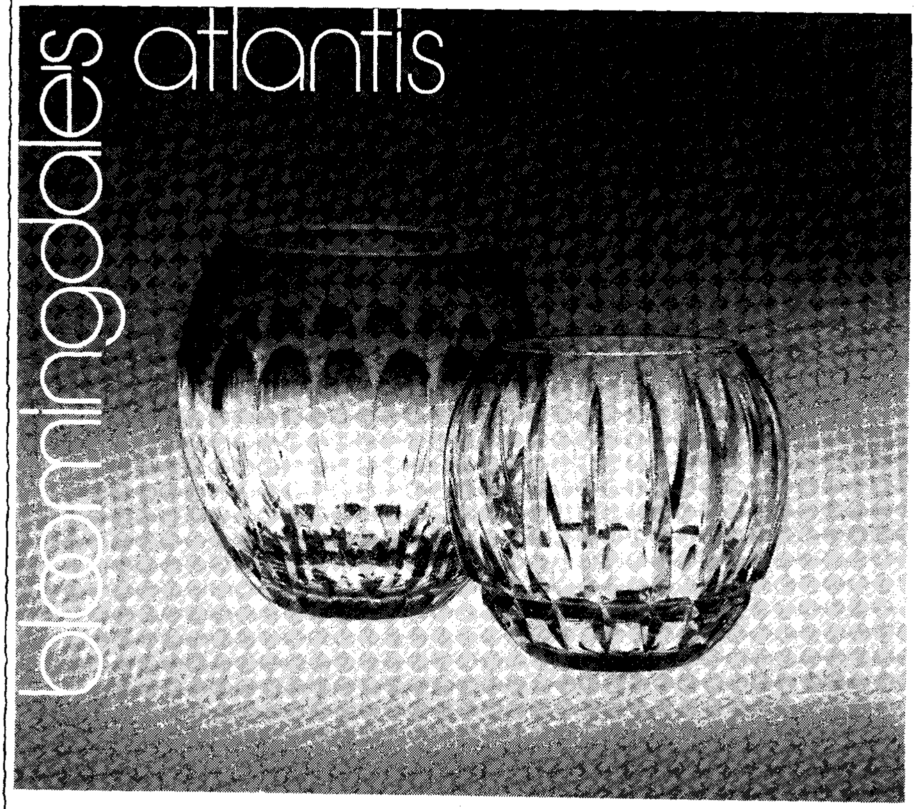

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FOOTBALL

Tit for Tat

FOR what seemed like forever and ever, the forerunners of the New England Patriots (they called themselves the Yanks) lived in Boston, and in ignominy, except on the front pages of the Boston newspapers, and the Patriots themselves often held, and deserved, the secondary title of the Patsies. Even after the acquisition of Plunkett, a most famous quarterback (the equally famous Dowling, who worked magic with Calvin Hill when they were teammates at New Haven, was his backup man), nothing happened. Plunkett, it was said, disliked taking orders from the sidelines, and some of his compeers appeared to have been hired simply for laughs. The remedy was instantly efficacious—a new coach to humor Plunkett, a few new performers not hired for laughs. The once mighty Jets came home last Sunday to Shea Stadium, bringing the Patriots along with them, and the difference was total—Patriots 24 (at their ease), the Jets 0. The Patriots haven't been set back once in five tries, and who's to say that anyone is about to do it? Plunkett looks happy at play; once, he jauntily rolled right and threw a whopping block on someone who was set to down the ballcarrier. And Herron, the new Patriot race horse, took a deep punt near his goal by casually sticking up his right hand for it. This is the way to win, without feeling a moment's pressure. The same afternoon, in Philadelphia, the Eagles, for many seasons a purely vaudeville team, carried on, even mostly without the damaged Bulaich, and, after giving the once mighty Giants a token touchdown, collected five of their own, for a count of 35–7. Nowadays, the Super Bowl is farther away from New York than the World Series.

TELEP, McInally, Fencik—closely watched men who scarcely ever are by themselves. Telep, whose major problem is that he must operate on behalf of downtrodden Columbia, is so closely watched that the first time the ball came to him in the match, a fortnight past, against Princeton three enemy outriders arrived an instant after the ball did, and he came off the playing field without the ball and with

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a bruised thigh. Saturday last, against Harvard, he was the Telep of legend—four snaffles, worth sixty-nine yards—but more than one Telep is needed to make a football team, and Harvard won, going away, by 34–6. One reason was McInally, six foot six, who after two years of hauling in passes thrown by Stoeckel, a thrower and punter of repute, is now collecting passes thrown by the lesser-known Holt. Unless Holt can cure himself of the habit of heaving touchdown passes (three against Rutgers, two against Columbia), he will soon be a man of repute himself. McInally, though none of his four catches were worth a touchdown that afternoon, is already All-America material, and his kickoffs (he is a chap of more than one capacity) sometimes barely miss becoming field goals. Fencik, who pulls down the long ball for Yale, is used to working knee-deep in bird dogs, but when his speed carries him beyond the range of ordinary mortals, he requires only a decent throw from Doyle, and on Saturday, against Brown, he got one quickly enough. That was the ballgame, but, in deference to the rules, the match went the full four quarters—Yale 24, Brown 0. Brown is a burly lot, its linesmen as hulking as Yale's, who are themselves outsize for the Ivy League. And Brown's brace of quarterbacks, who serve in alternation, are celebrated throwers. But Yale's defensive set indicated disbelief, and correctly. Brown's frustration must mount week by week: Yale, at fourth down and twelve on its own two, had not enough room to get away a proper punt; the blocked ball appeared to bound into and out of the hands of a dozen Browns before it came to rest in the paws of the gadfly Fencik, another chap of more than one capacity. And Dartmouth, no longer overriding its old friends with the likes of Klupchak and Rowe, went down for the third time in succession, against a resurgent Princeton, 14–7. Harvard, Yale, Princeton winning in a single afternoon—the millennium!

—J. W. L.

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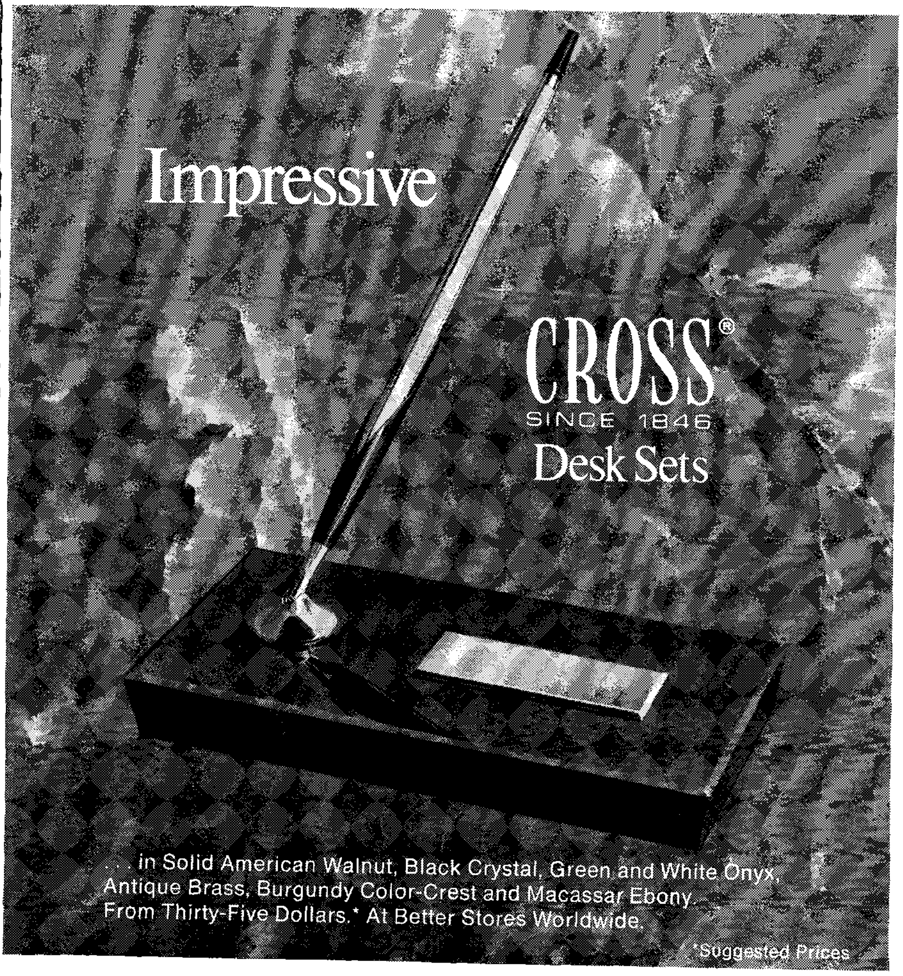
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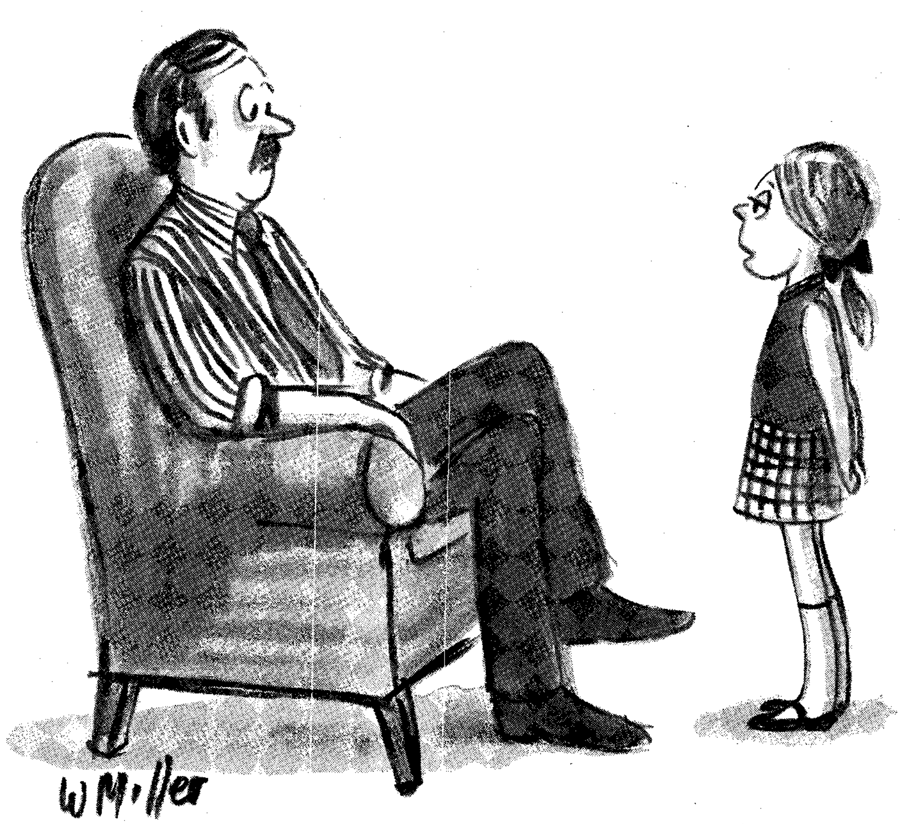
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Uprooted Artist

THE Czech directors who have come to this country since 1968 haven't had the internationally useful equipment of such earlier immigrants as Fritz Lang, Max Ophuls, and Robert Siodmak. Hitler's refugees suffered from the transplanting, but they had techniques they could apply to Hollywood genre films, as the Polish expatriate Roman Polanski has, also. But the Czech film movement of the sixties was not based on technique or on innovative style. The films weren't smashingly visual or marked by tour-de-force suspense; they were *distinctive precisely because their simple naturalism stood apart from international commercial moviemaking.* Their appeal was in their close connection with their subjects—the lives of ordinary people. To Americans, accustomed to more charge and excitement, they seemed very "small" pictures: they were folkloric "human-interest" stories—mild, understated, sad-funny. The movement represented something new—a national cinema that was developing not in terms of the corruptions of an international market, or in terms of the corruptions of a domestic market (as in India), but through the expressive needs of the developing artists. It is the only time in the history of movies that the control of production was in the hands of intellectuals and artists, and the Czechs, who had fought hard for that control, had been showing the whole world what freedom could mean to filmmakers, when the Russian tanks rolled in in August, 1968. The artists who stayed behind have produced almost nothing; the ones who came here—the only country where they stood a chance of making films—are caught in the same circus as *American film artists, only worse.* The special flavor of the Czech films came from the artists' affectionate, deep-rooted understanding of the people: how does one transplant an art based on unconscious affinities?

While recognizing their qualities, I generally ducked writing about the Czech films, because I wasn't especially drawn to them; their barnyard humor and their air of goodness reminded me of the dialect stories in school readers which used to make me groan. Maybe Hollywood had spoiled me: I wanted a little more corruption. But when I saw Ivan Passer's new film, "Law and Disorder," starring Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine, the disparity between what the picture might have been if it had been made in Czechoslovakia and what it had become here was painful. As the work of an artist—Passer is the most original and gifted of the Czechs whose films I've seen—"Law and Disorder" is a tragedy. It's calamitous evidence of the messed-up lives of uprooted artists, and, in a peculiar way, almost a textbook on what the heartrendingly short Czech renaissance was about. While you're watching it, you can tell how the scenes are meant to play and why they don't; you can see Passer trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system, and satisfying neither.

Passer's work in his Czech film "Intimate Lighting" depended on unforced comic incidents, and on character vignettes in which we could perceive the embarrassments of people who were unsure of themselves. The special, gentle believability of his comedy came from the resonances of the most ordinary situations: from small incongruities, haphazard jokes, flareups of irritation; from lost opportunities that couldn't be forgotten. In the New York setting of "Law and Disorder," the comedy is mostly still unforced, but it's also unrealized. In his first American film, "Born to Win," in 1971, Passer made a startling adaptation to a special, surreal American environment—that of the junkie—and he had the advantages of some sharp writing and a strung-out, high performance by George Segal, which *I think* is probably still his best. But in "Law and Disorder" Passer has tried to work within his own area; he's aimed at the American equivalent of a humanistic Czech film—a look at the interwoven lives of ordinary people. In other words, he's working right in the area that he doesn't have the unconscious equipment for, and almost everything looks, sounds, feels subtly but jarringly wrong. One doesn't have to be an artist to grasp what he's up against: even those of us Americans who move from one part of the country to another learn what a difference it makes. I will never know New York the way I know San Francisco; at some bottom level, I don't even want to—I don't have room in my feelings for more than one home. But from the evidence of this picture Passer could, I think, adapt to working here, and could bring to American subjects something close to the sensibility he brought to Czech



"What did I learn in school today? Well, I learned that Paris is groovy, Mexico swings, and, although Ms. Beatty had a wild, far-out time in Montreal with that guy who picks her up at school on his motorcycle, she doesn't want to marry him."

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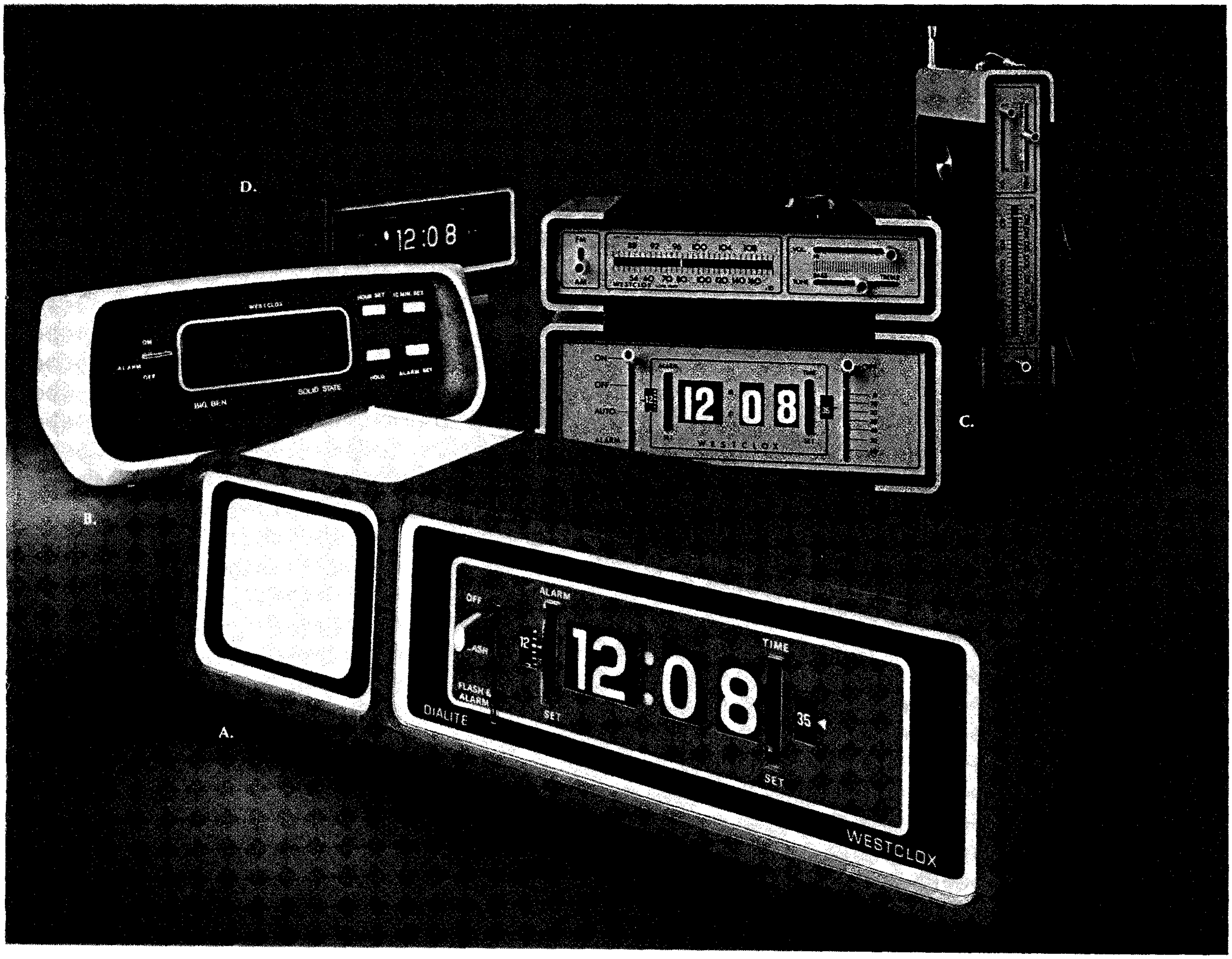
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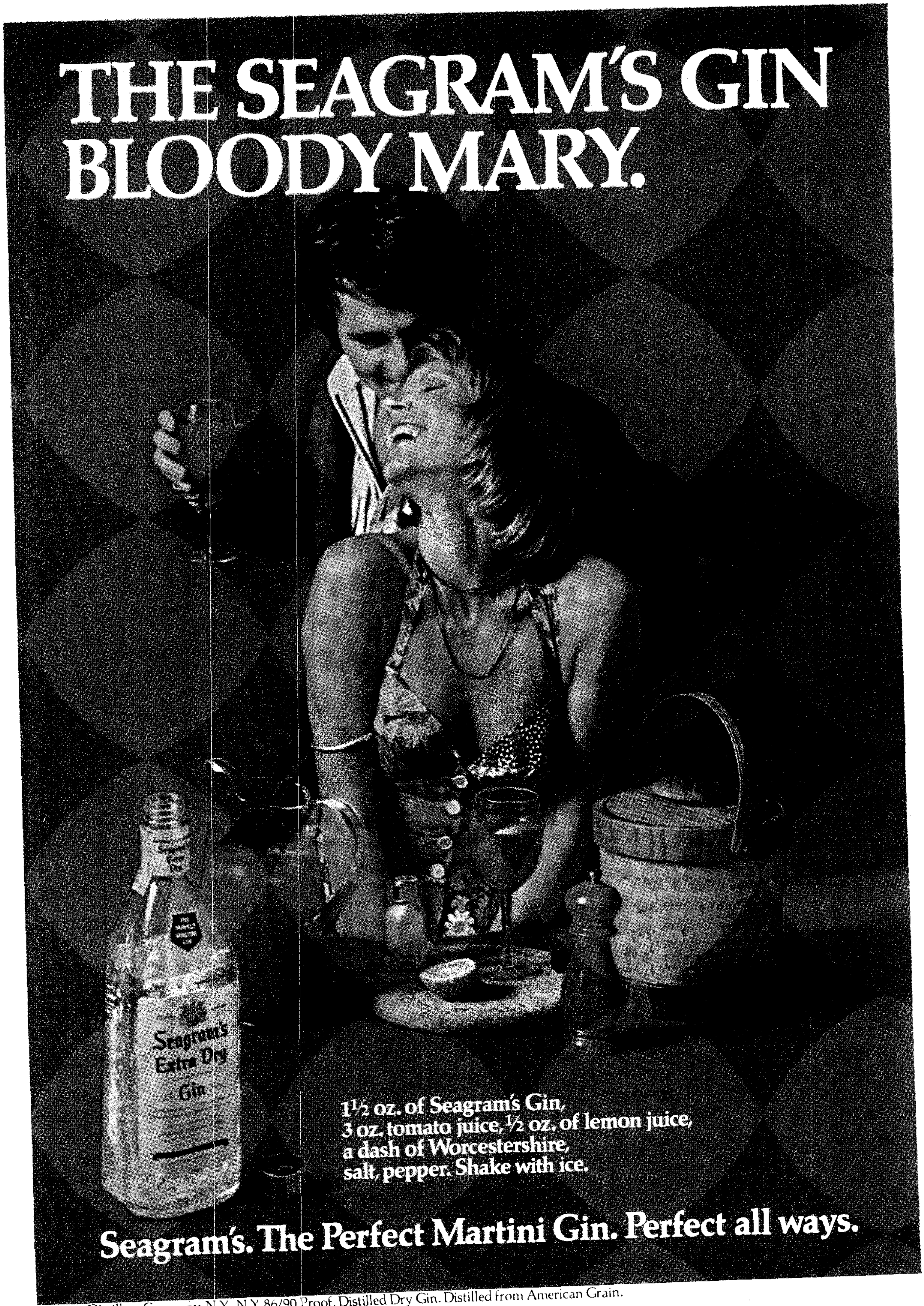

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subjects, if the working conditions were anything like the ones he used to have. The wrongness that tears one up in "Law and Disorder" is a compound of his not quite having the feel for his characters and something much more damaging. He didn't follow his instincts. Maybe he didn't trust them, since he was trying to deliver a commercial comedy. In "Law and Disorder," he attempts to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy, and he doesn't really know how; it's against his grain.

It is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. The picture is about the frustrations and foulups of a group of white men living in a New York co-op building in a racially mixed, high-crime area who try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit. Passer is crippled from the start by a cinematographer (Arthur Ornitz) who doesn't give him a single sensitive frame, and an actor, Ernest Borgnine, who doesn't blend in. A series of gags involving Borgnine's failing beauty-parlor business and his wacked-out beautician (Karen Black) could earn only canned laughter. In the central role of Willie, however, Carroll O'Connor develops the elusive undertones that are the essence of Passer's art. Willie is a cabdriver, but there's no belligerent Archie Bunker in the performance; O'Connor fills in the quiet character of a patient man who doesn't like what has happened to his life and can't find a way to change it. Willie's scenes with his closest friend (Borgnine) are hollow, because Borgnine can't be anybody's friend; he isn't a character at all—he's Borgnine. But Willie has a good scene with his wife, a cocktail waitress (Anne Wedgeworth). He hates hacking and he has found a greasy-spoon luncheonette he wants to buy, but when he shows it to her we can see, by her embarrassed face, that the venture smells of failure, and that she loves her more glamorous job and can't bear to think of working behind the counter in a grubby dump. Willie's hunched, unhostile shoulders tell the story of a man with crackbrained projects but genuine defeats. Most of the scenes, though, are short and don't go anywhere, and the people have empty, blubbery faces that tell us nothing about their lives. There's a quite funny sequence in which Alan Arbus, as a gooney-bird psychologist—an Albert Ellis type, with a tight whine—gives a lecture, under the auspices of the auxiliary unit, on how to prevent rape. In a scene that follows, however, Borgnine's wife (Anita

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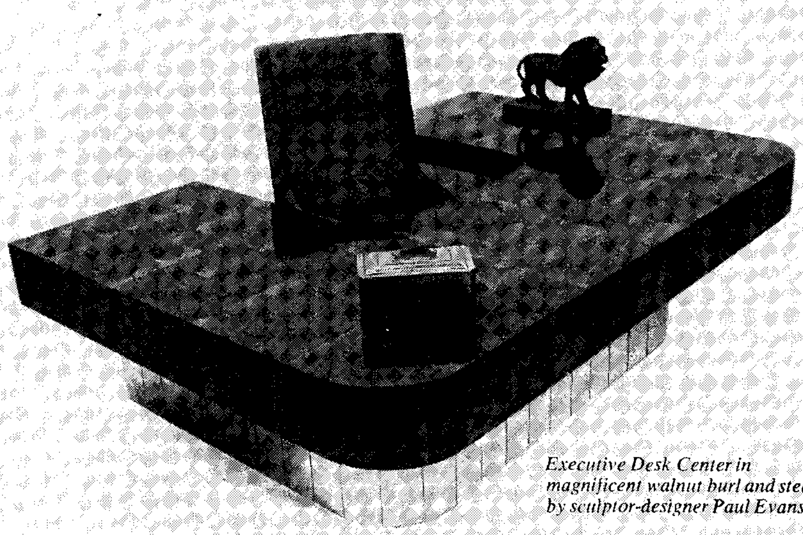

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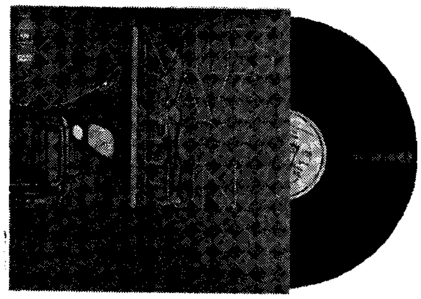

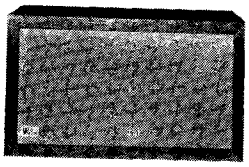

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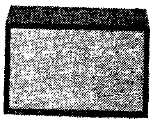

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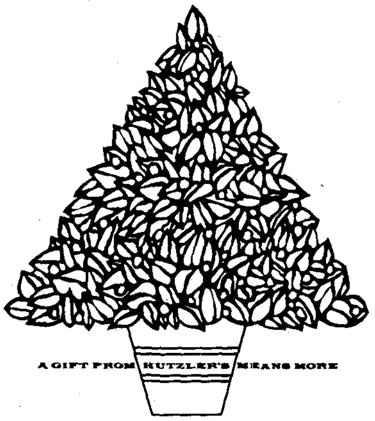
Dangler) uses the psychologist's lecture in reverse to incite her husband to ravish her—an episode that's really wrongheaded here. It doesn't work without the base of innocence that the Czech films had. The wife's ruse might be thought hilarious in a folk comedy, where the people seem anonymous, but there's no ironic reversal when it's Ernest Borgnine leaping upon her—that's what's expected of Borgnine.

Passer's deficient knowledge of American life—his Europeanizing of his New Yorkers—could work as a slightly askew vision, if only it were more consistent in texture. What makes this botched film so plaguing is that it comes off worse than most of the pictures that are just trying to be acceptably commercial. Passer doesn't know how to be gross in the American way, and the American way won't allow him not to be gross. If he were really making a sensitive movie about the effect of urban chaos on family life, he could manage with this loose structure, but since the lumpish families in "Law and Disorder" don't even suggest actual families, the farce scenes would hold together better if there were a simple, dumb plot. And jokes this crude really need to be forced; you can't be a graceful schlockmeister. You can't make mud pies without getting your hands dirty.

THERE must be a shortage of men who can play the handsome, stalwart Anglo-Saxon adventure hero of old, or why would anybody pick Roger Moore? In "Gold," as in "Live and Let Die," he isn't a *hero*—he's just standing in for the hero, because nobody better could be found. After seven years of his playing The Saint on British TV, his face is so used to the camera that he's unimaginable as anything but an actor. Years of TV-series work give actors a gliding-through style: it's the actors' form of punchiness. Wearing middle-aged juveniles' faces, they look better from a distance. There's nothing recognizably human in their performances; they know how little they have to do to get by, and their acting becomes a repertory of a half-dozen effortless expressions and ritualized line-readings. Dimply suavity is Roger Moore's specialty, and his smoothness seems to have gone to his throat; his refeened, velvety diction makes John Forsythe sound like a Newark truck driver. Resigned, like the cherubim of American TV (David Janssen, Jack Lord, James Garner, Mike Connors, Richard Crenna, and all the rest), Moore confers blasé weight-



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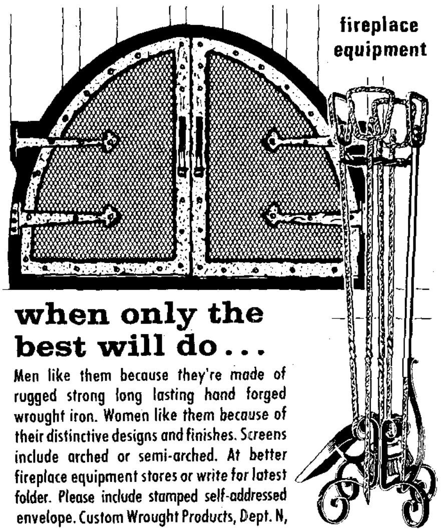

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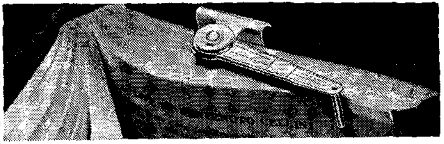

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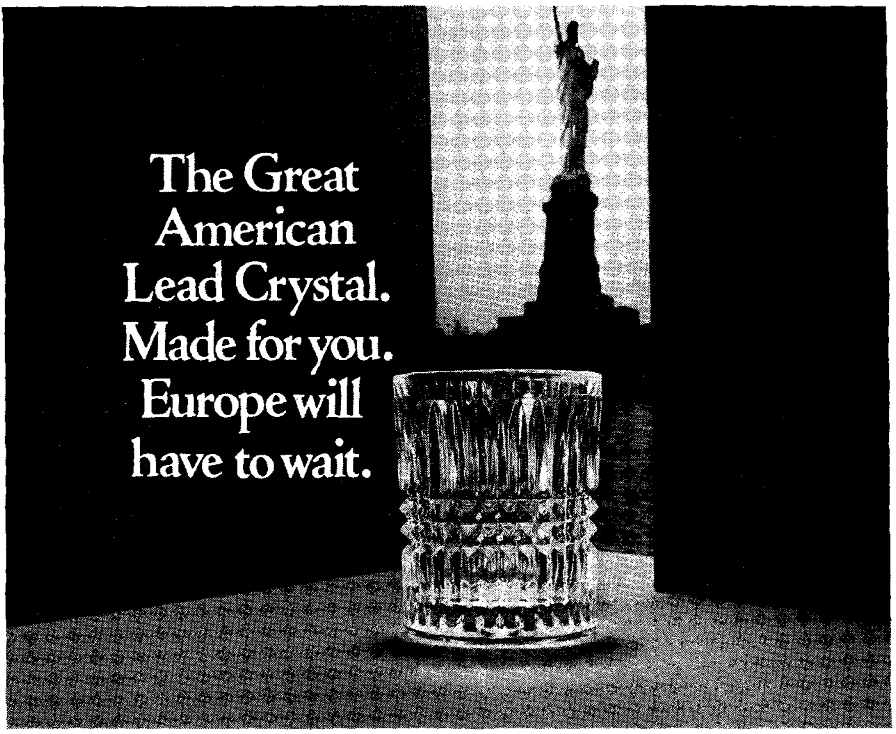
lessness on all his roles impartially. His James Bond in the sloppy, disappointing "Live and Let Die" left no imprint. As Bond, he stood in for Sean Connery; as The Saint he stood in for George Sanders. Moore wasn't born; he was recycled. How can he play the rugged, tough boss of subterranean operations in the vast South African mines of "Gold"? Physically he's large, but his personality is small, pink, and shiny. His mellifluous vowels remove any impact from his lines: he couldn't be *heard* in a gold mine, let alone give orders.

"Gold" is itself a recycling of the old, straightforward adventure films. An international syndicate based in London and headed by John Gielgud floods a South African mine in order to drive up the price of gold, and Moore and his Zulu buddy Big King (Simon Sabela) try to save the trapped men and the mine itself. Susannah York plays the granddaughter of the mine owner, Ray Milland (working with *nothing*, he gives the liveliest performance); she's married to a vicious schemer (Bradford Dillman), one of Gielgud's partners, but she falls in love with Moore. The plot is musty and the writing dodders, but the picture is mindlessly passable, largely because it was shot on location in and around Johannesburg; in a village called Ellisras, in the Northern Transvaal; and in South African mines. The director, Peter Hunt (not to be confused with Peter H. Hunt, director of "1776"), worked under the title of editor or second-unit director on the first five Bond pictures, and he was the director of the sixth, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service"—the best of them except for the substitution of George Lazenby for Connery. "Gold" is conceived in far less audacious terms, and Hunt can't do much about such back numbers as the good guys who are earmarked to be patsies or the racist villains, but he deëmphasizes the plot (the waiting for Bradford Dillman to be eliminated, the waiting for Simon Sabela to prove that blacks are loyal and noble by doing the sacrificial bit). Hunt saves the picture from fossilizing by keeping it on an almost impersonal level—by visual tricks in the mine interiors and sumptuous, postcard views of the locale. However, the suspense is unduly prolonged during the climactic pounding-waters sequence near the end, and the end itself is fumbled, since, either through economy or through a whale of a misconception, we never get to see the liberation of the thousand trapped men. (Once Moore gets out of



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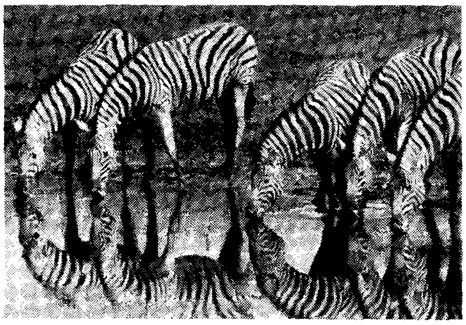

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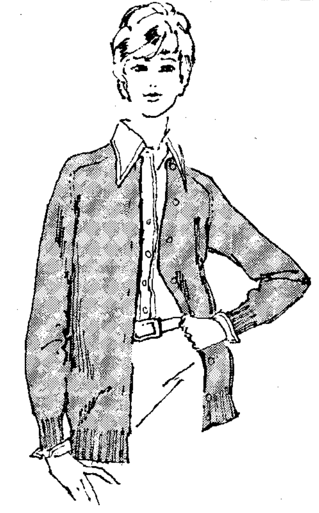
the mine, the crowds waiting aboveground go home, as if that were all there was to it.)

"Gold" is a tolerable new version of an old-fashioned adventure movie, but it works only at the level of technique; the romantic heroism and melodramatic "heart" were ground out of this sort of material long ago. Hunt is smart enough not to try to squeeze us emotionally on behalf of Roger Moore, but if his solution is a harbinger of how other talented people will try to work within the adventure-picture and disaster-epic prescriptions the entrepreneurs lay down, we're in for a period of formalism. I got a chill from the initial moment of the mine disaster, because I still make an involuntary emotional connection with actual mine disasters. But when the movie didn't bother to give us the elation of seeing the trapped Bantu workers reunited with their families, I felt like a fool for having cared for an instant. This formalism—this visual excitement and suspense in a void—is the result of artists' not getting a chance to work on subjects they believe in, and turning themselves into craftsmen. It's a process of desensitization for the artist which he passes on to the audience.

If you started out to make "The Lavender Hill Mob" without Alec Guinness, and without an intricate joke-plan script, and with a director who didn't know the English scene and whose sense of comedy was a beat off, the results might be "11 Harrowhouse." It isn't offensive, but it's so *negligible* that an hour after you've seen it you probably won't remember that you've been to the movies. An awkward, harmless, small-time American (Charles Grodin)—a "fubsy" type, as Guinness called his hero—tries to pull off a twelve-billion-dollar diamond robbery. John Gielgud is the head of the international diamond syndicate this time, and it's called "the system," in a halfhearted effort to suggest that the thieving American hero is bucking the British class system. Grodin ("The Heartbreak Kid") keeps threatening to be funny, but he rarely makes it. Guinness's deadpan wasn't really dead; his eyes gleamed with larceny, and his straight face sent out tiny, furtive signals. But Grodin's deadpan is just a blank pasty face, and though his lack of vocal inflection is no doubt deliberate, uninflected nasality doesn't do much for a hero. His put-on performance seems designed to be a counterpoint to actions that the director, Aram Avakian, never got going. Dressed by Hal-



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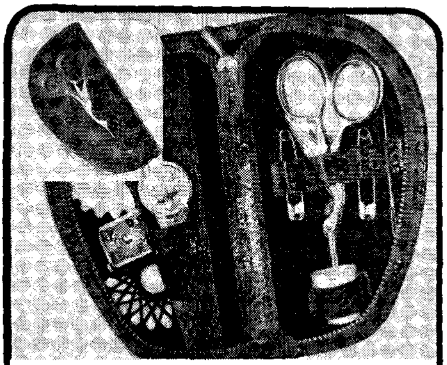

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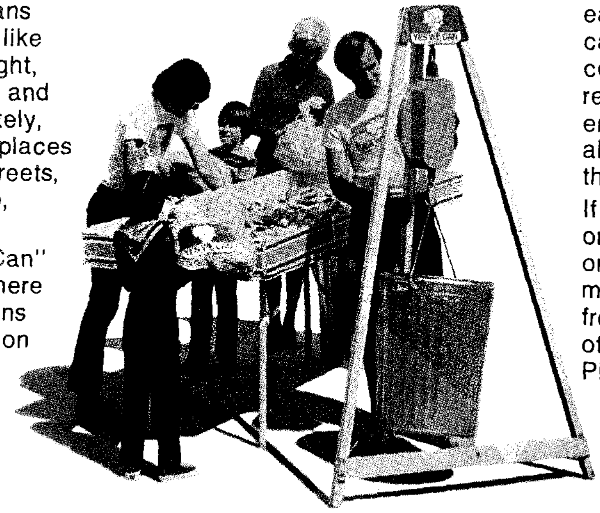

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ston, Candice Bergen (as Grodin's accomplice) outshines the sparklers; she isn't required to act, and she's so consistently gorgeous she looks like a science-fiction creation. The picture has a big-time cast that includes Trevor Howard waving his arms a lot in a helpless attempt to earn his salary, Helen Cherry, and James Mason (as a subordinate of Gielgud's).

Aram Avakian is really rather fubsy at his trade. His last picture, "Cops and Robbers," also a low-key caper-comedy, but set in New York, had an asset in Joe Bologna, with his bemused quality and his urban everyman's face—as urban in its way for this period as Cagney's was for his. But Avakian never quite found his own comic tone, or got the hang of pacing for suspense. The faults here are similar; Avakian's work is pleasantly lackadaisical, but the comic ideas don't build and erupt. However, "11 Harrowhouse" is much worse, because Avakian is out of his element. "Cops and Robbers" had a feeling for ethnic diversity and a funny, weary New York atmosphere; the burglary itself was the most standard part of it. In the English settings, when Avakian can't get suspense going or lets a chase become hopelessly disorganized there's no comic atmosphere for him to fall back on, and the picture becomes a good-natured but bumbling and stupid romp.

As Gielgud's flunky who joins the thieves, James Mason has the only two good scenes—vacuuming up the diamonds during the robbery, and a final confrontation with Gielgud. Mason doesn't just stay on the surface; he's got a sly, almost dirty sense of farce, as he demonstrated in "Lolita," and he gives his character an underlying whipped-faithful-dog pathos, so there's a satisfying poetic justice in his screwing up chilly Gielgud. Mason is much more entertaining than Gielgud, because he isn't all dried out and superperfected; smiling thinly, Gielgud has been playing the precise, satisfied mandarin so long that he's beginning to look Oriental. (He should never have appeared in "Lost Horizon.") Mason has still got juicy surprises in him.

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ONCE more, Dahlia had everything. Flown in from France on Tuesday, Nelson Bunker Hunt's formidable filly wasn't at her best for the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, but she was plenty good enough. She hardly had time to get over jet lag (horses suffer almost all the ills that human flesh is heir to), and she had been given a twenty-four-hour going-over in quarantine, all of which was reflected in her drawn appearance before the race. Then, she was far back in the early running of the mile and a half over the turf course, much as she had been this summer in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, which she has won twice. But when she settled down to run, it took her little more than a furlong to pass her field. In the stretch, she drew away easily to win by two lengths, with Crafty Khale, London Company, and Golden Don heads apart behind her. For the record, the time was a not exceptional 2:26$\frac{3}{5}$, but I wish some clocker had timed her separately for that furlong when she made her move. While her opposition wasn't comparable to what she has met abroad, she still gets full marks.

In the parade to the post, Dahlia was led by a groom on foot, as is the custom in France. She wasn't the elegant lady I saw in the Arc a year ago, for she was very light in flesh and uptight, but I suppose one can blame that on the session in quarantine. And she didn't have Hippodamia, her stablemate and pacemaker, to go with her, but she had an able substitute in John Drew, a gelding from the Rokeby Stable, who set off in front at a good clip. He was joined by Anono, one of the smallest horses in training, and the two went head and head for about a mile before they faded. The winner's share of the Man o' War purse was $71,700, which brought Dahlia's earnings to $1,111,410. Allez France is still ahead of her; the $322,797 she picked up in the Arc brought her total to $1,157,818. Dahlia's next start will be in the Canadian International Championship Stakes at Woodbine on October 27th, and then she'll go for

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the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 9th, which I'd say was a large order, with plenty of travelling. But Maurice Zilber, her trainer, says, "Champions ship well." Years ago, when they travelled by boat, Tommy Nelson, who trained the mounts of the famous Argentinean polo team that was winding up a trip from Buenos Aires to England and the Continent and, finally, to Meadow Brook, told me he always got his ponies going as soon as they lost their sea legs, and kept them hard at work, for if he didn't they'd quickly lose their form.

I suppose Dahlia will run again next season. I also have a notion that Mr. Hunt would be pleased if she ran her earnings up to two million dollars and topped Kelso, who heads the list now, with $1,977,896. Not for the money, of course. Mr. Hunt is a very rich man, and they say he has the largest establishment anywhere—with horses in France, England, Ireland, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, and Kentucky, which is where Dahlia was foaled. I doubt, though, whether he has as many horses as H. P. Whitney had in his stable's heyday. Every year, Jimmy Rowe, Whitney's trainer, would nominate the unborn foals of at least a hundred mares for the Futurity.

BELMONT PARK had more battery trouble last week. Two operatives of the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, the sport's F.B.I., found five of those little electric things jockeys are not supposed to spur their mounts with. They were in the glove compartment of a car belonging to Juan Cardona, a former stablehand. He said he made them and was peddling them. It seems that making or possessing them is not illegal—only using them. Cardona has been asked to explain more to the Nassau County District Attorney's office.

I CAN'T recall when horsemen, especially in the big stables, had such a feeling of deep disappointment and loss as that which came with the news from Miami last week that there would probably be no racing at Hialeah Park this winter. Because of various financial problems—the track lost three million dollars last year—the stockholders voted to put the franchise up for sale at seven million dollars and close the plant. I'm sure that some better solution will turn up, however, and that the track's six hundred flamingos won't be sold down the river to Disney World.

—AUDAX MINOR

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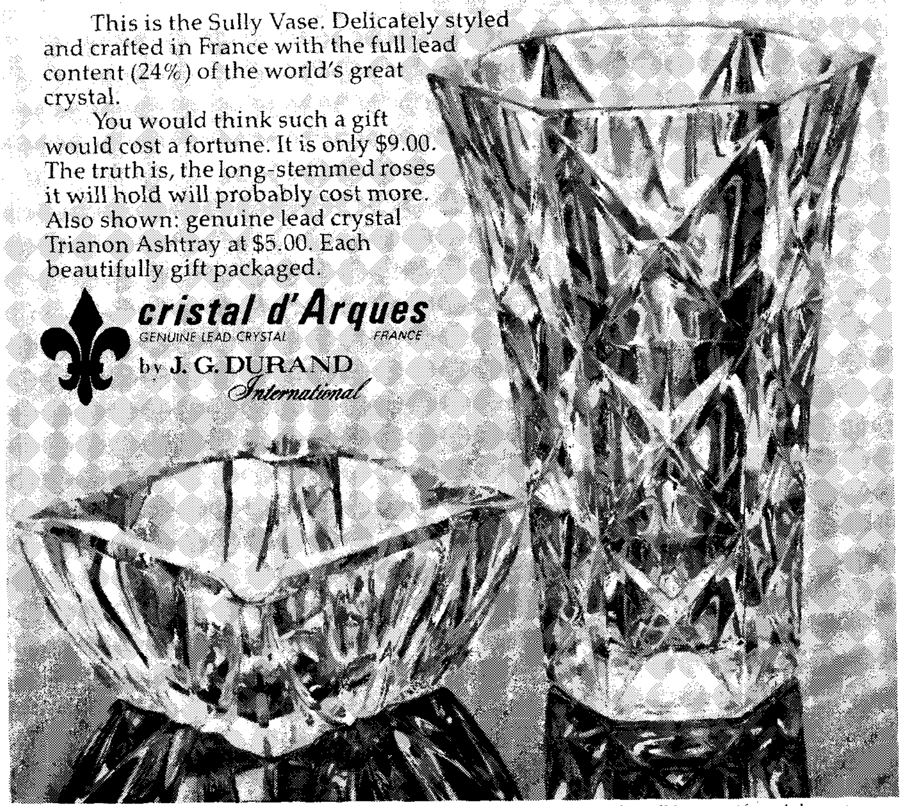

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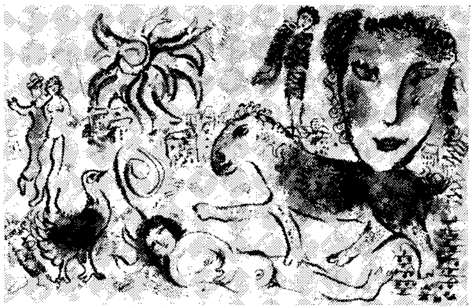

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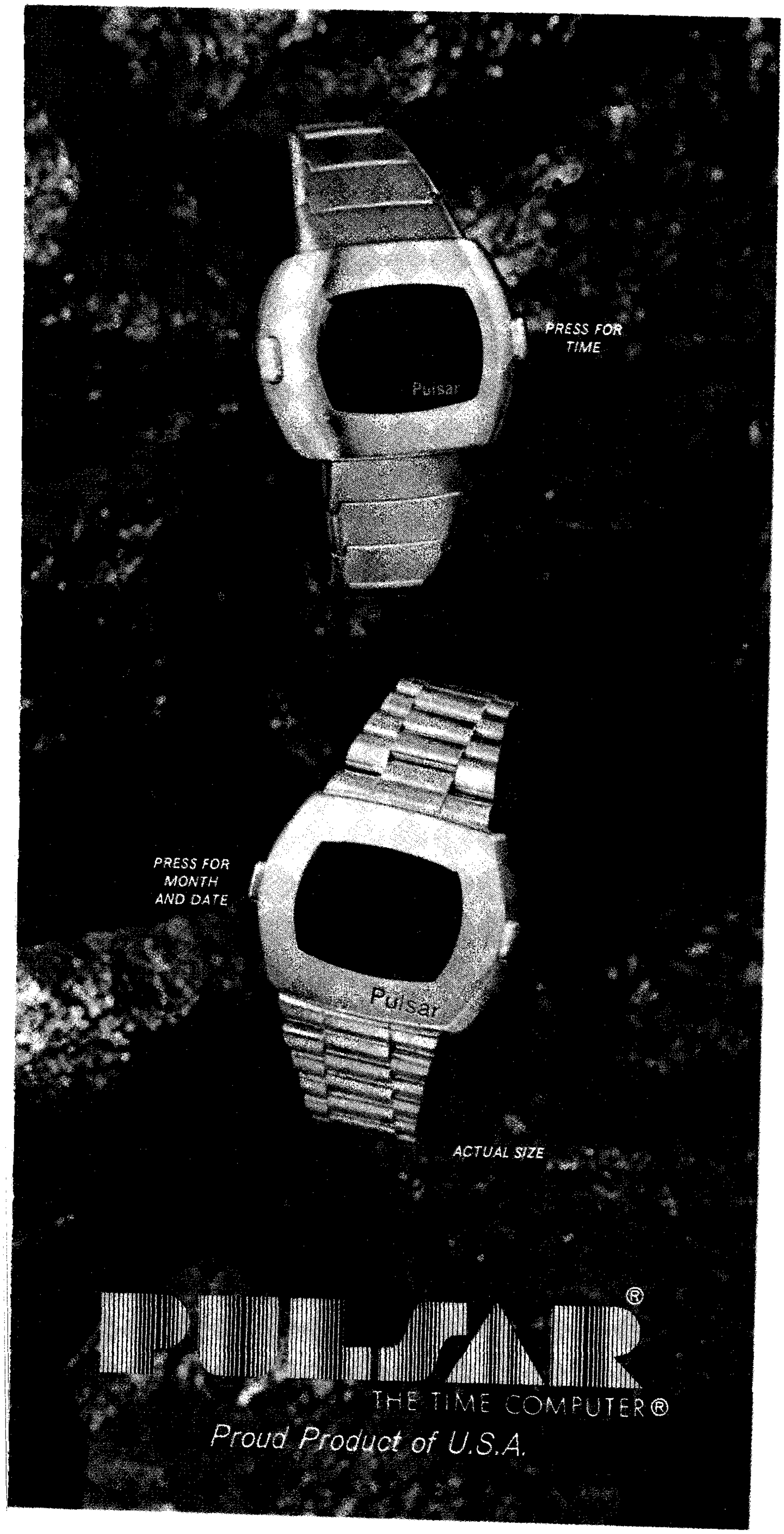
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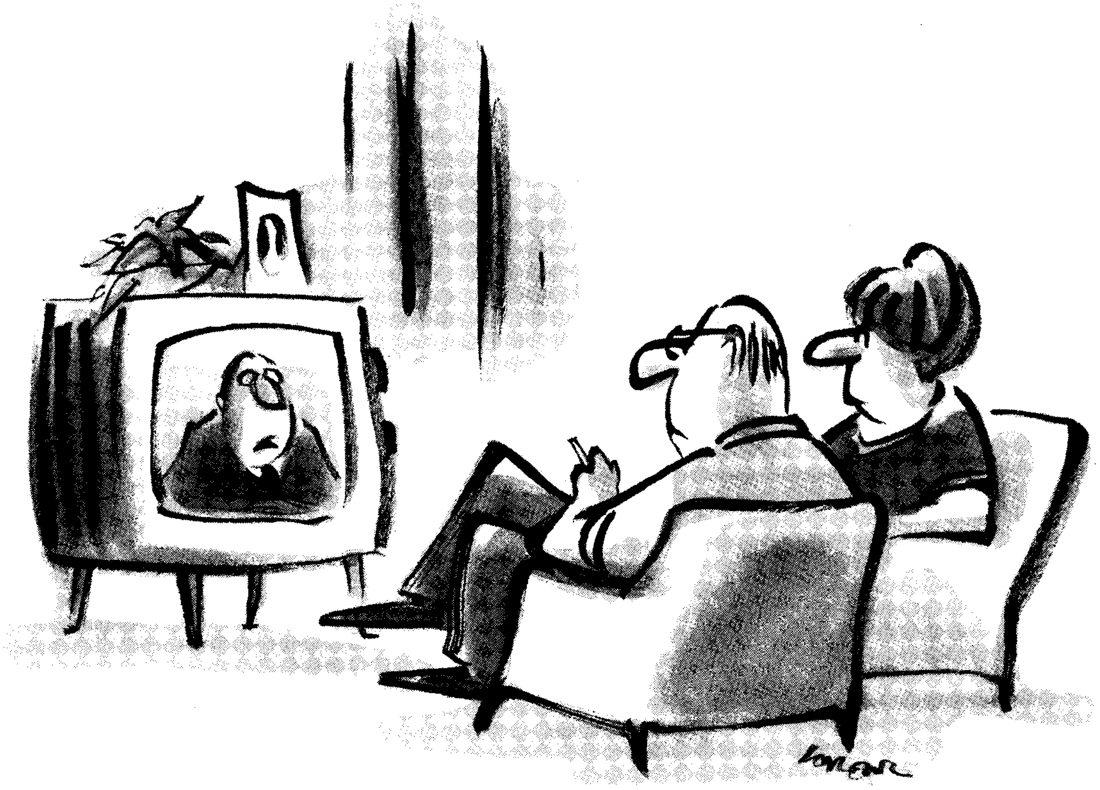
MUSICAL EVENTS

Hive of Ives

LAST week, the Philharmonic and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center joined to give a series of five concerts clustered under the title "Mini-Festival Around Ives." This week and next, Brooklyn College's Institute for Studies in American Music and Yale University's School of Music join to present a five-day "Charles Ives Centennial Festival-Conference"—and after that will be the time to try to say something coherent about the music of Charles Ives. But meanwhile, without delay, centennial considerations apart, the concerts of the Mini-Festival, held alternately in Avery Fisher Hall and in the Juilliard Theatre, can be praised as models of attractive, intelligent program planning, of execution on a high level, and, also, as events significant for the future of the Philharmonic's—and hence New York's—musical life. Pierre Boulez, when he came here as the Philharmonic's music director three years ago, made no secret of his wish to diversify the old pattern of the weekly symphony concerts. There were the Prospective Encounters and the Informal Evenings; then the Rug Concerts; and now the Mini-Festivals (a second, of similar scale, "Around Schubert," is scheduled for March). The last venture should be the most successful of all at bringing together the regular subscription audiences and the eager young—and, incidentally, at making life and work more interesting for the players. From a slim start, the attendances around Ives grew until on the last night Fisher Hall was full. (And how different its feel was on that occasion; slip some popular bars and buffets into those formal foyers, perhaps invite up the jolly venders who enliven Lincoln Plaza in summer, keep the houselights up during the music—and in atmosphere the place might rival the Albert Hall at Prom time.)

At each concert there was both chamber and orchestral music (bands thirty-five strong in the Theatre, seventy strong in the Hall, conducted by Mr. Boulez), and at some there were also solos. Around the pieces by Ives had been grouped key works of the pioneer European composers who were more or less his contemporaries (among them Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern, Janáček and Bartók, Stravinsky and Prokofieff, Debussy and Ravel), and also music by American pioneers (Charles Ruggles, Henry Cowell, Ruth Crawford, Aaron Copland) whose work resembles Ives' in vitality and enterprise. (There were also two pieces by Edgard Varèse, that independent genius who resists easy location on either side of the Atlantic.) So Mr. Boulez explained, in setting out the Mini-Festival's manifesto. In his brief, brilliant essay, he drew a distinction between the eponymous hero, rooted in a cultural (but not musical) tradition and fighting in his own inventive ways to find for it a musical expression for which there were no precedents, and the Europeans, similarly rooted, generally rebellious, but able to draw on, even while extending, their traditions. With the latter, "you can see, especially in retrospect, the evolution of the musical experience throughout their works and establish a continuity in their efforts," but "it is impossible to establish Ives's *evolution*." Mr. Boulez's four paragraphs stated the theme of the celebration. The program notes, a patchwork miscellany, failed to develop it. The event and its audiences deserved better: a substantial program book containing essays, cross-references, correlative studies, a bibliography, a discography, and a less summary chronology.

Highlights of the ambience: Ursula Oppens' cogent, controlled, yet warmhearted account of Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Piano; Paula Robison's passionate eloquence in Varèse's "Density 21.5;" Stanley Drucker's spry delivery of Stravinsky's Three Pieces for Solo Clarinet; Jaime Laredo's protean, spirited playing in Bartók's First Sonata for Violin and Piano (with Richard Goode as pianist) and Ravel's Sonata for Violin and Cello (with Leslie Parnas as cellist); Jerome Lowenthal's subtly romantic tinting of some Janáček piano music generally rendered in sharper, simpler colors. Revelation: Ruggles' "Portals" for string orchestra, a powerful, striking composition that merits a permanent place in the Philharmonic repertory. (Ruggles could well be the protagonist of a future mini-festival; the centenary of his birth falls in 1976; all his surviving works could be included.) Some Boulez specialties that fitted uneasily into conventional "full-symphony" concerts of recent seasons reappeared happily in this context: Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra (carefully, delicately, and intently played), Stravinsky's "Sol-



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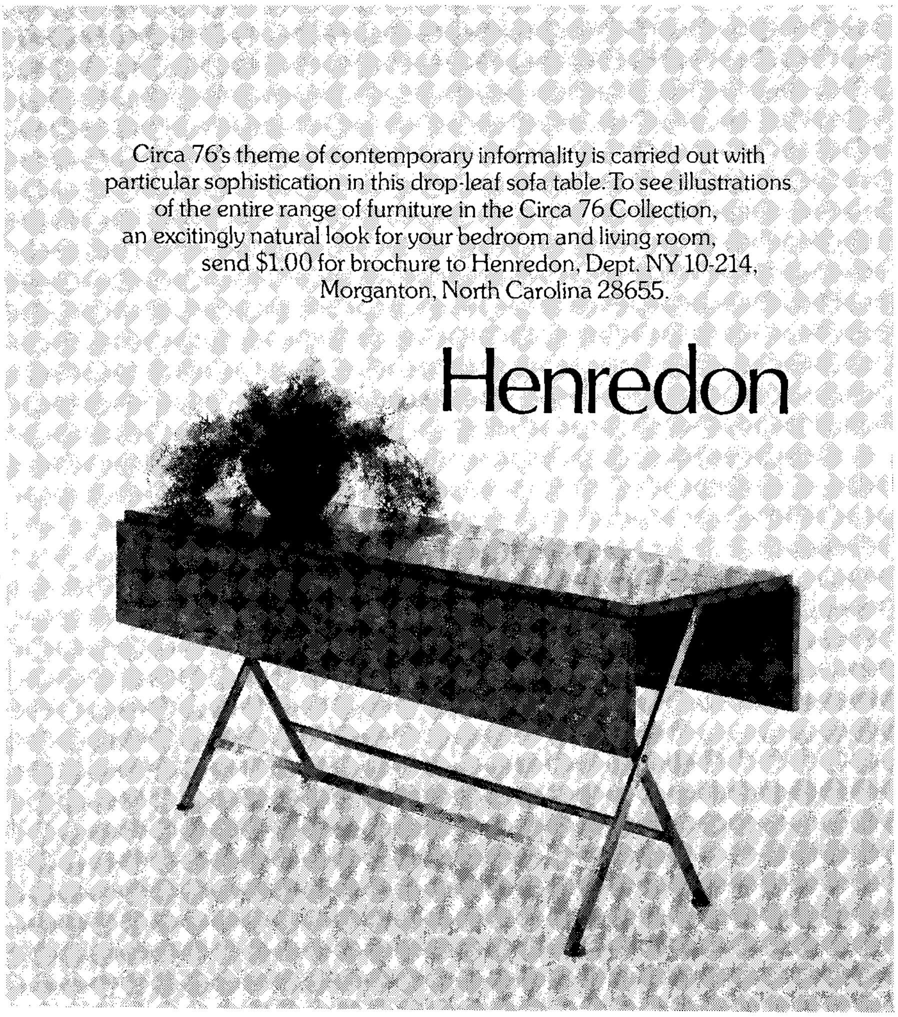
dier's Tale" Suite (but in a dull, zestless execution—the one failure of the series).

OTHER New York events, bringing forward more music by the same composers, cast crosslights on the festival fare. The Metropolitan Opera mounted an excellent "Wozzeck," securely conducted by James Levine, intelligently staged by Patrick Libby in the traditional Caspar Neher designs that have housed so many productions of the opera since its première, in 1925. Peter Glossop was very moving in the title role. There were small miscalculations (for example, in the second crescendo of the interlude between Scenes 2 and 3 of Act III, Mr. Levine brought up the drummed cymbal too fast, so that it drowned instead of supported the fundamental B); the first-night balance was sometimes unfair to the singers; but nothing was seriously wrong, nothing that the run of performances should not right. A company that takes "Wozzeck" so capably in its repertory stride can be forgiven its evenings of ill-kempt routine. Whereas the City Opera cannot lightly be forgiven the "Don Giovanni" newly staged in the deplorable 1972 scenery; on the first night, in Act I—Julius Rudel's purposive conducting was not inducement enough to stay on for Act II—the singing was mediocre and Stephen Porter's direction lifeless.

Attendance on Ives precluded more than a sampling of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, in town for three Carnegie Hall concerts. But the sample confirmed the reputation for spick-and-span, top-league proficiency won under Zubin Mehta. Schoenberg's Five Pieces had a strong, colorful presentation, and Mahler's Rückert songs were marvellously well sung by Jessye Norman. When this noble soprano appeared at one of Charles Wadsworth's *concerti di camera* at the Spoleto Festival, four years ago, her voice broke over the audience in waves of rich sound, a flood of vocal splendor unheard since Flagstad retired. Since then Miss Norman has on occasion, and particularly in the theatre, been disappointing, but on Saturday all the first splendor was there, and a new majesty. Singing so steady, sound so grand, beautiful, and affecting, are very rare. The voice lacked speed in "Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder." It has the range, the deep, full organ tones, to make her the Erda of one's dreams.

Mahler is a composer most relevant to any consideration of Ives, and there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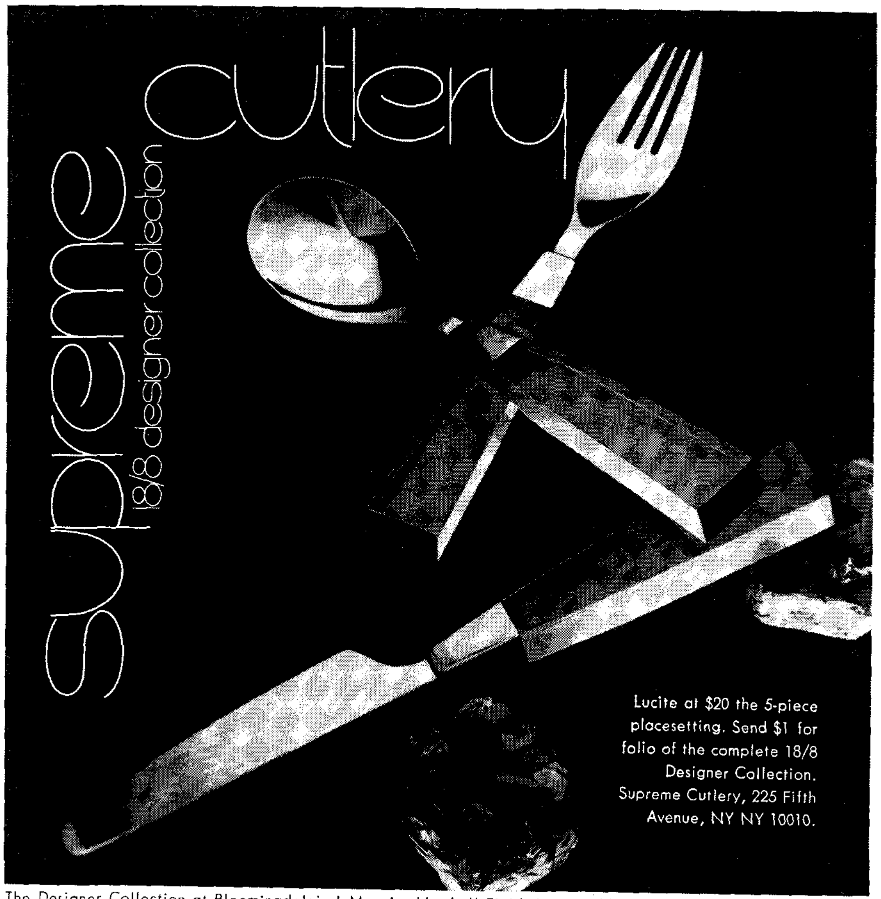

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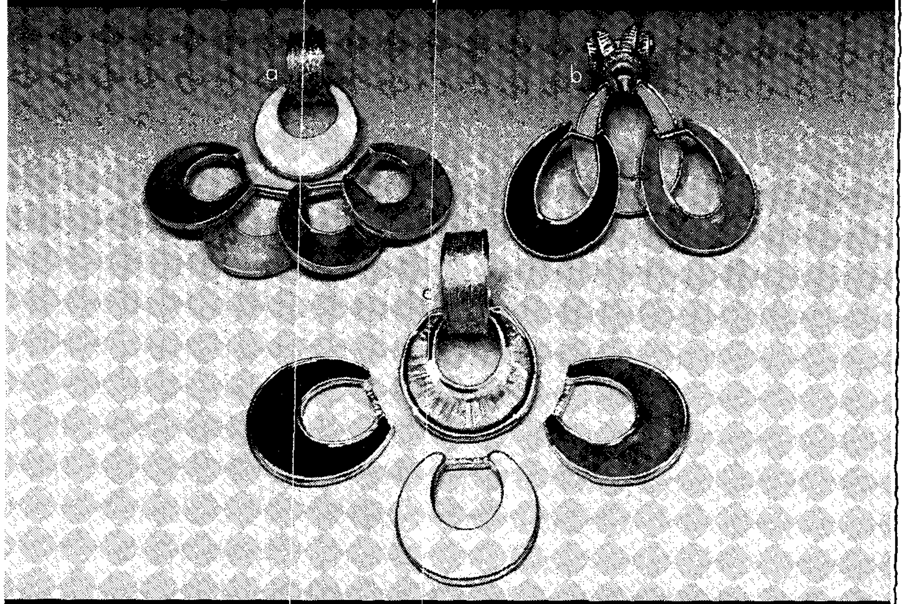

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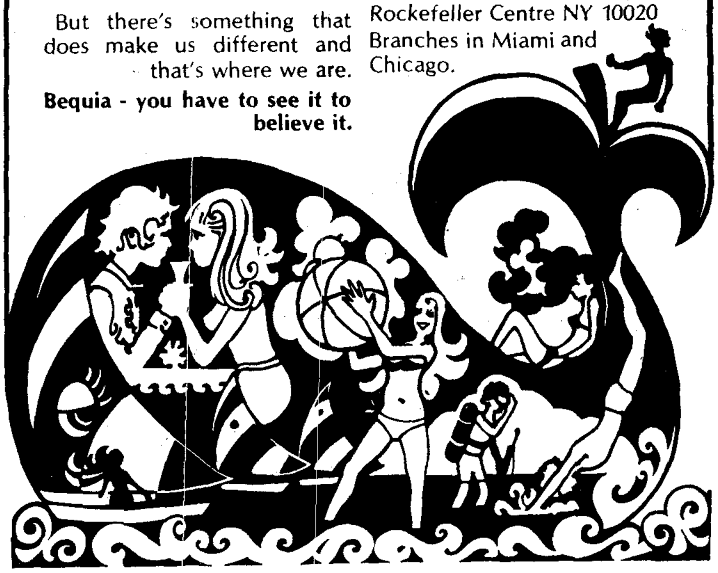

has been plenty of his music to be heard. The Philharmonic's first concert in the regular series included his Fourth Symphony, and the second his Ninth—a performance that showed the orchestra, and especially the strings, during the finale, in glowing form. Both concerts were conducted by Mr. Boulez. His third in the series was less happy. Rameau was misrepresented by a suite of dances hacked from "Les Indes Galantes;" a complete *entrée* would have been more representative, but the players (and their conductor?) need coaching in French eighteenth-century performing practices. In Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," the fast movements were charmless, beaten too fast and too strictly for lithe, graceful articulation of the melodies to be possible, while the slow movement lacked weight and sentiment. Jeffrey Siegel was an efficient soloist in Prokofieff's Third *Piano* Concerto. Earlier in the week, Tedd Joselson, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, had made something tremendous of his Second. Both Philadelphia and Philharmonic concerts included a local première. The Philadelphians brought Nicholas Maw's "Scenes and Arias," a work commissioned twelve years ago by the B.B.C. for performance at the Proms by Heather Harper, Josephine Veasey, and Janet Baker. Inspiring trio—and difficult to match. Maw has written more arresting scores since. The Philharmonic played Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Photoptosis" ("light in decline"?—the program note offered no explanation of the title), a work commissioned six years ago by the Gelsenkirchen Municipal Savings Bank to celebrate its centenary. Zimmermann wrote more impressive scores than this "prelude for large orchestra," which begins in soft, rather interesting confusion, has a collage middle section involving snatches of Beethoven, Scriabin, Wagner, Bach, and Tchaikovsky, and ends in long, loud, horrid confusion.

—ANDREW PORTER

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CORRECTION

Numbers of Physicians Required for Primary Care (286:571-576, 1972), left-hand column of p. 573, line 5 of sixth paragraph, figure (26,800) should be changed to (5500), and in the line below, (27,100) to (5600). On p. 574, right-hand column, figure 27,100 in the fourth line of the first full paragraph should be changed to 5600, and three lines below, 26,800 to 5500.—*New England Journal of Medicine.*

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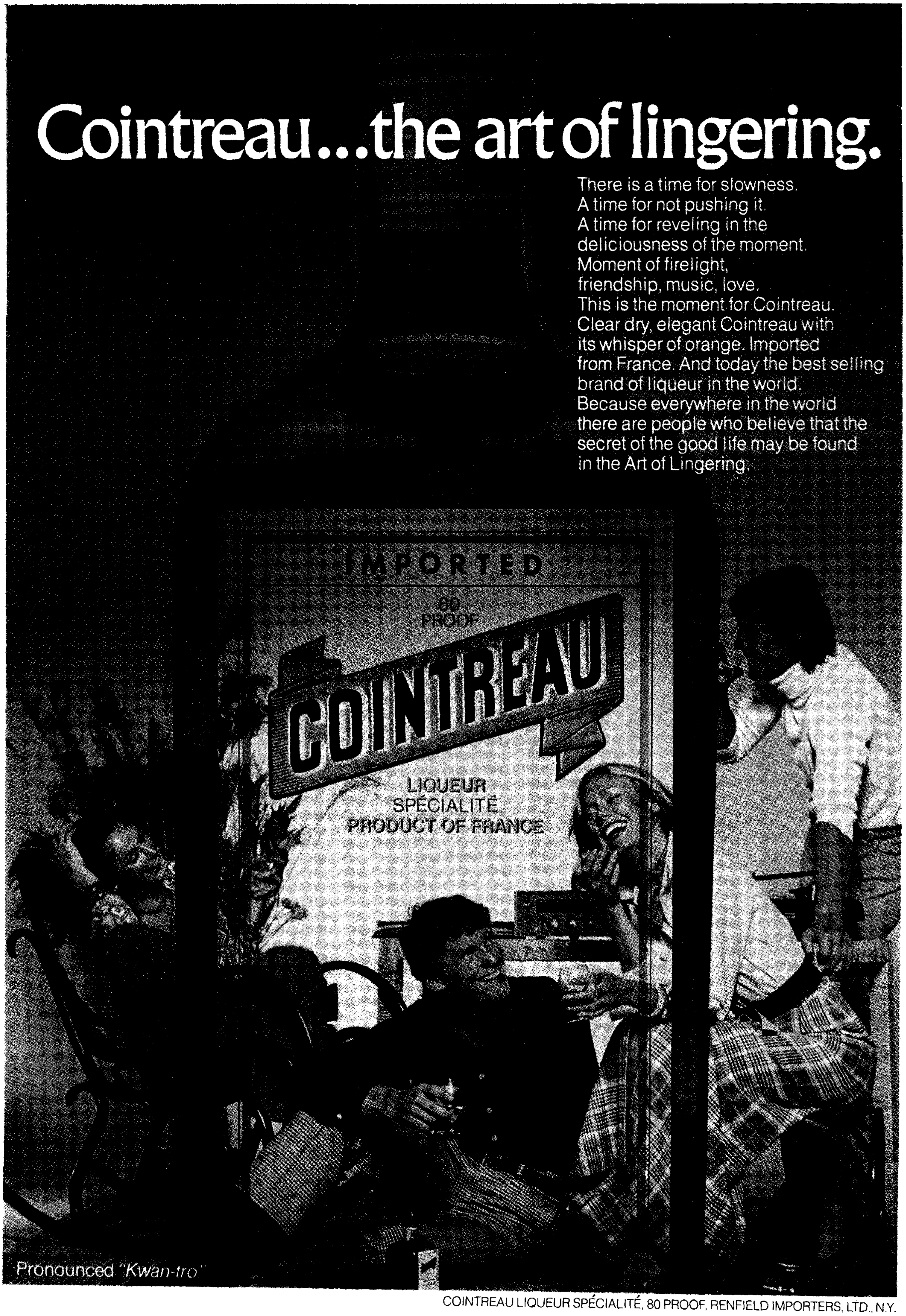
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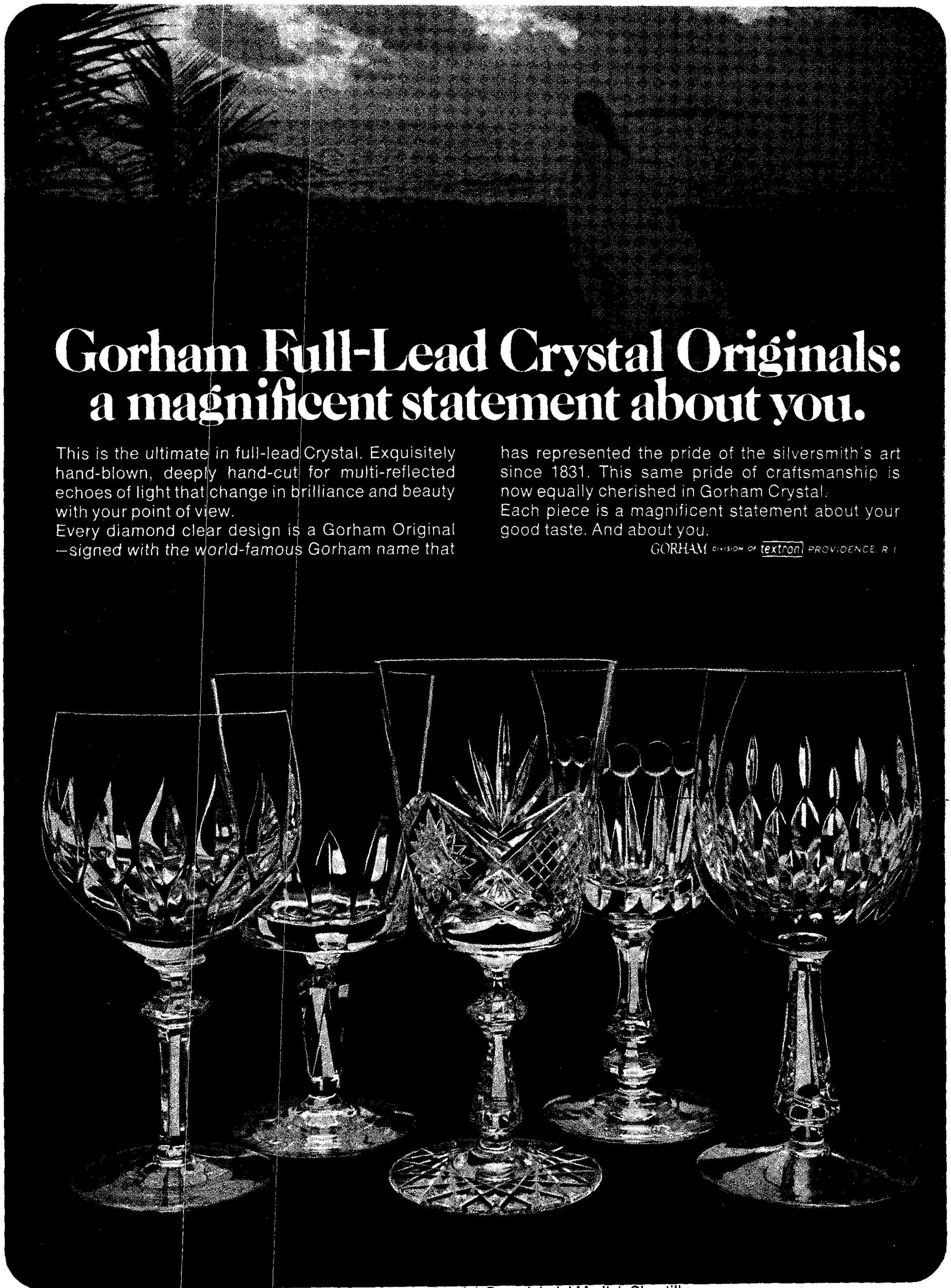

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BOOKS

Miss, Near Miss, Hit

WHAT is to be said of the third novel by Tom McHale, "Alinsky's Diamond" (Lippincott)? I read both of his earlier books with hope for his talent, though disappointment in his technique, and I approached this one with expectations. Alas, I found it almost literally unreadable, for it piles a farfetched and fake-picaresque plot teeming with unlikely, dimensionless characters upon a prolix corpus of strained and awkward prose. I couldn't finish it; I was wholly put off by clotted sentences like "Murphy drank that in twenty minutes, growing angrier by the glassful at the recall that Armand Gillet's ruthless estimation of Murphy's life was that he had no recourse but to head off on Marfeau's trek to Jerusalem, else he would be a total wreck, drunk to death" and "'Violence! Violence!' Gervais suddenly shrieked, with an elaborate Mediterranean gesture that told, despite his careful professional accent, that he was probably Marseillaise [*sic*] or at least came from somewhere in Provence." I have not abandoned hope, but I wish that McHale would, in the reputed words of Ettore Bugatti, "simplicate and add lightness;" he should also add a tough-minded, blue-pencilling editor to his circle of advisers, if such an organization exists.

AN unabashed admirer of Kingsley Amis since the piping days of "Lucky Jim" (his subversive astringency seemed to me from the first to fall upon and rout the remaining orotundities of Imperial fiction, which may have accounted for Somerset Maugham's calling him what amounted to a cad in a review of the book), I approached his "Ending Up" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) with anticipatory salivation. Amis, having repeatedly savaged the young and middle-aged, now turns his swift (if not, as the jacket has it, Swiftian) eye upon old age. "Ending Up" concerns itself with a tumbledown household of tumbledown people: a nasty, jaundiced retired brigadier who loathes his fellow-men and especially his fellow-tenants; his ugly, stalwart sister, who holds the ménage together by her work and dedication; his former lover and batman, an alcoholic in the last scheming, snitching stages; his sister's old school chum, now far gone in refinement and forgetfulness; and a paralytic professor of Central European history who is a nominal aphasic—i.e. (and I didn't know the meaning of the term before I read the book; Amis is always instructive on obscure physical states like "hypnagogia"), he can't remember nouns and has to substitute circumlocutions, which makes him boring and long-winded company.

What Amis does with this situation is almost unflaggingly funny; surprisingly, it is also, for him, quite feeling and tender in stretches. Adela, the brigadier's sister, is an unloved character who deserves all love; George Zeyer, the professor, is admirable in his indomitability. But the book is spoiled by its mechanistic structure. It is a short book, a kind of five-finger exercise. That may be why the author considers his people expendable at the end of their palsied romp, but whatever the reason, the ending is forced; it denies the possibilities that all its characters, as the result of hard, thinking work by the author, make manifest in the earlier pages. Too bad. But, naturally, we will hear more—and soon—from Kingsley Amis.

I WAS swept up from the first page to the last of a new short novel by Natalia Ginzburg, an Italian writer I'd never read before. In "No Way" (also Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)—a terrible title, as bad as the rest of the translation, by Sheila Cudahy, is good—she creates a marvellous and saddening world in the scope of a hundred and sixty pages. This is, in a sense, the world of the Finzi-Continis: though her family and its circle are not Jewish, they are a group of bourgeois confronted by events beyond their control and floundering in despond and apathy. The time is the early seventies, when in Italy money still buys privilege and mobility but no insulation from the unease of the times. Even so, nothing works: a woman of wealth cannot get a telephone installed; her ailing servant must in turn be waited on; her promising son becomes a bungling radical; her daughters fret their way through hopeless marriages. This is, and

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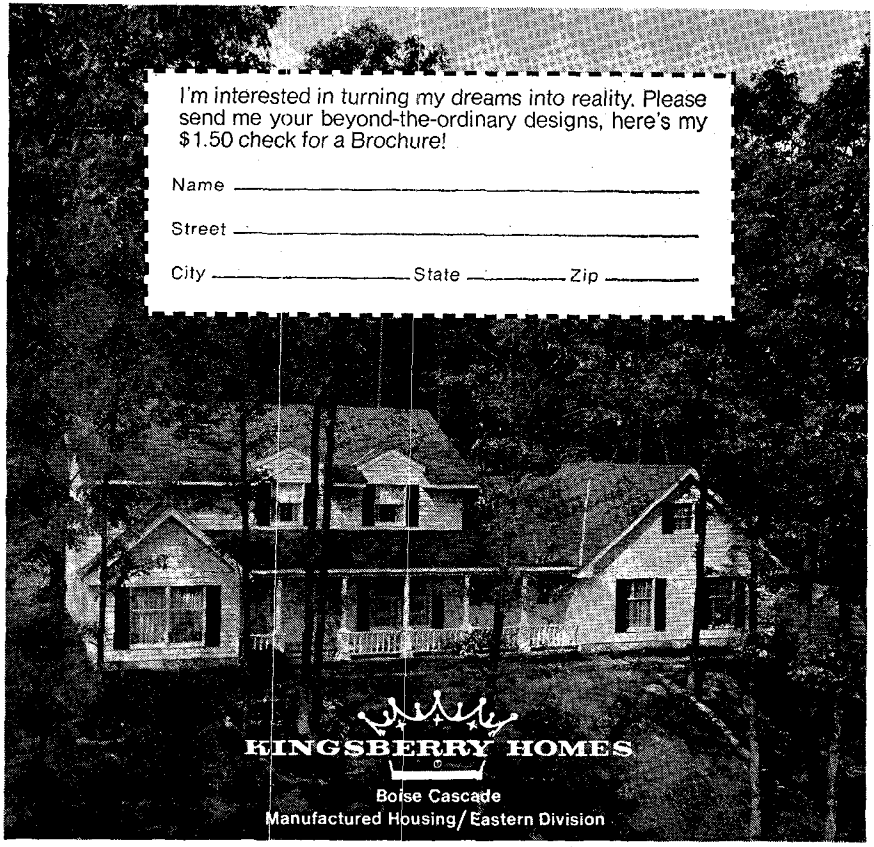

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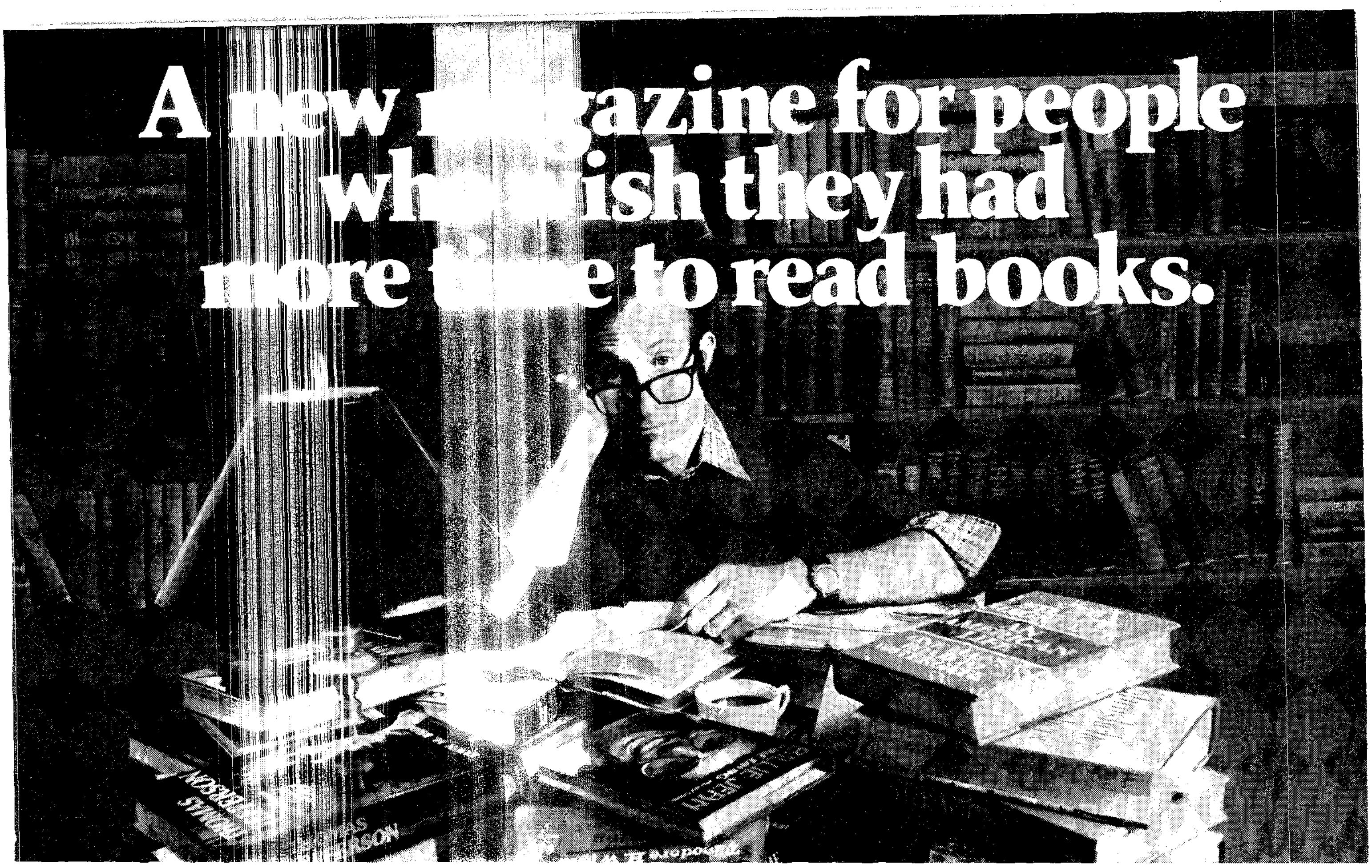
is intended to be, comical as well as sad; much of the novel consists of letters between its characters (the Italian title is "Caro Michele," or "Dear Michael," quite to the point but possibly unsalable here) which make one shake one's head and laugh at their bald self-revelations. The jacket tells us that Signora Ginzburg has been compared to Chekhov, and, indeed, her characters are failed and sweet, like his. But their situation is worse: Chekhov's rural petty gentry were at least rooted—chained, if you will—to the land and to the whole codex of Russianness; Ginzburg's rootless Romans can find nothing to believe in. Adriana, who is the mother of Michael, is separated from her painter husband, has lost her lover, and finds that the market for pretty matrons no longer exists. She writes to Michael, who is marrying, in England, an American divorcée older than he is, "With my love and wishes for much happiness, assuming that there is such a thing as happiness . . ." And the middle-aged lover of Michael's sluttish former girl friend (the mother of a child Michael may have fathered) writes her, when she leaves him, "I wish you the very best and I hope you are happy, assuming there is such a thing as happiness, which I doubt."

This maddening vagueness, this unwillingness to commit oneself to any relationship, to any ideal, is the true theme of the book. Even the most admirable character, Oswald, a bookseller, is a walking ambiguity, a presumed bisexual who cannot bring himself to maintain a relationship with either man or woman but abases himself—to gather credit in the Heaven he cannot possibly believe in—by running the most menial errands for the acquaintances who take constant advantages of him. He is Ford Madox Ford's good soldier without a cause.

What makes this book so wonderful—magical, even—is that we are never bored by the imprisoned pacings and abortive flights of its people. They all become real and individual and fascinating through the technical gifts of the author. In a short compass, with the most rudimentary of tools (the epistolary form, an utter minimum of stage-setting and description, and language as spare and declarative as Hemingway's), she creates a whole society of irretrievably lost dreams—characters to whom, whether at twenty or forty, living and deciding come almost as hard as they do to Amis's septuagenarians. There is only one false note: Michael's ex-girlfriend analyzes herself



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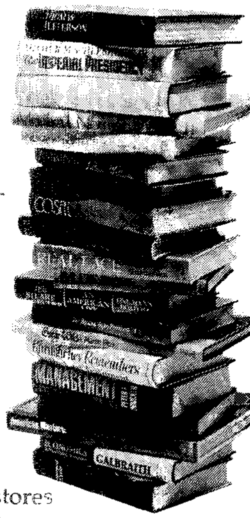

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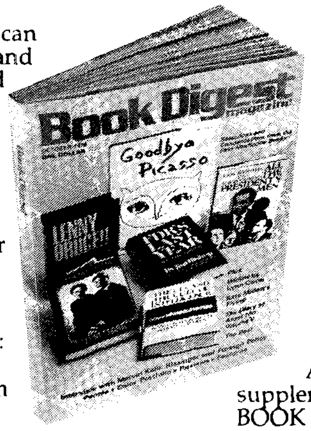

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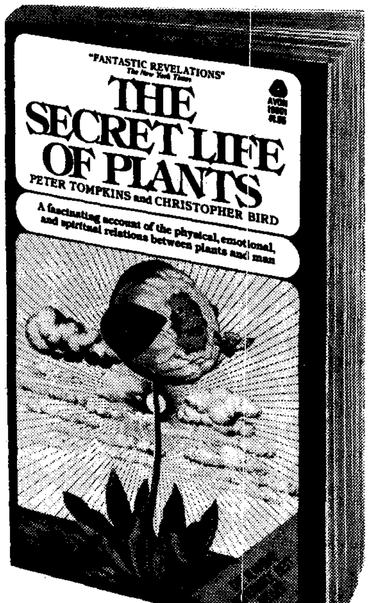
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too skillfully in a letter to him when she says, "I don't want to marry you because that time and many other times I felt sorry for you and I want to marry a man who never makes me feel sorry for him because I already feel so sorry for myself." She is ingenuous as well as disingenuous, yet I do not think she would so freely admit the continuing mainspring of her motivation.

But "No Way" is actually the story of Michael himself. Standing in the shadow of his domineering painting father, a man of great élan but quite possibly little talent and a presumed radical, who relishes the disposition of his money in frivolous projects, such as the rehabilitation of an ancient tower, Michael paints a little, too—diffidently—and dreams of self-immolation as a political hero on the barricades. Pathetically, he sings, like his father, a symbolic song of the left—a song, in fact, of the embattled and soon to be betrayed Spanish Loyalists of 1937, when there was still some heroic purity in radicalism. The song, "Viva la Quince Brigada," ran, "*No tenemos ni aviones, ni tanques, ni cañones, ay Manuela! Rumbala, rumbala, rumba-la!*" ("We have no planes, no tanks, no guns, O Manuela!"). Here it is slightly corrupted—intentionally, it may be, to indicate the distance between the faithful Loyalists of the thirties and the sour, faithless young revolutionaries of 1971: "*Non avemo ni canones, ni tanks, ni aviones, oi Carmelà, rumba, larumba, larumba, là.*"

"No Way" is a novel of the curdling of aspirations and the enfeebling of powers among those who heretofore held sway. Its quality lies in its reportorial accuracy, in its fine, warm, rueful equanimity, in its balance in the face of toppling worlds. It is a most remarkable book. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

QUERELLE, by Jean Genet, translated from the French by Anselm Hollo (Grove). This disquieting novel, first published in France in 1953, demonstrates once again Genet's unique gift as an artist and conjurer. Querelle is a sailor, thief, murderer, and waterfront prowler whose ship is temporarily docked in Brest. He has murdered more than one man and, for reasons he cannot articulate, has come to depend on thievery and acts of brutality for the liberating effect they have on his spirit. Two murders take place: one committed by Querelle, the other by a young

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mason. The mason acts out of confusion and passion, but Querelle murders his victim (a friendly messmate) calmly, and with no apparent motive. Genet's celebration of violence, his descriptions of homosexual lechery, and his opulent nihilism are sometimes extraordinarily interesting, sometimes repellent, and sometimes simply dull—but his uniqueness lies elsewhere. It is in his ability to create a wholly private, totally idiosyncratic world that is as poetically "pure" as its components are blunt and coarse. His quayside haunts, vaporous docks, and handsome young toughs have an almost mythic power to disturb one.

Love Feast, by Frederick Buechner (Atheneum). This is Mr. Buechner's third novel about the Southern preacher Leo Bebb. The first four chapters introduce the action: Bebb and his family have returned from a European vacation; the evangelical enterprise known as Open Heart has burned to the ground; the marriage of Bebb's daughter, Sharon, and Antonio Parr is still under strain; and Bebb has been inspired to lead an orgiastic Love Feast at Princeton University. But the book is not so much a story as a monologue, or set of monologues, with Antonio's voice setting an alternately whimsical and reverential tone, occasionally interrupted by Bebb's cheap salesmanship. The book is uneven, yet it has quite a few effective gags as well as some moments of genuine feeling. Mr. Buechner seems to be an author whose religious sentiment encompasses even the most common and most tawdry.

GENERAL

No Final Victories, by Lawrence F. O'Brien (Doubleday). The author, once a bartender in Springfield, Massachusetts, was the chief strategist and organizer of every successful and unsuccessful Democratic Presidential campaign from the Kennedy triumph of 1960 to the McGovern disaster of 1972. He also put in many years as national chairman of his party, and was the principal victim of the Watergate burglary. His memoirs of his years in politics, though low-keyed and at times flatly written, are engrossing and instructive. An amiable man, he got along comfortably with anyone who was a Democrat. He liked them all—the Kennedy brothers, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern—

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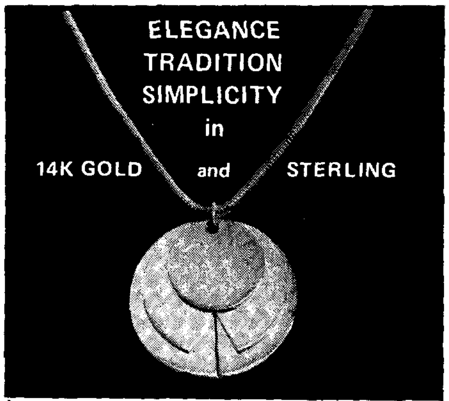

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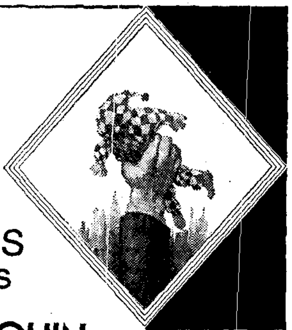

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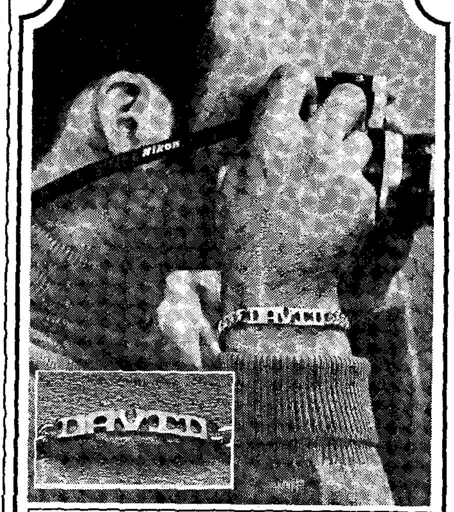
and they, in turn, confided much in him. Though he was closer to the Kennedys than to any of the others, his chapters on Lyndon Johnson, who made him Postmaster General, are perhaps the most interesting, and may be the best thing yet written about that extraordinary man.

WAITING FOR THE PARTY: THE LIFE OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, by Ann Thwaite (Scribners). Though Mrs. Burnett (1849-1924) is remembered for her children's books ("Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden"), in her own time she was regarded primarily as a serious writer for adults. (Her first novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," published in 1877, was favorably compared to the work of George Eliot.) Mrs. Burnett was brought from Manchester to Tennessee in 1865 by her impoverished widowed mother; in this country, the Hodgsons got poorer still. But young Frances, who had always displayed audacity and imagination, found a way out; at the age of eighteen, with money raised from picking wild grapes, she bought paper and postage and mailed off two short stories, which appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book*. Professionally, she never looked back. But this book's title derives from her description of her feelings about her own life: she had fame, fortune, and friends, yet the party never took place. Why? Because she had swarms of relatives—including, at different times, two husbands—to support, she felt herself a "kind of pen-driving machine." She had, besides, a difficulty peculiar to her period: nice women were supposed to behave in a certain way, so that, though a full-time professional writer, Mrs. Burnett was expected to pretend that she was not. She had to appear perfectly domestic and submissive, and even as she emancipated herself from these demands she felt guilty about it. Mrs. Thwaite's very well written biography is not uncritical; she sees plenty of flaws in Mrs. Burnett, as is natural when a biographer is able to re-create the presence—the vitality, vulnerability, asperity, charm—of a strong, surprising, and disappointed human being.

LETTERS OF HART CRANE AND HIS FAMILY, edited by Thomas S. W. Lewis (Columbia). A family tragedy told by its protagonists. The poet's letters come mostly from New York and from the places where he went—fled—as a teen-ager, after



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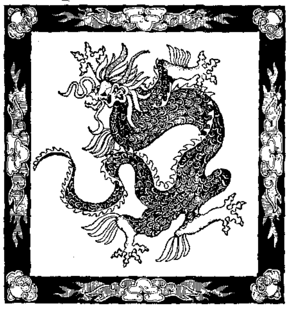

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his parents' breakup; theirs are mostly from Cleveland, his home town—if he can be said to have had one. His parents battled before and after their divorce; they misunderstood each other, themselves, and their son. Nonetheless, one sees that they loved him as well as they could. Not until late does Hart perceive that his loving mother was emotionally exploitive, and he seems never quite to have understood that his explosive father was not a monster or a millionaire but a bedevilled, creative (he invented Life Savers) small businessman who was absolutely honest when he wondered where his life had gone wrong. The trio is not always that honest—they lie to themselves and to each other, they strike poses—but even their falsifications are revealing. This collection of letters is far more evenhanded than those that have focussed on the tormented, talented poet.

The Short Victorious War: The Russo-Japanese Conflict, 1904-1905, by David Walder (Harper & Row). A short victorious war, the Russian Minister of the Interior said privately in 1903, was what was needed to stem the tide of revolution in Russia. This history of what the Russians got—a short inglorious war that practically insured the inevitability of revolution—is a recital of known history that still can hold, and even astonish, us because of the staggering impact of the particulars: the self-deceptions of the Romanov court, the sleepy and complacent arrogance of the Russian political and military leaders, the scale of the bungling and muddle in the Army and Navy high commands. The author, an English historian and Member of Parliament, has written an admirable narrative of the fighting and a chronicle of pivotal political events. As a British military observer with the Japanese forces wrote, "I have today seen the most stupendous spectacle it is possible for the mortal brain to conceive—Asia advancing, Europe falling back, the wall of mist and the writing thereon."

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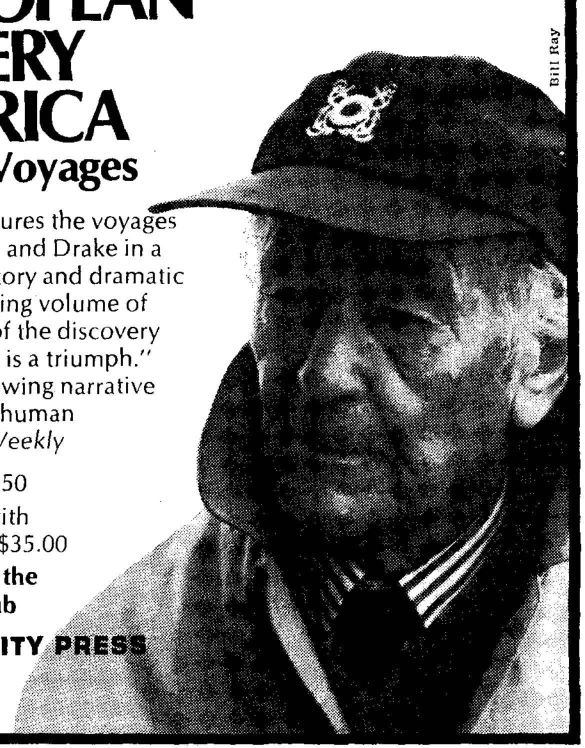

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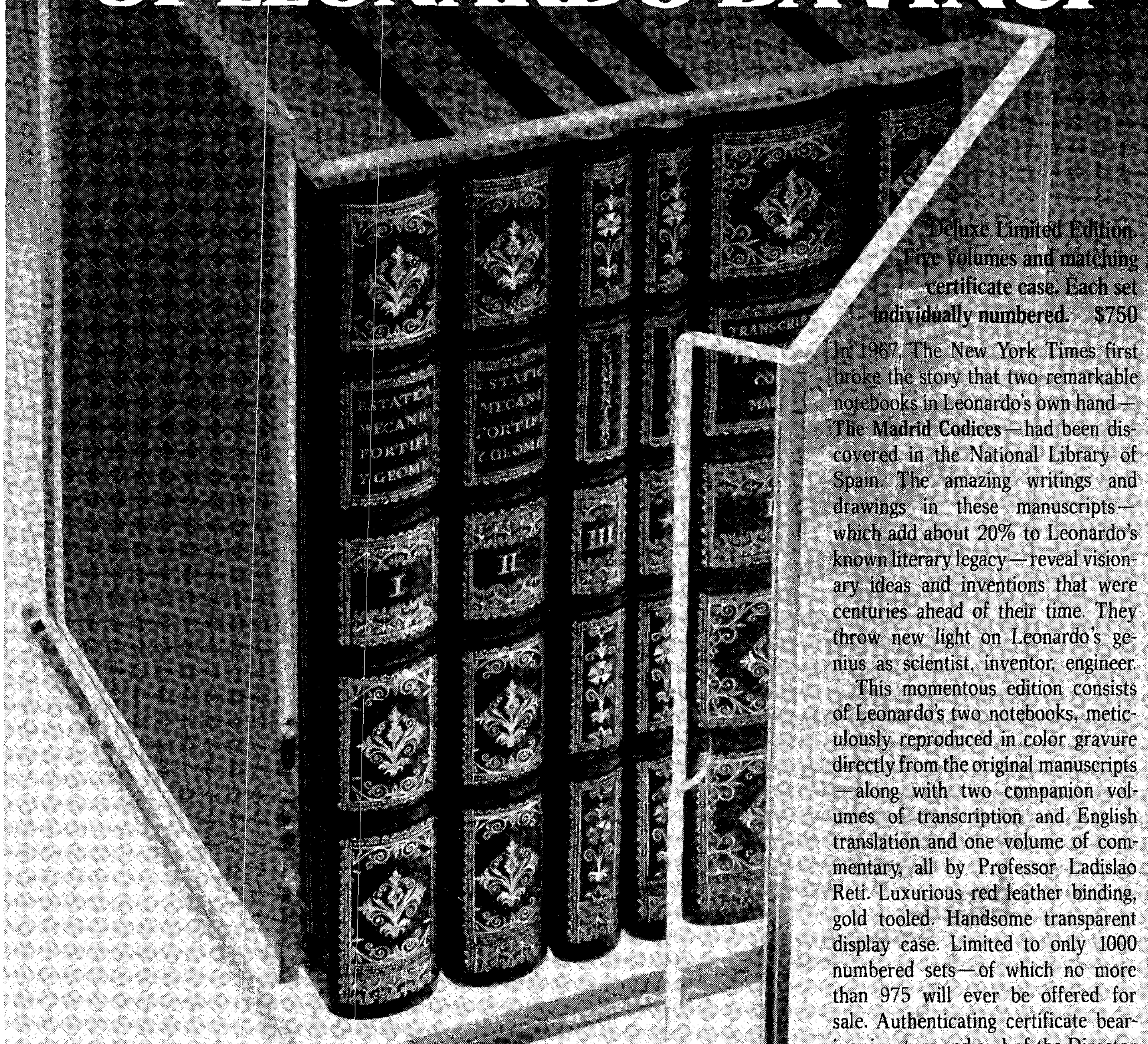

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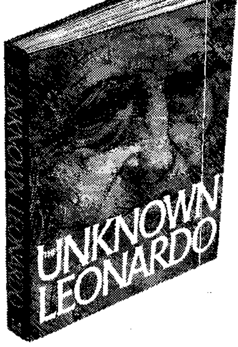

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